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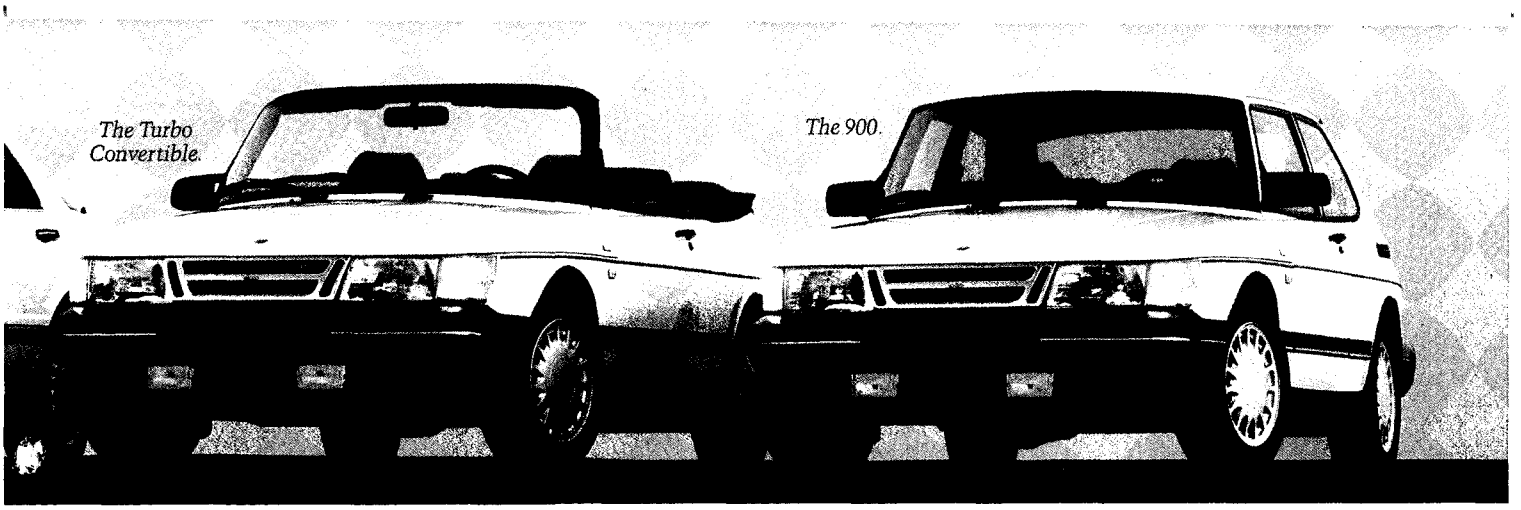

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OCTOBER 1990

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745 BOYLSTON STREET

IF PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, who has written the *Atlantic* column now known as Brief Reviews since its inception, in 1952, were to view her own work through the same prism she employs in her assessment of current books, she might write something like this: "Ms. Adams is a Radcliffe graduate, a fly-fisherman, and an unrepentant smoker. One thing she is not is parsimonious with her opinions—about books on everything from Tennyson to the *Titanic*, from lingerie to Lee's tactics at Gettysburg. The result in other hands might easily be tiresome prattle, but Ms. Adams, happily, always has something surprising and insightful to say (of one recent novel, she wrote, 'It suggests a painting by Bosch—one admires the artist's fertility in the invention of grotesque monsters without feeling any personal commitment to their activities'), says it with verve, and moves on without further ado. She is entirely right about Bosch, of course—as she is about most things."

Adams, who is celebrating her forty-fifth year with this magazine, was born in Hartford. At Radcliffe she majored in English, an enterprise, she would later recall, "which in the 1930s was about as useful, in terms of employability, as a case of measles." After a stint at *The Hartford Courant* Adams was hired by *The Atlantic*, to which she had been contributing book reviews, her responsibilities being "to run errands, speak civilly to would-be authors who wandered in off the streets, and translate foreign reports that arrived in antique cableese." She was, that is to say, one of those people who become immediately indispensable for a dozen reasons, not the least of which in this case was her fine writing and acute judgment. Adams and Edward Weeks, the ninth editor of *The Atlantic*, were married in 1972 and lived together for eighteen years, until Weeks's death, last year.

ROBERT L. SCOTT

Phoebe-Lou Adams

Adams has known and worked with many of the most prominent figures in American letters and the arts. Once, dispatched to Havana to wheedle a short story out of Ernest Hemingway, she found herself fending off the unwelcome attentions of a man from Florida. "Ah, the southerner," Hemingway said when he heard the story. "First the southern accent, then the positive Wassermann, then the bouncing check." Soon after Adams returned home, Hemingway sent *The Atlantic* not one story but two. —THE EDITORS

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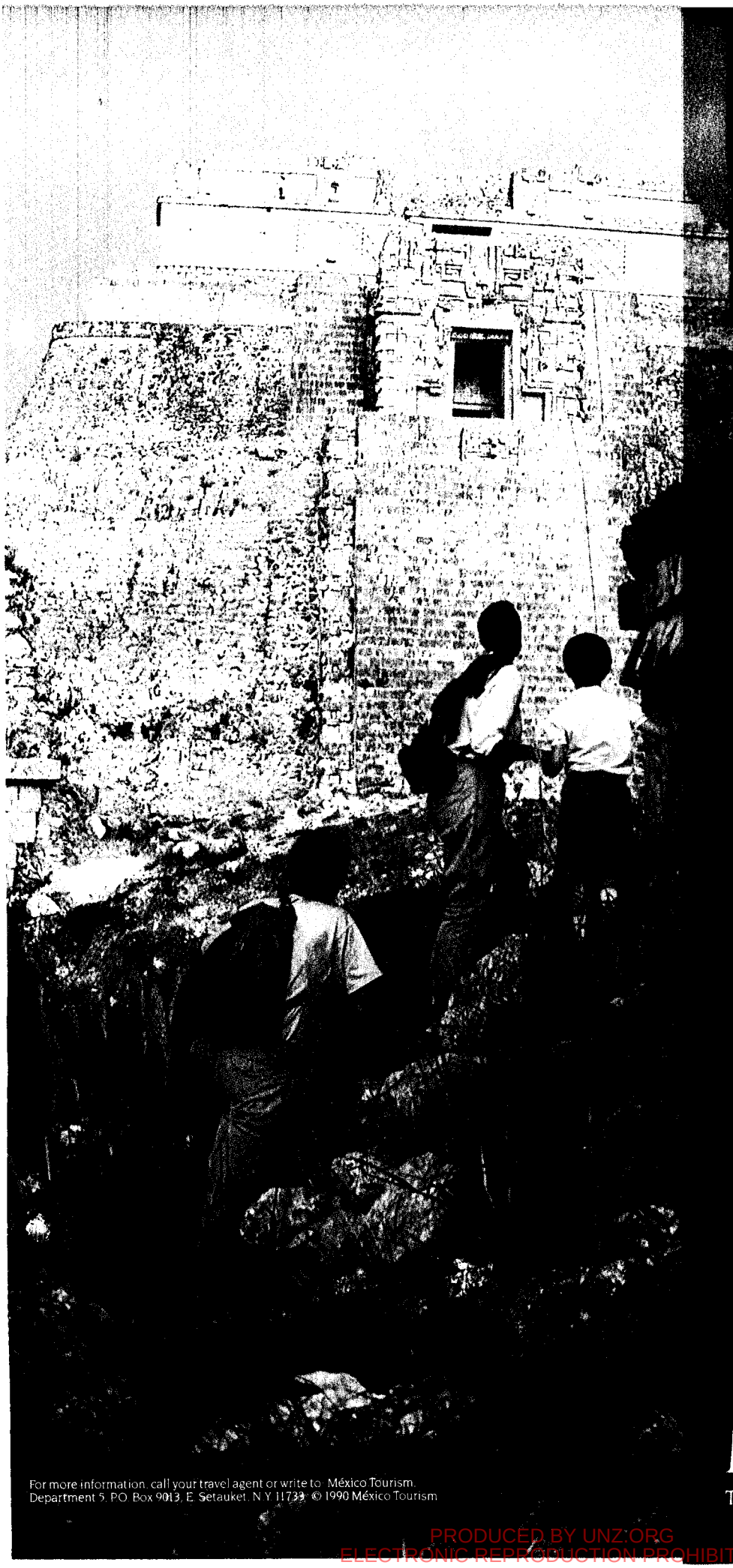

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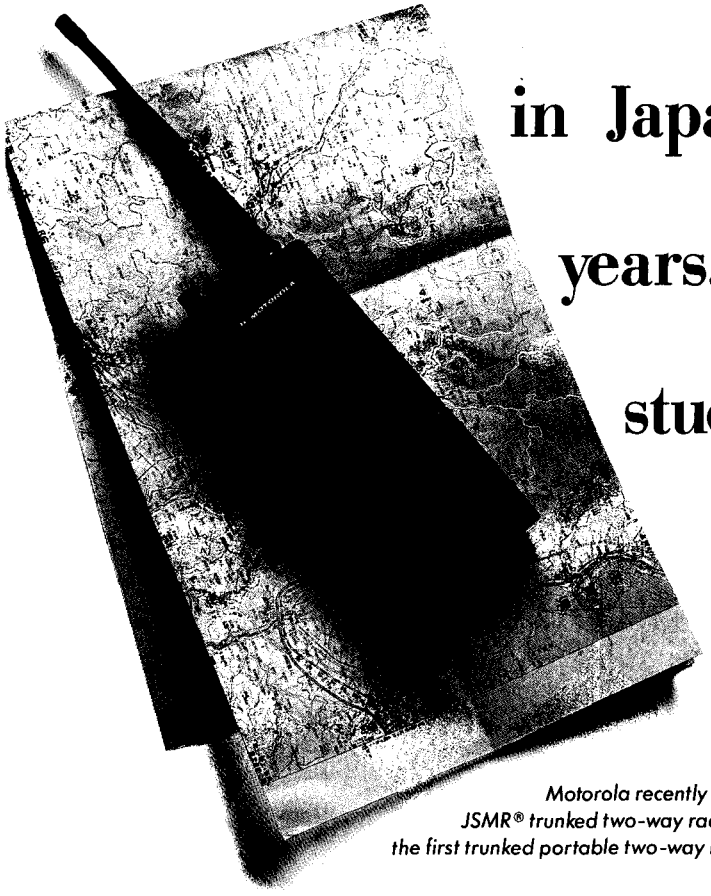

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FREUD AND DREAMS

"What Dreams Are (Really) Made Of" (July *Atlantic*) is an odd piece. Edward Dolnick's style reflects intense ambivalence regarding his subject. In particular, it is hard to tell whether the writing about Freud is simply misinformed or the result of allegiance to Allan Hobson.

On page 58 Dolnick reiterates a charge made on page 49, that "everyone" nowadays rejects the "Project" neurobiology as "worthless." This is simply false. Many researchers on both sides of the psycho-neuro divide (M. M. Gill, J. Z. Young, Poibram, and Edelman, for example) have acknowledged that the structural outlines of Freud's neuropsychology appear, from our current standpoint, to have been virtually prescient; the "problem of consciousness," which Freud never solved, remains in essentially the form in which the "Project" allowed him to propose it. Et cetera.

Dolnick continues on page 58: "Freud . . . thought of the brain as a 'passive reflex' machine that could act only in response to messages from outside." Again, simply false. Anyone who has actually read the "Project" will recall that one of its central problems is how to account for the "indications of reality" that are afforded in hallucinatory experiences (how it is that hallucinations have the quality we associate with consciousness) when the stimuli are entirely internal. Indeed, part of the brilliance of the "Project" is its implicit recognition of the purely philosophical problem that the whole business ("reality") may, for all we know, be generated from inside; and another part of its brilliance is the fancy (if failed—as Freud himself acknowledged) footwork developed in the hypothesis of "co"-neurons as an attempt to solve it.

J. L. ZWICKY
University of Western Ontario
Williamstown, Ont.

Edward Dolnick's discussion of Allan Hobson's work contains numerous misconceptions about psychoanalysis and neurobiological theories.

The author implicitly assumes that Sigmund Freud's writings are unquestioningly endorsed in contemporary psychoanalysis. This is a misunderstanding. Just as Freud himself constantly reworked his theories throughout his lifetime, analysts in the past fifty years have reworked many aspects of his work, rejected others, and expanded into areas that he had not considered to any significant extent. As an illustration, most contemporary psychoanalysts would fully agree with Hobson's conception of the dream as an adaptive process that is oriented toward current conflicts, although they would also feel that the dream contains wishful elements that are rooted in earlier conflictual situations.

More fundamental is Hobson's misunderstanding about the relationship between the universe of clinical data and explanation and the universe of psychophysiological data and explanation. Hobson believes that *The Interpretation of Dreams* was a disguised attempt to reinstate the physiological postulates of the abandoned "Project for a Scientific Psychology." Freud's development of the psychological basis of his dream theory was a gradual process that is arguably as fully documented (in the Freud-Fleiss correspondence) as is any other comparable creative act. Hobson's contention is just not supported by the evidence, and I think it would find little support among any serious Freud scholars within or outside psychoanalysis. A major point of the dream book is that the theory stands on clinical evidence, although Freud attempted to relate his clinical theory to a hypothetical physiological model in the famous—and, as we now know, misguided—Chapter VII. The psychologically based wish-fulfillment theory can indeed be critiqued as to its usefulness as a model,

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but this assessment must occur within the terms of psychological discourse. Relevant questions would be familiar ones, such as whether the data are well explained by the theories, whether the theories have implications that can be tested and verified, and so on. One hopes and one expects, unless one is a dyed-in-the-wool dualist, that ultimately there will be a satisfactory underpinning for whatever psychological theory, psychoanalytic or otherwise, is felt to be "truest" in the psychological realm.

DONALD L. ROSENBLITT, M.D.
University of North Carolina–Duke Psychoanalytic Education Program
Durham, N.C.

In his article on dreams Edward Dolnick states parenthetically that any cat or dog owner watching his pet's eyes and paws could have anticipated my discovery of REM. Indeed, the supposed connection between dreaming and body movements in sleep has its roots in antiquity, and is undoubtedly common knowledge among the laity as well as professors of psychology. No wonder, then, as I explained to Mr. Dolnick, that it was practically a reflex action on my part to jump to the conclusion that REM was linked to the visual images of the dream.

In 1962, while casually observing my 230-pound Saint Bernard asleep, I was astonished to note that his body movements followed a stereotyped pattern every time he was in a REM state. This suggested, according to the wisdom of the day, that the poor creature might be having the same dream again and again. For almost three decades afterward I scrutinized the characteristics of rapid eye movements and was relieved to conclude that it was highly improbable that these eye movements reflected the ongoing visual imagery of a dream. The hoary concept of dreams and body movements could very well be a mythology, along with the Freudian notions that have been assaulted by Allan Hobson.

According to Hobson, the REM state is a jumble of images and thoughts without any particular meaning. I agree with his view, but would like to extend it by bringing to light a concept propounded by Professor José Maria Arantes, a Brazilian oneirologist. Arantes asserts that dreaming occurs only when the individual is in a state of wakefulness, and never in the REM state. This concept verges on the sacrilegious, so a word in its defense is mandatory. All that we know about dreams has been obtained either by subjects' reports or through introspection, methods that require being in a state of wakefulness. Well, then, what about being aware of a dream while still in the REM state? The retort is not facetious. REM states, particularly long ones, are punctuated by wakefulness lasting for fractions of a second. During these brief moments the dream could be formulated.

Inasmuch as dreaming involves a sequencing of images and thoughts with some semblance of intelligence, it would be no surprise if such analytical activity was absent in the REM state, which may involve no more than a mélange of disordered brain activity. I would speculate that the term "dreaming," which implies a high order of mental activity, may not apply to the REM state.

Perhaps we need not worry about what a mouse may be dreaming. By combining Hobson's ideas with those of Arantes, we might conclude that while the mouse indeed exhibits a REM state, it does not necessarily have the capacity to dream.

EUGENE ASERINSKY
San Diego, Calif.

As an attorney turned psychoanalyst, I am still wondering what Edward Dolnick means by the concluding paragraph of his article, wherein he suggests that if Hobson's theories prove correct, the dream theories of Carl Jung are "nearer the mark" than those of Freud.

According to Jung, dreams were manifestations of the collective unconscious and were fraught with powerfully meaningful archetypes, similar from one generation to the next. The dream parallels the lifelong task of maturation; dream imagery and symbols express eternal truths about the life experience as they have done for the entire human race over many thousands of years. This, of course, accounts for the fervent Jungian interest in comparative religion and ancient myths and legends, as well as in dreams.

It seems to me that if Freud was wrong in his belief that dreams spring from and are determined by the individual's unconscious, then Jung was not nearer the mark, as Dolnick suggests, but rather off the mark to the collective *n*th degree.

DIANA SHULMAN, J.D., Ph.D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Edward Dolnick quotes Rosalind Cartwright as saying that every night the brain updates its program of who we are. She needs to explain this. I know five or six people who have been paraplegic or blind for thirty years. They all report that it took fifteen to twenty years for their disability to show up in dreams. The dreaming brain must be a slow learner.

WALT STROMER
Mt. Vernon, Iowa

Edward Dolnick replies:

J. L. Zwicky praises Freud's "Project for a Scientific Psychology." I called it "a major effort" and quoted two authorities on its importance. But one of Allan Hobson's main charges is that Freud's dream theory is only as good as the neurobiology of the "Project," which was written in 1895, more than fifty years before the discovery of REM sleep. By defending the "Project," Zwicky charges blindly into Hobson's web. Over and over again Freud's other supporters have insisted that Freud must not be held to neurobiological ideas he himself abandoned. (Donald Rosenblitt makes this point in his letter.) In formal debates with Hobson, in professional journals, and in numerous interviews with me, they have argued that Freud's theory must be judged on its psychological merits rather than its physiological flaws.

Donald Rosenblitt writes that I implicitly assume that psychoanalysts endorse Freud unreservedly. Several paragraphs in my story dealt explicitly with "the decline of Freud within the therapeutic community."

Diana Shulman asks how Jung came "nearer the mark" than Freud. As I wrote, "Hobson doesn't have much use for Jung's archetypal symbols, but he does follow Jung in seeing dreaming as creative rather than neurotic. And he agrees with Jung that dreams are undisguised."

SOVIET ECONOMY

Richard Parker's article "Inside the 'Collapsing' Soviet Economy" (June *Atlantic*) offers some interesting

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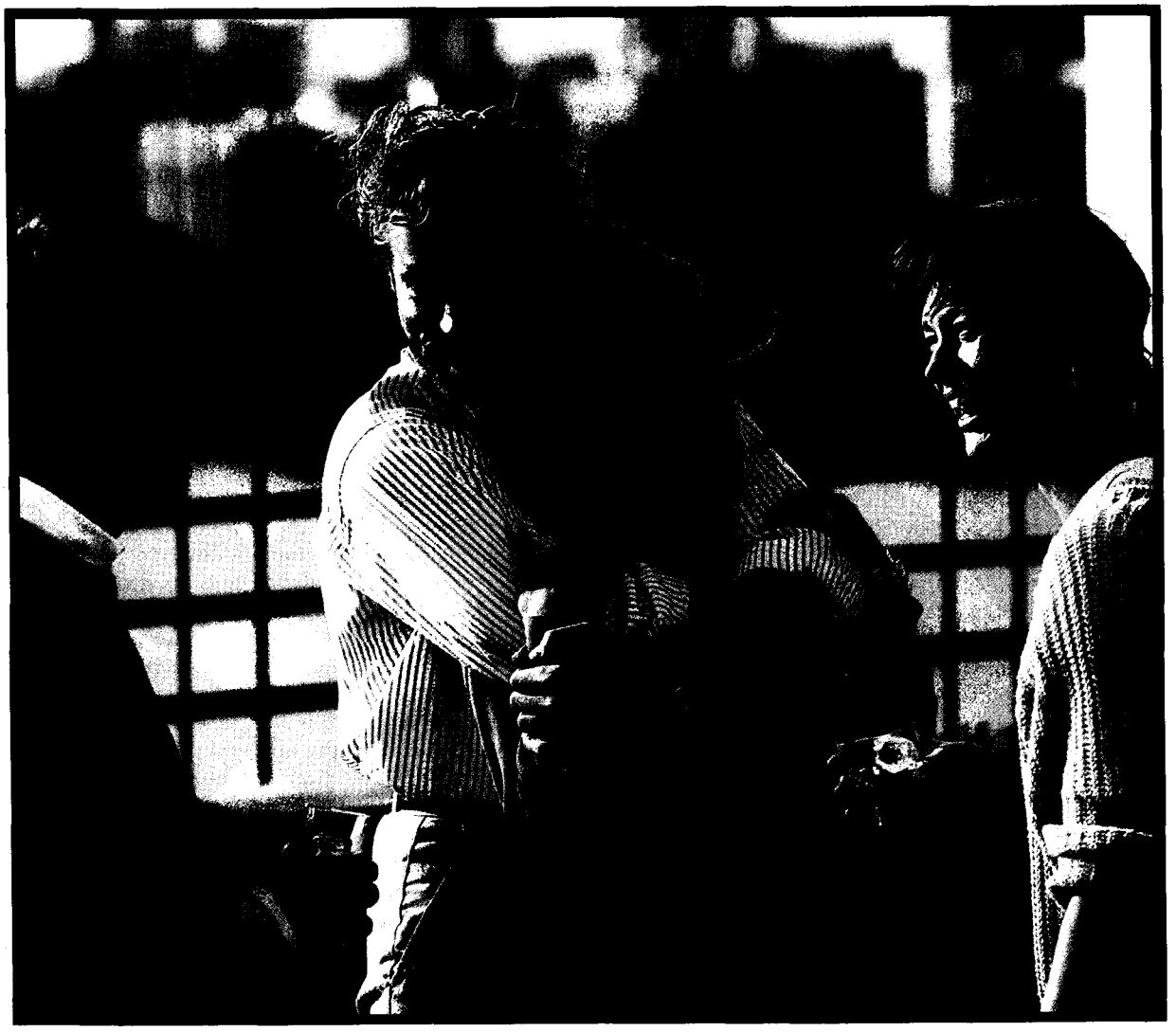

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anecdotal evidence that the Soviet economy is not in imminent danger of collapse. However, some of the statistics he uses do not, contrary to his assertions, point to the success of *perestroika* as a policy, and in part depict its failure. For example, he cites a 10 percent increase in the production of consumer goods; yet a closer examination reveals that most of this increase is attributable to the expanded production and sale of alcohol. Since the former policy of limiting the sale of alcohol in order to improve public health and worker productivity exacerbated the budget deficit by reducing turnover tax revenue, the figure is at least as much a reflection of *perestroika*'s problems as of its successes. Similarly, Parker considers the number of joint ventures registered, mentions a few salient examples, and concludes that joint ventures overall are gaining "surprising momentum." Some success is certainly a positive sign, but Parker did not mention that of the more than 1,200 joint ventures currently registered, only 200 are in operation, and roughly thirty are achieving what could be regarded as meaningful results—hardly a cause for the article's exuberant optimism, and probably a testimony to the difficulties Western entrepreneurs face in the USSR.

Despite interviews with well-known Soviet experts, the article becomes muddied when Parker launches into "economic" explanations. For instance, he writes that Americans usually think of scarcity when considering the Soviet Union, and then proceeds to elucidate the "peculiar" fact that the USSR is a huge supplier of raw materials and primary goods. Instead of making the necessary distinction between producer and consumer goods, and noting the roughly consistent state investment priorities that have emphasized the former for the past fifty years, Parker leaves the reader to ponder this supposedly peculiar phenomenon. He states that "all the things that Marx, Smith, Ricardo, or any other classical theorist of capitalism would tell you are important to industrial success are hallmarks of the Soviet achievement." Supposedly this makes Gorbachev's dilemma seem peculiar at first glance. Given an economy where wages and the prices of many consumer goods are generally rigid, where the Smithian concept of the "invisible hand" is wholly inoperative, and where most industries continue to suffer from a systemic anti-innovation bias, it is difficult to understand why Parker concludes what he does. Finally, inexplicably, Parker assigns Gorbachev the label "turbocharged Keynesian," ostensibly because he is currently presiding over a budget crisis. Such offhand pop-economic terminology not only further distorts what Keynesian theory is all about and misstates Gorbachev's situation but also unfortunately flaws an otherwise worthwhile article.

TIMOTHY A. BAKER
State College, Pa.

The article by Richard Parker arguing that the Soviet economy is not "on the verge of disintegration" coincides with dramatic signs that it is indeed disintegrating. The same week that the article appeared, there was a run on Soviet shops and officials in Moscow and Leningrad banned the sale of food to anyone who was not a resident of their cities. In the same period, the Soviet authorities acknowledged for the first time that the Soviet GNP had fallen: about 1.5 percent in the first quarter of 1990. If inflation is taken into account, the drop is actually closer to five to six percent. On top of everything else, immediately after his election as president of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Republic, Boris Yeltsin advocated a law that would declare economic sovereignty for the Russian Republic. This was largely a reaction to the economic collapse that seems so evident to everyone in the USSR.

Having spent my adult life reading Soviet economic reports, I was reminded of the Soviet pronouncements that used to appear a decade or so ago when I read Parker's article. Agricultural production is up, he says correctly—it "barely missed being the best harvest of the decade." But although he acknowledges that there is enormous waste, Parker somehow fails to allow for the big difference between production and consumption. Some goods are sold at the workplace, it is true, but that is not enough to offset shelves that have been made even emptier by warnings of a price hike. Even more in the way of disinformation is to say that "Soviet income rose nearly 13 percent" without noting that most of the increase was inflationary and that the increase in the production of consumer goods was considerably lower. In contrast to Parker's article, the Soviets themselves now cite the nearly 13 percent increase in income as a bad, not a good, sign. Similarly, Parker mentions several joint ventures that have been agreed to by U.S. companies, but fails to note that several of them are not yet in fact operating, and that even McDonald's, which is setting production and sales records, is so far earning only rubles, which it has as yet been unable to convert into dollars.

Parker concludes his article with a discussion of the reforms proposed by Leonid Abalkin, and an acknowledgment that implementation of these reforms will be difficult. (*Impossible* is probably a more appropriate word.) He argues that "five years after taking power Gorbachev seems as determined as he was at the start to follow this course." To the contrary, Gorbachev has constantly shifted his course. He wants reform, yes, but his wrongheaded leadership as an economist has shifted the country from attack on private and cooperative trade in 1986 to praise for and legitimization of it in 1987, and to attacks on it again in 1989. In the meantime, the Soviet people have become confused, and the economy as a result of such zigs and zags is now in serious danger of collapse.

MARSHALL I. GOLDMAN
Russian Research Center
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Richard Parker's excellent and hopeful article alludes to the idea that John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil trust raised prices to guarantee profits. Whatever hard bargaining Standard Oil may have used to buy crude or get favorable railroad rates, raising prices was not the firm's route to profits. Beginning in 1876, the first year of effective monopoly, the price per barrel of illuminating oil for export, which roughly paralleled the domestic price, continued the trend indicated below:

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1878	10.75
1880	9.15
1882	7.42
1884	8.29
1886	7.11

I. B. HOLLEY, JR.
Department of History
Duke University
Durham, N.C.

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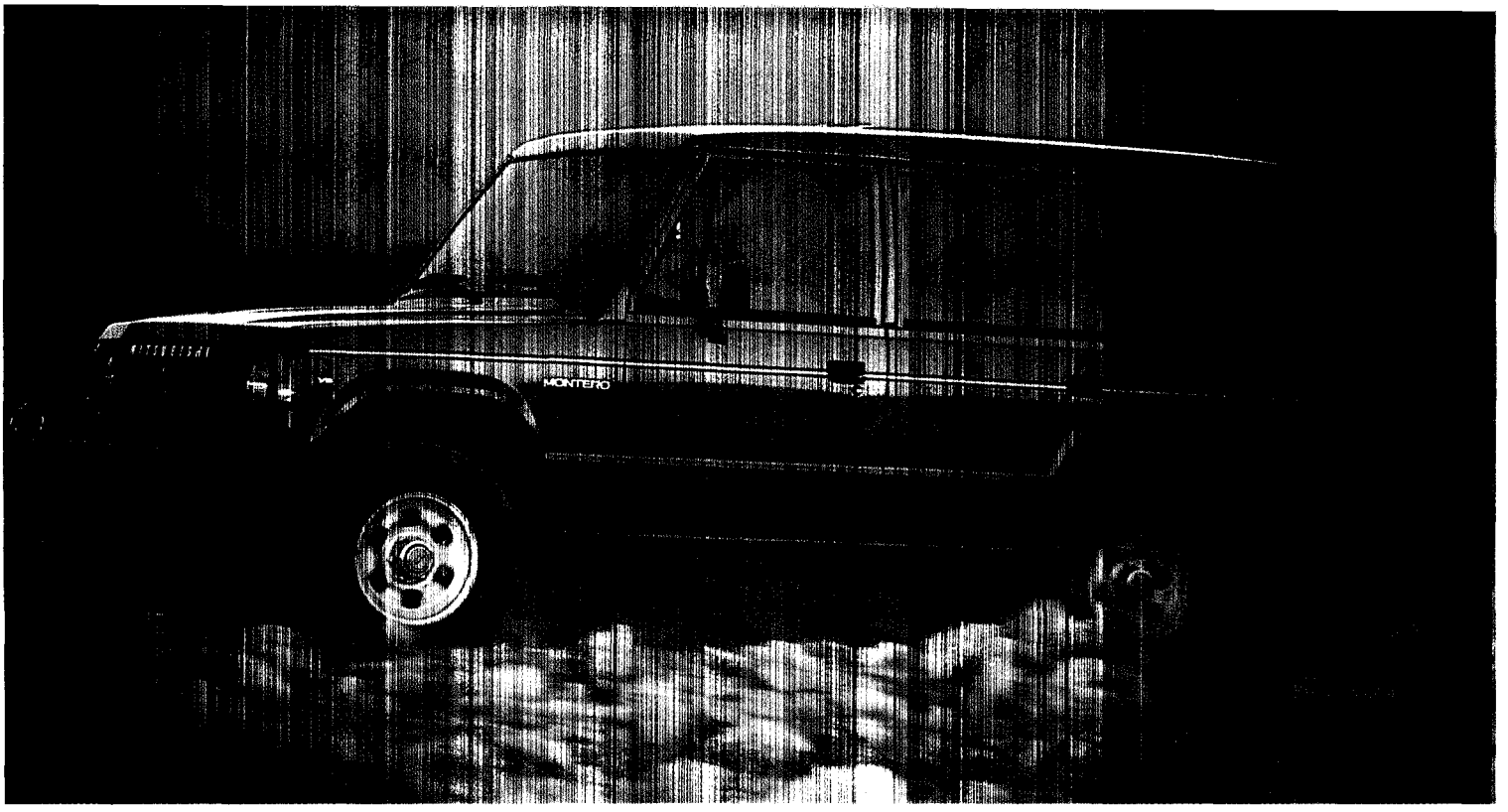

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Richard Parker replies:

I share Timothy Baker's concern about alcohol's role in the growth of Soviet consumer-goods sales, but it accounted for about a quarter, not "most," of the gain last year. Soviet alcohol-tax revenues did fall, as he says, in 1987 and 1988, but they are now back at pre-Gorbachev levels, and are being derived more and more from increased sales of low-alcohol wines and cognacs, rather than from the jet fuel they call vodka—a partial policy victory, to my eyes. Of the 1,200 joint-venture agreements signed since 1987, a thousand were signed in 1989, so my failure to mention the number in operation grew from modest patience, not "exuberant optimism."

Marshall Goldman believes that the Soviet economy "is indeed disintegrating" and that I'm pressing "disinformation" on innocent *Atlantic* readers. But five years ago he was caviling at those who saw Gorbachev as a new kind of Soviet leader: "If he masters the system—rather than its mastering him—this may augur bold moves in foreign and domestic policy. Don't bet on it" was one bit of advice. Since then Goldman has, in 1987, 1988, and 1989, predicted Gorbachev's imminent demise—an eschatological three strikes, to my mind. Last spring, in *Foreign Affairs*, pressing once more this "disintegration" thesis of his, he claimed that the Soviet budget deficit was 120 billion rubles (a 30 percent overstatement) and pronounced the 1989 grain harvest a failure, when in fact it barely missed being the best of the decade. I'm happy to debate Goldman on the numbers, but wish we could do so with a little post–Cold War civility.

AGAINST INTERVENTION

Stephen Van Evera's article "The Case Against Intervention" (July *Atlantic*) includes several unrealistic assumptions and several factual errors. Van Evera first assumes that the only justifications for U.S. intervention in the Third World revolve around the threat (now diminishing) from the USSR in its attempt to build an empire. Although the Soviet Union faces significant problems with its Warsaw Pact allies, the Soviet military is arming itself with weapons designed for Third World intervention. Of particular note is the new Tbilisi-class aircraft carrier, which, according to Soviet officials (and by virtue of its limited capability), has as its principal role power projection in the Third World. The USSR has also developed small marine and special-operations forces, both of which would have limited use in a major conflict but are very useful in an interventionist strategy. The continuing development of these forces may indicate recognition by the Soviet leadership that conflict is now more likely in places other than Europe. Van Evera's confidence that the failure of communism as an ideology means the end of communist expansionism is likewise grounded more in hope than in a realistic appraisal of what motivates the Soviet leadership. The failure of communist imperialism does not spell an end to *Russian* imperialism. If anything, the demise of communism means the rest of the world may finally see the real justification for Soviet actions in the international realm.

In his haste to signal the end of the Soviet threat to U.S. interests, Van Evera ignores potential military threats to U.S. interests from Third World states. He asserts that Third World nations have little military potential because of their limited industrial power. This lack of military potential will be news in Iraq, which now has more main battle tanks than most nations in NATO; in North Korea, which has more artillery pieces than any NATO nation; and in Libya, Syria, and Cuba, which all have advanced fighter-bomber aircraft and air-defense systems capable of doing significant damage to any U.S. forces they encounter.

Van Evera asserts that apart from oil, Third World nations have few raw materials on which the West is dependent. But control of oil in and of itself provides a reason for military action, because its loss would be devastating to our economy. In fact, some seventeen years ago *The Atlantic* published an article about just such a U.S. military response to loss of oil from the Arabian peninsula. The United States is also dependent on mostly Third World sources for so-called strategic minerals—chromium, cobalt, platinum, and others—which we carefully stockpile in order to mitigate the devastating effect of their loss in the short term. What are the replacements for those minerals which Van Evera alludes to?

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Van Evera proposes to reduce spending on what he refers to as "intervention forces," among them Marine divisions, airborne and light infantry divisions, and naval carrier forces. He proposes to cut the most flexible, combat-capable, and combat-ready units in the inventory in favor of limited, single-mission units poorly adapted to any fight except the one least likely to occur—a conflict between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Unlike their Soviet counterparts, these selected units are capable of fighting in situations ranging from full-scale war to conflicts like that in Panama to the limited force employment of an air raid on Libya. They are designed to counter threats to us and our allies around the world and, when combined with appropriate airlift, allow us to "get there firstest with the mostest," a crucial and often decisive advantage.

Although a measured and thoughtful reduction of the defense budget is clearly in the cards, the cut in expenditures should not come at the expense of our most capable troops, and for the wrong reasons.

JOHN J. MICHELS, JR.
Prattville, Ala.

I was astounded by Stephen Van Evera's assertion that the United States owes "moral debts" to the state of Israel. To what "moral debts" does Van Evera refer? This is the first I've heard about it! It would seem to me that any "moral debts" that we owe in that area of the world are owed to the Palestinians, for blindly subsidizing their oppression.

To say, as Van Evera did, that it is "implausible" that the United States would mount a major "military effort" in behalf of Israel is an understatement. American opposition to such a move would make Vietnam look like a popular war. Our country is not "compelled" to protect anyone but our own citizens.

NICHOLAS R. VAN HORN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Stephen Van Evera replies:

John Michels repeats myths that interventionists have often advanced in the past. In fact Soviet forces are not configured for intervention, as every specialist knows. The Soviets have only 17,000 marines, as compared with 195,000 for the United States. Soviet heavy long-range transport aircraft are outnumbered eight to one by comparable American aircraft. The Tbilisi is the Soviet Union's first real aircraft carrier; the United States has fifteen. Overall, Soviet global intervention capability is a fraction of ours.

The waning of Soviet expansionism is clearly manifest in the Soviet withdrawals from Eastern Europe and Afghanistan, in the softening of Soviet negotiating positions on regional conflicts, in cuts in Soviet aid to Third World clients, and in Soviet official rhetoric. Those who see little change in Soviet policy are just not paying attention.

The United States and its allies have the wherewithal to contain direct aggression by the likes of Iraq (as we have shown), North Korea, Libya, Syria, and Cuba. Michels's comparisons sound impressive, but these states are still third-class military powers. We cannot easily defend their smallest neighbors (like Kuwait), but we can defend the larger states that matter more (like Saudi Arabia). Note that Iran and Chad recently defeated Iraqi and Libyan invasions without American help.

Yes, our allies in Europe and Japan depend heavily on Persian Gulf oil, but the United States does not: we get only 12 percent of our oil from the gulf. Moreover, the United States has the demonstrated capacity to defend the gulf against seizure by any state, and the force posture I recommend would retain that capacity. No, the United States does not depend on other Third World strategic minerals. This is an illusion fostered by analysts who confuse the size of U.S. imports of strategic minerals (large) with the cost of adjusting if supplies from specific Third World states or regions were interrupted (small). (For details, see my article "Why Europe Matters, Why the Third World Doesn't," *Journal of Strategic Studies*, June, 1990.)

America's current intervention forces are enormous, and greatly out of proportion with realistic scenarios for their use. The United States *should* devote a larger percentage of its defense effort to possible great-power conflicts. These conflicts are the least likely, but are also the only ones that really matter.

Nicholas Van Horn raises a moral question for all members of Christian Western culture to consider. For more than a thousand years Christian West-

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ern anti-Semitism frequently made Jewish life in the Diaspora unlivable. European Jews were murdered by the hundreds of thousands during the Crusades and the Renaissance, and by the millions under Hitler. In between, Jews were expelled en masse from England, France, and Spain, confined to ghettos, and otherwise excluded from Christian civil society. The whole world, including the United States, stood by with indifference during Hitler's Holocaust, refusing even to admit Jewish refugees. After the war further pogroms were committed against Holocaust survivors in Poland. This relentless Western hostility finally spurred the Jews to seek refuge in a Jewish state. The Christian West can never fully atone for its past cruelties, but it can offer partial atonement by ensuring that the Zionist enterprise now does not fail. This is what I mean when I refer to America's moral debt to Israel.

The West, including the United States, also owes a heavy moral debt to the Palestinian people, who were not responsible for past Jewish suffering but are now asked to pay the full price for the suffering inflicted on the Jews by the West. This gives the United States a special obligation to seek a just Middle East peace that grants Palestinian self-determination. Peace is impossible if the United States blindly backs the misguided expansionism of the Shamir government. Instead, American aid to Israel should be conditioned on its willingness to abandon its current course and conclude a just peace with the Palestinians.

NARITA AIRPORT

Eamonn Fingleton paints a distorted picture of Tokyo's Narita Airport as a "traveler's nightmare" ("Japan: Air Control," July *Atlantic*). His history of the airport and speculation about its future may be accurate, but I have flown in and out of Narita many times and have always found the airport itself to be highly organized and efficient.

Immigration Control at Narita does take time, as it does at any major international airport, but my interview with the immigration officer took about twenty seconds. Delays are caused by passengers with faulty papers, who are always in the line ahead of you. (But is this Narita's fault?)

Getting into Tokyo by bus doesn't mean you'll "probably end up" at the City Air Terminal. Buses go by several routes to the major hotels, leaving every twenty minutes. If you are staying at a "minor" hotel, ask the information clerk at Narita Arrivals which major hotel is closest to your destination. Take that bus and from that hotel you can take a taxi to your own hotel (in my case for just a little over $3.00).

Although the article cites the lack of an efficient rail link to central Tokyo, there is a train that ends up at Ueno Station, a half dozen subway stops from the Ginza.

As a departing passenger I have never experienced any major obstacles. If the hotel-bus pickup schedule is incompatible with your flight time, take a taxi to the City Air Terminal and check in there. Your airline will accept your luggage and transport it to your plane. There you can get your boarding pass, change your money, pay your airport tax, and buy a ticket for the bus to Narita. Travel time to the airport is estimated at seventy minutes; on my last trip the bus made it in fifty-five.

JOHN ALLYN
Santa Monica, Calif.

Eamonn Fingleton's complaints about Narita Airport puzzled me. My brother is the Tokyo bureau chief for UPI, and I have visited him in Tokyo three times, always using Narita. Fingleton fusses about "snaking lines" at customs; the lines at Narita are no different from those at any other customs I've gone through, including at U.S. airports. He doesn't like the long bus ride to Tokyo, but many airports are outside the cities they serve, including London's Gatwick and Washington's Dulles. He compares Narita unfavorably with Dallas–Fort Worth Airport, which is completely inexplicable to me. Dallas–Fort Worth has different terminal buildings for different airlines, and odd little driverless trains to carry you between them, so that changing planes can be a nightmare. And there are plenty of snaking lines—for the bathrooms. Narita, in contrast, is all under one roof, easy to navigate, clean, and comfortable. The last time I left Tokyo, I went to Narita alone with my baby daughter. As I stepped off the bus, an airport employee walked up to me and asked—in English—if he

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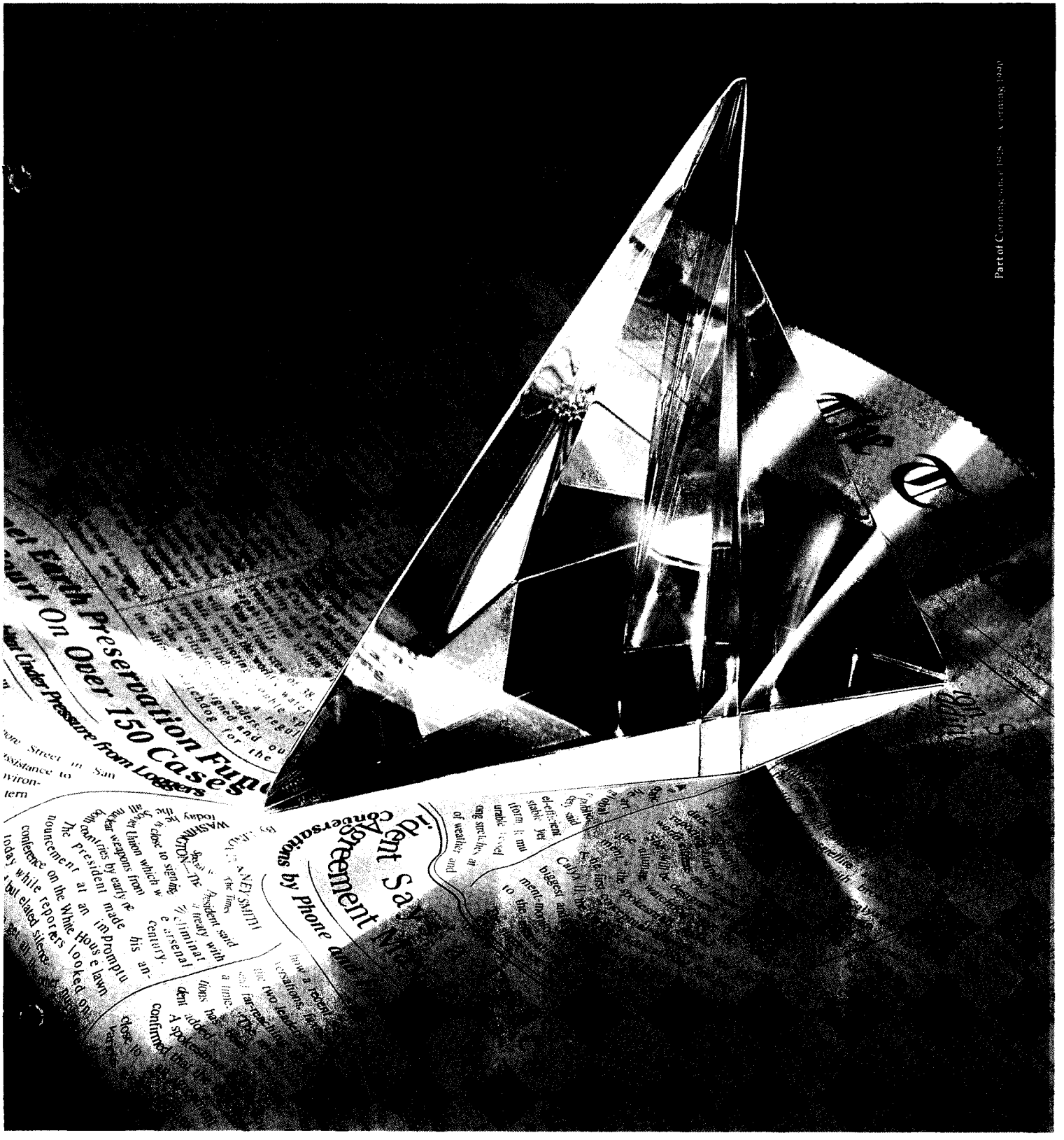

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could help me. He wasn't after a tip; there is no tipping in Japan. After he helped get our bags onto a free luggage cart, I entered the terminal, where an airline employee left her counter, approached me, and asked, again in English, if I needed help. Can you imagine this happening to a foreigner in a large American airport?

NINA BUTTS
Austin, Texas

Eamonn Fingleton replies:

I am glad that Nina Butts has pointed out Narita's silver lining—Japan's customary courtesy toward visitors. But the planners cannot claim credit for that, and any airport that charges a $13-a-head departure tax can probably afford to throw in a few skycaps for free.

Try as he might, John Allyn won't find anything to compare to the fast ground links at U.S. airports (where a taxi ride downtown doesn't cost $150 a pop) or at European ones (with their efficient rail links). At Gatwick, for instance, you can wheel your luggage from the arrivals area to the train door in five minutes and step out in central London in less than half an hour.

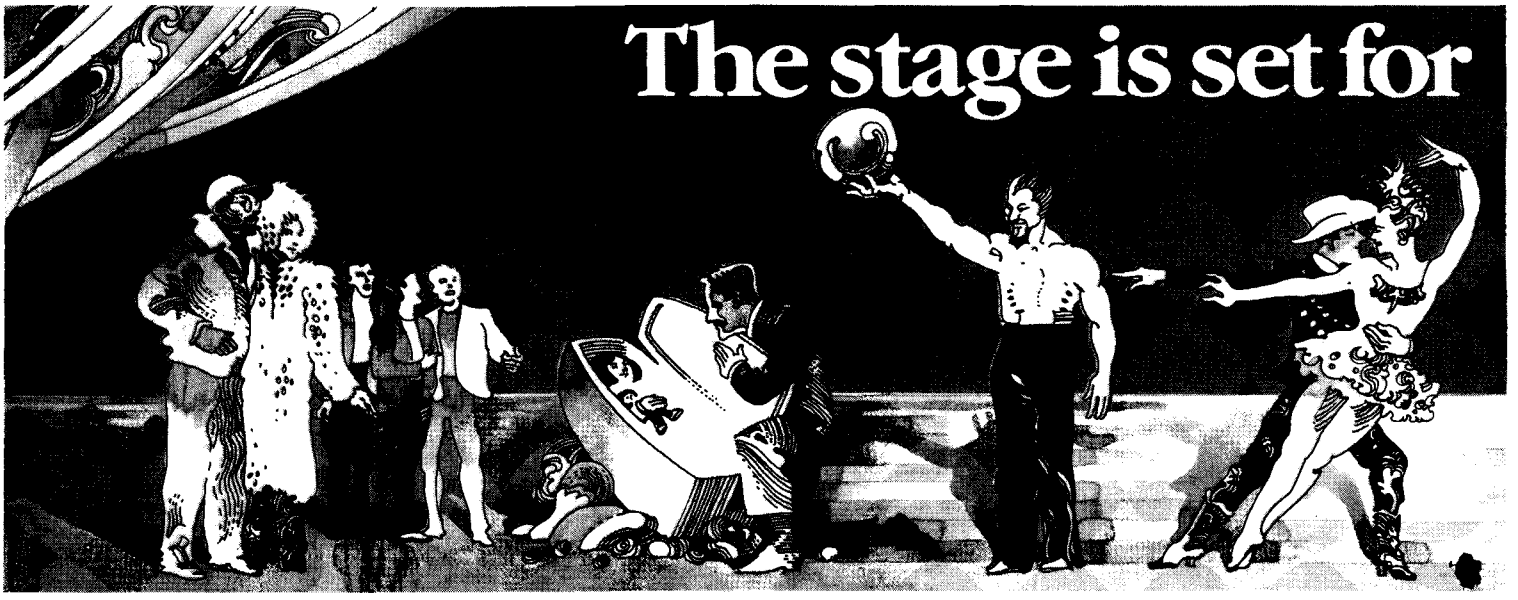
True, the hotel buses ease the Narita pain a bit—but only for the minority of favored passengers headed for central Tokyo. Almost everyone else is a victim of "connections" that don't connect—a Tokyo resident can easily spend more than three hours to get to the suburbs. Next time Ms. Butts rides Dallas–Fort Worth's eerie railroad, she might reflect on the joys of transferring in Tokyo. The bus ride to the domestic airport, Haneda, takes two hours.

GROWING UP SCARED

Though I share Karl Zinsmeister's outrage over the failure of our criminal-justice system to protect us from predatory criminals ("Growing Up Scared," June *Atlantic*), I cannot agree that this failure is due to any "failure of nerve" on the part of that system's leadership. On the contrary, it seems to me that his unbalanced, top-down "carrots-and-sticks" approach to the problem of crime exemplifies the very mentality that is leading us into a deepening crisis of lawlessness and social disintegration.

As a parent, I would be delighted to see judges who release known child molesters thrown into jail. I do not imagine for a moment, however, that my children would then be safer from the violence that infects this community. We can—and indeed we must—demand the toughest possible standards of enforcement and prosecution from representatives of our judicial system, but that isn't going to do much to reduce crime. States that impose the severest criminal penalties (including capital punishment) currently suffer the same high rates of violent crime as more "liberal" states.

Crime is a complex phenomenon. It needs to be fought on a variety of fronts at once. Consider: According to the most current statistics, something like 80 percent of all convicted felons suffer from substance abuse, are functionally illiterate, lack job skills, and come from family backgrounds of abuse and neglect. Yet public programs addressing these problems are woefully under-



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funded and understaffed in most states. For example, Zinsmeister himself notes that workers in child-protection agencies often face staggering backlogs of cases, a situation that has led to dramatic failures to protect children from neglect or abuse. Calls for higher standards of protection will remain so much empty rhetoric unless and until government is willing to pay the price for maintaining those standards.

IAN ROSS MACRAE
Portland, Oreg.

"Growing Up Scared" presents a narrow view of family breakdown. Karl Zinsmeister furnishes many examples of problems relating to violence, such as juvenile criminals, underachieving, and truancy, and shows that these problems increase in the single-parent family. Then he goes on to say that our society must bring back the husband-wife-child nuclear family to save us from destroying ourselves through violence. Given the number of divorces among couples who live in comfortable means, marriage has little chance of success nowadays among people who live under the stress of poverty.

However, in a broader sense family breakdown is the most important source of violence by and among children. The loss of the extended family structure has had a major impact on the stability of the institution of marriage across all socioeconomic levels. Many extended black families disintegrated when younger blacks moved north in search of jobs. Parents, grandparents, and siblings were left behind. Subsequent movement, also for economic reasons, from one northern industrial city to another caused further family dispersion. The extended family and neighborhood community were the sources of moral fiber among people at lower socioeconomic levels (where most single-parent families exist).

Zinsmeister is correct that we need to get the children out of the housing projects by means rather than by placement. But these impoverished children will not accept grandiose government schemes that pressure their mothers and themselves to participate in a system that is still virtually closed to them. They need a successful community made up of people from their neighborhood, a society where they are accepted.

We need to stop building convention centers, sports arenas, and shopping malls and put all our creativity, energy, and resources into building up our inner cities, so that children there will see successful role models—good, peaceful people who look and talk just like them, and who are happy carrying on the affairs of life without having to take the bus to the white doctor or the store owned by white people.

SUSAN J. ELIAS
Madison, Wis.

Karl Zinsmeister replies:

Both Ian Macrae and Susan Elias believe that money is the key to restoring some order and security to childhood. I only wish they were right.

The fact that prenatal care is *free* in my own city of Washington, D.C., with some clinics held open until 8:45 P.M. and others installed in motor homes that cruise poor neighborhoods, has not prevented our infant-mortality

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rate from rising by two thirds over four years—to the point where it now exceeds that of Sri Lanka, a nation with an annual per-capita GNP of $420. Despite all the public resources available, every year many hundreds of women in labor show up in Washington hospitals to deliver without ever having bothered to see a doctor during their pregnancies. And 45 percent of the women who do visit the obstetrics clinic at Washington's large public hospital have drugs in their systems. These are problems of accountability and personal values. Can money solve them?

Macrae is wrong in suggesting that I favor a top-down approach to make urban childhoods safer. I am calling for a grass-roots response built around individual responsibility and family healing (combined with no-nonsense public incentives), partly because I fear the alternative will eventually be a truly harsh collective crackdown.

If Elias is saying that low-income people cannot maintain stable marriages and be loyal and protective toward kin, I disagree. Families work for everyone. Impoverished, assetless groups of all stripes (many immigrants, for example) have shown repeatedly that if you enjoy strong family bonds, success and security are only an interval away.

ON PHOTOGRAPHY

Hans Koning ("Notes on the Mirror With a Memory," July *Atlantic*) is correct to emphasize photography's impact on culture over its contribution to art. But it is shortsighted to maintain that photography is incapable of producing art simply because its main uses fall within the realms of reportage, record-keeping, and propaganda.

The real problem is that art is addressed these days to a tiny audience of critics, collectors, and other artists. After all, it took Jesse Helms to make Robert Mapplethorpe a household name (if not a four-letter word).

If time is incapable of producing art, what would Koning call, let's say, pre-Renaissance painting in Europe, if not a relational model different from our own? Art and technique comprise a continuum, and neither is served by drawing arbitrary distinctions.

JEFF COSLOY
West Newton, Mass.

I agree that photography's greatest impact has been outside the art world, but this doesn't discount those photographs that have been a crucial part of "the road of visual art."

It's not necessary to define art to understand that the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition had intentions different from those of Magnum's strongly subject-oriented photojournalism show. The MOMA show revealed something of the evolution of photographs that were made for expressive and conceptual reasons. Often, in viewing these photographs, we are concerned with the makers of the photographs more than with the subjects in them. Koning shouldn't be surprised that "some of the early photographs were as finely executed as some of the most recent ones." Is he disappointed that Old Masters like Vermeer were so accomplished?

BIL JAEGER
Catskill, N.Y.

Hans Koning replies:

I don't believe that art and technique compose "a continuum," and I don't believe that art "these days" is addressed to a tiny audience; it tries to appeal (as it should) to most everybody. Disastrously, this is often done by making odd arrangements of technical elements and calling the arrangement art.

As for Bil Jaeger's Vermeer parallel, the technical elements of Vermeer's work—that is to say, his paints—were made by the painter and are superior to anything available now; the technical components of a modern camera are vastly superior to those of a mid-nineteenth-century one.

ADVICE & CONSENT

In response to John and Marilyn Rosenthal's "True Colors" (July *Atlantic*), I would like to point out that jalapeños, whether fresh or pickled, are traditionally green, not red.

I also want to share my favorite color extrapolation. It was coined by Geoffrey Beene in his 1987 summer sportswear collection, one line of which was done entirely in white and "elephant" (as one might expect, a muddy brown with a tinge of water-hole green)!

CHARIAN D. BROWNE
Lighthouse Point, Fla.

"The Designing of A Fragrance"

Fragrances! They exhilarate, excite and intrigue. (And, they date back to the very beginning of civilization itself.) Frankincense, myrrh, cassia and cinnamon are mentioned in the Bible; perfume was a part of ancient Chinese and Egyptian religious ceremonies; the Romans blended as many as 27 ingredients together to create a single scent.

Today, the designing of fragrances is infinitely more complex. While there are 13 essential fragrance families, there are hundreds of natural and synthetic elements available for developing an individual fragrance identity. The most important ones are those used for the base component and the fixative.

The base component is generally a natural oil which acts as a foundation: floral oils such as jasmine or rose, oils and essences derived from spices, citrus products, woods, grasses, leaves and moss. New synthetics offer modern woodsy elements as well as those that are not produced by nature, such as Lily of the Valley and Gardenia.

Fixatives "hold" the fragrance together and give it long lasting qualities. Some of the most widely used are ambergris which is produced by the Sperm Whale and civet from the Civet Cat.

Fragrances are now more popular than ever before with 800 currently on the market–over 500 for women alone. I recognized that creating and introducing a successful new fragrance for women in this crowded arena presented a challenge that paralleled designing clothing for women. Both must be original and memorable. Both must capture the very essence of what a woman is, intellectually, physically as well as emotionally.

I spent over 18 months developing and testing more than 50 different scents on over 3,000 women before deciding on the one that would carry my name. "Cassini" is a blend of more than 250 elements, of which 15 define its actual personality and the distinctive signature that reflects my lifelong understanding of the feminine mystique. What I ultimately developed is a night fragrance, dressy rather than tweedy–the kind of scent that I consider indispensable to creating fantasies.

Oleg Cassini

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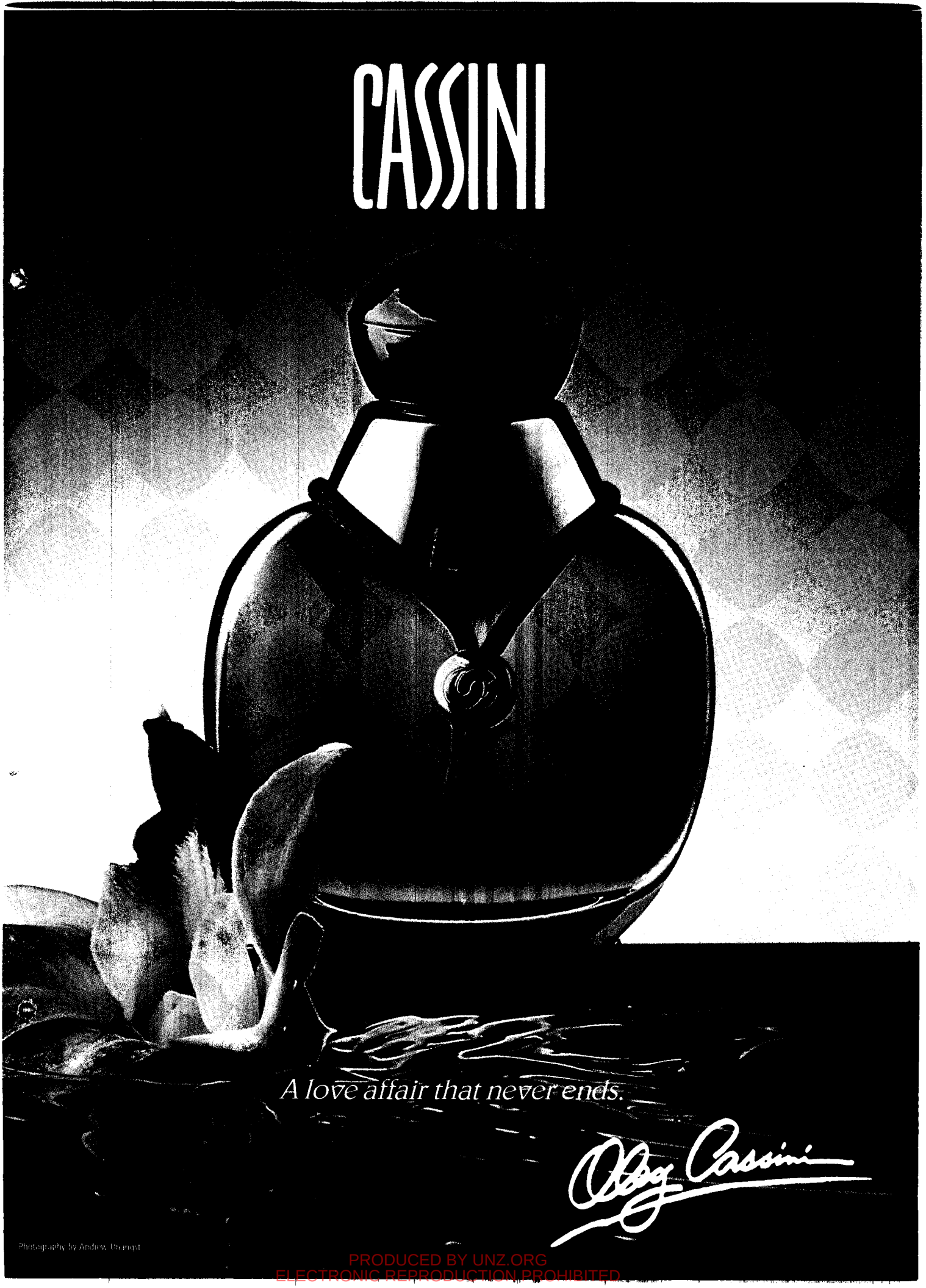

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Like a silverwinged dragonfly the Cessna swoops down over a pan in Ngamiland. The four conservationists aboard hold their breath.

Below them are the ghosts of a bygone era, two black rhino in a strange and desolate world. Once this was called a Garden of Eden.

Once it was teeming with the black rhino of northern Botswana.

Perhaps, one day, we will regain our Paradise Lost.

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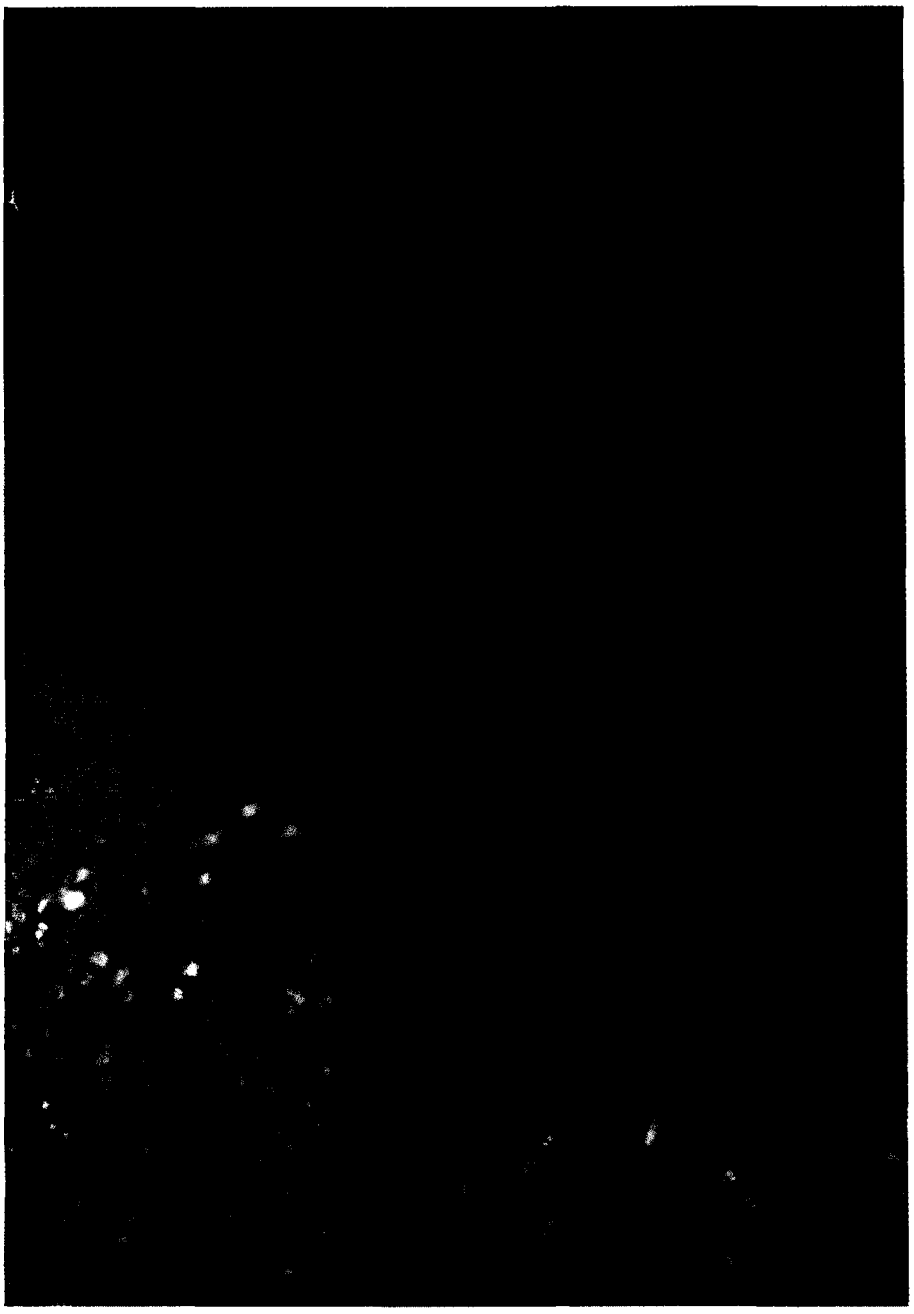

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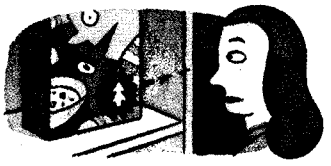
THE OCTOBER ALMANAC

HEALTH & SAFETY

Because October is the peak month for the harvesting of corn, cotton, and apples, it is also the month that sees the most farm-related deaths. In per capita terms farming is the most lethal occupation (roughly a thousand accidental deaths occurred in 1988). One reason is the advancing age of the farm work force. Some 15 percent of U.S. farmers are age 60 or older, while a mere 8 percent of other workers are. The accidental-death rate on the farm is five times as high as the rate for all other industries taken together. American farmers have nevertheless resisted attempts to make agriculture subject to Occupational Safety and Health Administration guidelines.



ENVIRONMENT

American manufacturers these days are flooding the market with products touted as environmentally benign. This fall more and more consumers will notice a new wrinkle. Two not-for-profit companies—Green Cross, of Oakland, California, and Green Seal, of Washington, D.C.—will be evaluating products to determine if they meet certain environmental standards; products that "pass" will be eligible to display a special label. The complexities of evaluating the environmental impact of everything from the procurement of the raw materials for a product to the energy required to make it to its packaging and distribution are obviously daunting. For example, how does one weigh the resource-depleting and landfill-choking consequences of using disposable diapers against the energy consumption and pollution potential posed by the repeated washing of cloth ones?

THE SKIES

October **4**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Harvest Moon. **18**, New Moon. **21–22**, the Orionid meteor shower peaks. Because the Orionids this year are appearing two days after a New Moon, the skies should be especially dark—an ideal backdrop. **28**, at 2:00 A.M. Daylight Saving Time ends; clocks should be turned back by one hour, to Standard Time.

ARTS & LETTERS

A facelift gets under way this month for Mount Rushmore, near Rapid City, South Dakota. The $40 million project will attempt (among other things) to reseal fissures in Abraham Lincoln's nose and George Washington's left ear. Also this month, after a 42-year interval, the Library of Congress will again award a national prize for poetry—now called the Rebekah Johnson Bobbitt Prize and intended for the author of what is judged to have been the best book of American poetry published during the past two years. The $10,000 prize is named for the sister of Lyndon Johnson, in whose name money for the prize was donated. A national poetry prize (the Bollingen Prize) was last awarded in 1948, to Ezra Pound for his *Pisan Cantos*. The ensuing controversy—Pound had been indicted for treason for his wartime work on behalf of Fascist Italy—prompted Congress to prohibit the Library of Congress from awarding literary prizes. The ban was recently rescinded.

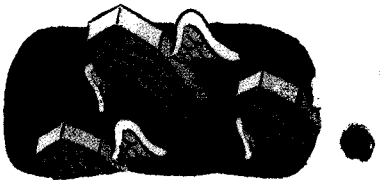
GOVERNMENT

October **1**, the first day of the new federal fiscal year. On this day payments of $20,000 apiece will begin to be made to Japanese-Americans who were interned in camps during the Second World War; payments will be made in order of age, with the oldest people (or their heirs) getting paid first. No more than $500 million can be paid out in this fiscal year. Also starting on this day 10,000 permanent-visa applicants whose names have been drawn by lottery will be granted visas to enter the United States. And on this day members of the House of Representatives will receive their second pay raise of the year, bringing their salaries to approximately $99,500. **6**, the last primary elections of the year occur, in Louisiana.

Q & A

Why is it so hard to get catsup out of the bottle?

Catsup belongs to a family of substances called plastic solids, which retain their shape until a certain level of stress is applied, whereupon they change into a more liquid form. (Other examples are mayonnaise and shaving cream.) Thus the catsup lying undisturbed inside the bottle is in its most solid, and therefore most recalcitrant, form; only after enough pressure is applied can it be induced to flow. The abruptness with which this transformation can occur argues for a series of measured taps, rather than a few sharp thwacks, to hasten the process along. Difficulties in obtaining an orderly flow of catsup may also be related to its thixotropic properties: the harder and longer it is stirred or shaken, the runnier it becomes.



DEMOGRAPHICS

This month, with the first cold snaps in the Sunbelt, the peak season begins for the annual migration of tens of thousands of former retirees to their final resting places in America's northern tier. The shipment of bodies by air—typically from retirement homes to people's towns or cities of origin—is a big business. Eastern Airlines alone, for example, flies a total of 11,000–12,000 bodies annually; some 60 percent of them originate in Florida. The cost of a Florida-to-New York trip for the relict is about $250; most airlines offer special bereavement fares for family members traveling with the body.

100 YEARS AGO

Albert Bushnell Hart, writing about college sports in the October, 1890, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Another phase of the disposition to make sport the end rather than the means is the pressure brought to bear on athletic men, who have graduated from college, to return and go upon teams. A further advance of the same spirit is seen in those students who accept from proprietors of summer hotels offers of board, and sometimes of incidental expenses, as an inducement to play during the season, and who thus come within the strict definition of professionals. Another step is to receive money for occasional games. . . . The purpose for which college athletics exist ceases, the moment a man begins to consider his skill a pecuniary resource."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GREG CLARKE

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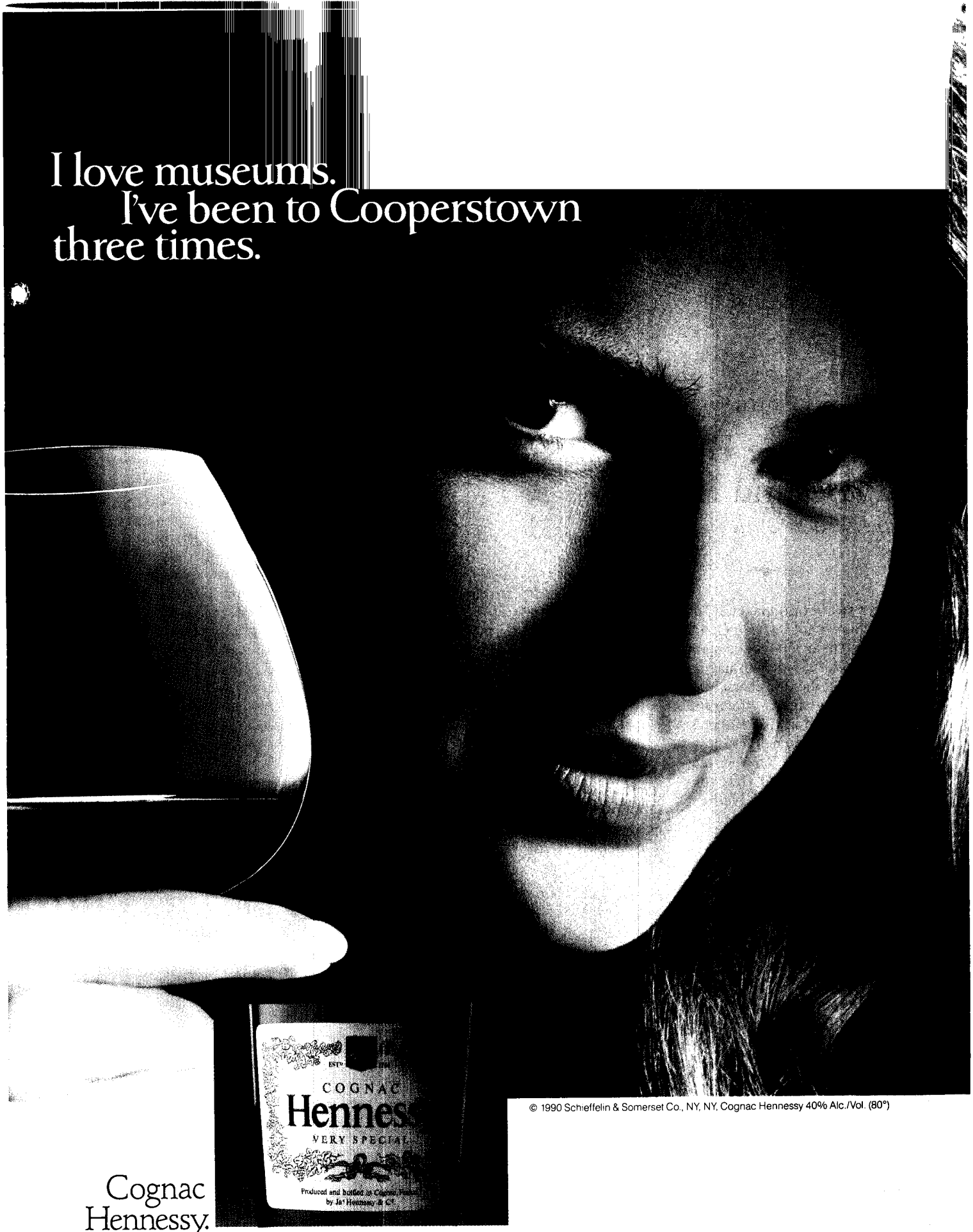

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Was the Bard Behind It?

Old light on the Lincoln assassination

IF YOU'RE LIKE a lot of Americans, your school days included a class in which you recited orations from *Julius Caesar*. You may have been taught that the title character in Shakespeare's tragedy was a forerunner of the King that Britain's New World colonies felt driven to defy in 1776. And you may have learned that the Patrick Henrys and Nathan Hales who took arms against George III were following in the steps of honorable patriots who had done what they'd had to do during the most soul-trying days of republican Rome.

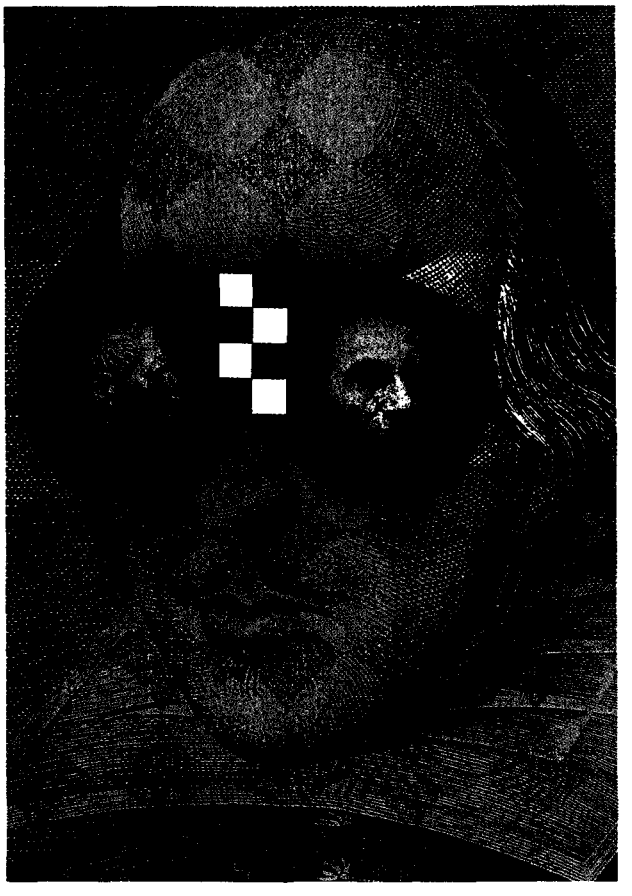
Julius Caesar encourages people to draw such parallels, because shortly after Brutus and his companions have performed their bloody deed, Cassius asks,

> How many Ages hence
> Shall this our lofty Scene
> be acted over
> In States unborn and Accents yet unknown?

These are provocative, prophetic words, and a Shakespearean actor who heard them spoken a century and a quarter ago appears to have taken them as his cue for one of the most dramatic moments in American history.

That moment is the culmination of the new eleven-hour, five-part documentary *The Civil War*, on PBS—a fitting occasion to ponder "the irrepressible conflict" the way Lincoln sometimes did: as a re-enactment of Shakespearean tragedy.

AS IT HAPPENS, the man who fired the most notorious shot in the struggle bore the name of an eighteenth-century British radical, John Wilkes, who had supported the secessionist rebellion that established a new nation on these shores. There can be little doubt that John Wilkes Booth looked to his contentious predecessor for inspiration during the Confederacy's effort to sever unwanted political bonds. But Booth responded to even deeper stirrings, with a more classical source. His father, the eminent Junius Brutus Booth, had been given a name that identified him with both the legendary founder of the Roman republic (Lucius Junius Brutus) and the descendant who fought to preserve that republic half a millennium later (Marcus Junius Brutus). The elder Booth in turn had bestowed the same appellation on the oldest of his sons, three of whom were destined to follow him into the theater.



You'll recall that in *Julius Caesar* the example of the original Brutus is invoked as a symbolic conscience for Shakespeare's brooding protagonist. Partly through the persuasions of Cassius, but mostly through Brutus's sense of his own honor, the spirit of the ancient Brutus urges the inheritor of his virtues to circumvent a would-be king and thereby safeguard the liberties that have defined Roman dignity since the abolition of monarchy some five centuries before.

Like the Marcus Junius Brutus of Shakespeare's play, John Wilkes Booth was keenly receptive to the promptings of ancestral tradition. He aspired to what "an antique Roman" would do in his place, and it is very likely that he was alluding to both Brutuses when he spat out "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*" ("Thus Be It Ever

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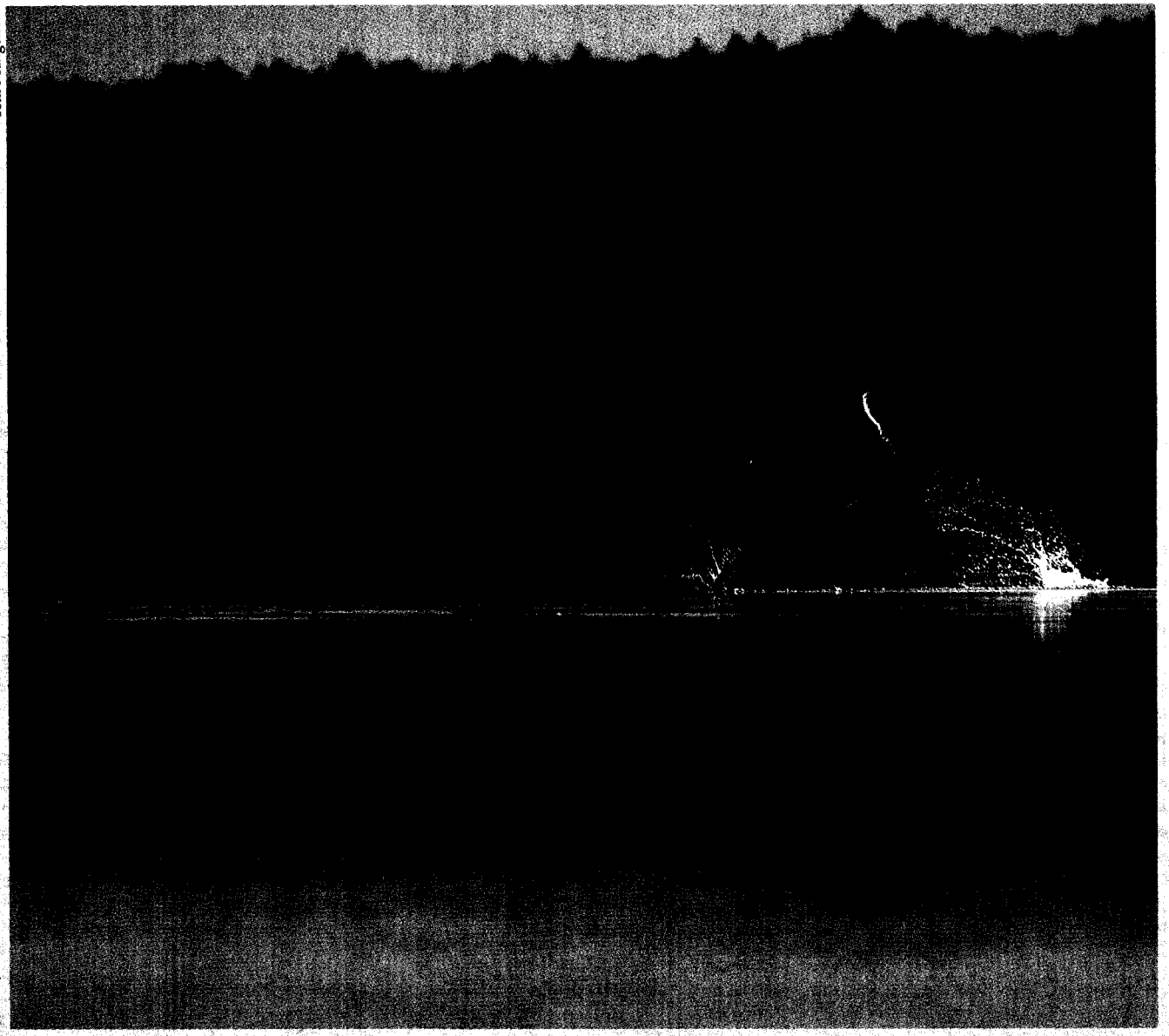
Tom Mangelsen



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to Tyrants") and slew a President he had frequently scorned as a "King."

What Booth declaimed was the motto of the State of Virginia. For him it was a rallying cry for the Confederacy. But it also seems to have epitomized a cause he identified with "the noblest Roman of them all" and his venerable forebear.

Five months earlier Booth had spoken the eulogy for Brutus at the end of Shakespeare's Roman tragedy. The occasion, in November of 1864, was a benefit in which he and his brothers performed *Julius Caesar* to raise funds for a Central Park statue to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the playwright's birth. The production took place in New York's Winter Garden Theatre, and it was attended by an enthusiastic audience of more than 2,000. Junius Brutus Booth the younger portrayed Cassius. Edwin played Brutus. And John Wilkes appeared as Mark Antony.

Subsequent developments would suggest that the youngest of the Booths was in the wrong part for an evening that one observer later described as "too strikingly historic to be soon forgotten." But it may have occurred to him even then that he was in the right play. And how carefully he must have listened as he heard his oldest brother describe the timelessness of a scene that was soon to be remounted in another lofty setting, not far from the White House.

Other members of the Booth family were strong supporters of the Union. In fact, Edwin Booth had saved Robert Todd Lincoln from a near-fatal accident, when the President's son slipped between a departing train and a railway platform in Jersey City. His alertness earned Edwin a letter of gratitude from General Ulysses S. Grant and solidified the warm regard of the President, who saw him perform several times and who counted himself among the actor's most ardent admirers.

But, of course, it was Edwin's brother whose destiny most tellingly converged with Lincoln's. In the view of the younger Booth, the President was determined to destroy the Constitution, set aside the rights reserved to the states, crush civil liberties, and restore monarchy. Persuaded that the Confederacy was the only means of upholding the values of the Founding Fathers, John Wilkes Booth devoted much of late 1864 and early 1865 to a series of plots to abduct Lincoln and use his capture to nullify the Union's war aims. Every scheme ended in frustration. So by the time Lee surrendered to the Army of the Potomac, in the second week of April, it was clear that only the most desperate of measures offered any hope of salvaging the Southern cause.

Shortly before he went into the theater for what would turn out to be his final performance, John Wilkes Booth stopped for a drink in a nearby tavern. According to one account, an acquaintance laughingly remarked that the young Booth "would never be as great as his father." With "an inscrutable smile" Booth assured his critic that "when I leave the stage, I will be the most talked-about man in America."

And so he was. As he fled across the boards of Ford's Theatre to the horse that awaited him in the alley, he must have been convinced that he had identified himself forever with the role that Shakespeare had scripted for antiquity's most notable assassin.

WHAT HE MAY not have realized was that he had cast himself even more indelibly in the role of antiquity's most infamous villain. The night that Booth had selected for his deed was April 14, Good Friday, and the symbolism of the date contributed immeasurably to the rapidity with which his victim came to be enshrined as a martyr. The President's redemptive qualities were emphasized in one sermon after another. Inevitably, the name of his killer became associated not with "the noblest Roman" but with Judas, the betrayer of Jesus, who had been placed by Dante, in the *Inferno*, alongside Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of hell.

Ironically, Dante was not the only poet to imply a connection between Brutus and Judas. Shakespeare had hinted at the same analogy through several echoes of the Gospels in *Julius Caesar*. In a key departure from his primary source in Plutarch, for example, the playwright had had Brutus describe the conspirators as "Sacrificers but not Butchers." Shakespeare had had Caesar invite his "Friends" to "taste some Wine" with him before they all set out for the Capitol. Shakespeare had arranged to have the bloodletting occur at "the ninth hour." And after Brutus's decision to let Mark Antony speak at Caesar's funeral, Shakespeare had had Cassius admonish him, "You know not what you do!"

Like the Brutus of Shakespeare's play, John Wilkes Booth assumed that his act would be gratefully applauded; and like his role model, he was astonished by the hostility it elicited among a public whose sympathy for the fallen leader he had grievously underestimated. Near the end he wrote in his diary, "After being hunted like a dog . . . , with every man's hand against me, I am here in deep despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for. What made Tell a hero."

As he lay dying after being shot in a Virginia barn some sixty miles south of Washington, John Wilkes Booth's last request was one that spoke volumes about the idealism that had motivated him: "Tell Mother I died for my country."

FITTINGLY, BOOTH'S victim was as devout a Shakespearean as the actor who played Brutus to his Caesar. Abraham Lincoln was an intensive reader, and during his time in the White House he turned with increasing frequency to two books: the Bible and the works of Shakespeare. He saw parallels between the American Civil War and the Wars of the Roses as depicted in Shakespeare's English-history plays, and he was deeply affected by the title character's call for "sad Stories of the Death of Kings" in *Richard II*. He understood the fatalism of the Prince of Denmark, and he once confided that "I have found all my life, as Hamlet says, 'There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.'"

On Palm Sunday, April 9, the same day that Grant and Lee were meeting at Appomattox, Lincoln engaged several of his companions in a lengthy discussion of Duncan's assassination in *Macbeth*. A day or two hence Lincoln told his wife about a dream in which he saw a President shrouded on a catafalque in the East Room of the White House. Like Calpurnia in *Julius Caesar*, Mrs. Lincoln was terrified by what sounded like a portent, and her husband regretted sharing his nightmare with her. But "like Banquo's ghost," he said, "it will not down." At the end of the week, on a misty Friday evening,

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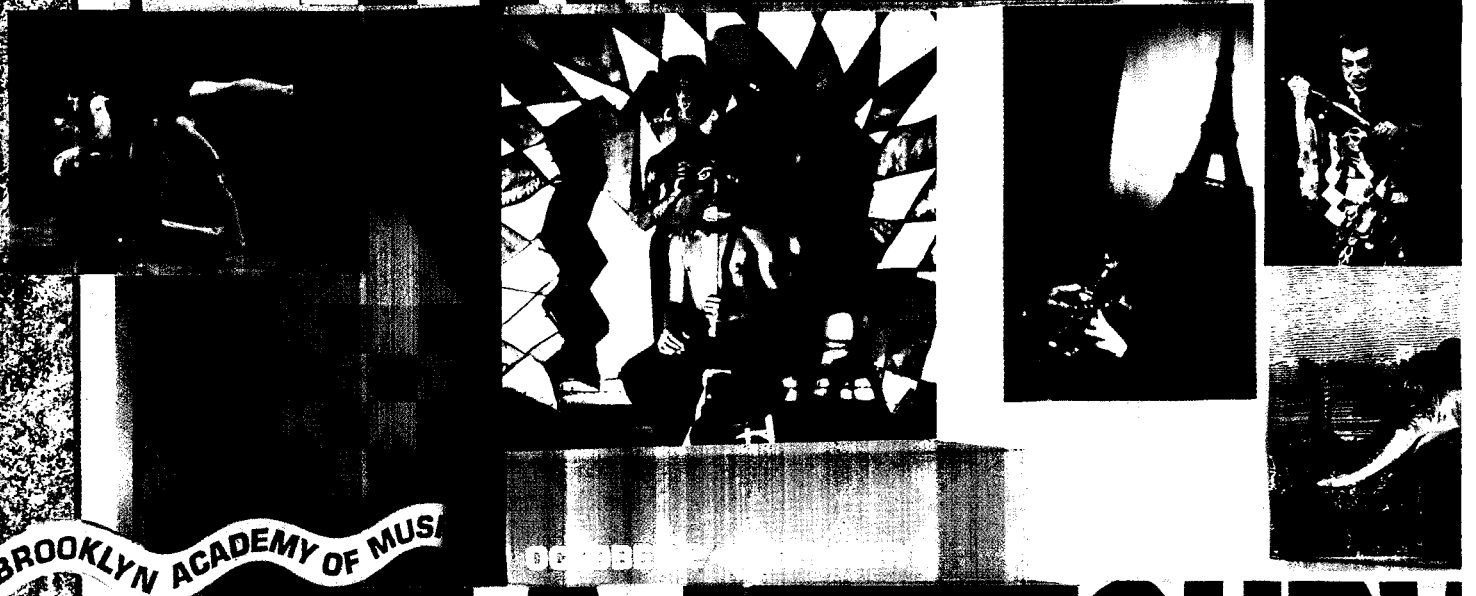

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In addition, four premieres from Next Wave Next Door mark a joint effort between BAM and the Canadian artistic community. Watch one performance animate lovers from Marc Chagall's paintings while another uses murder to divine truth.

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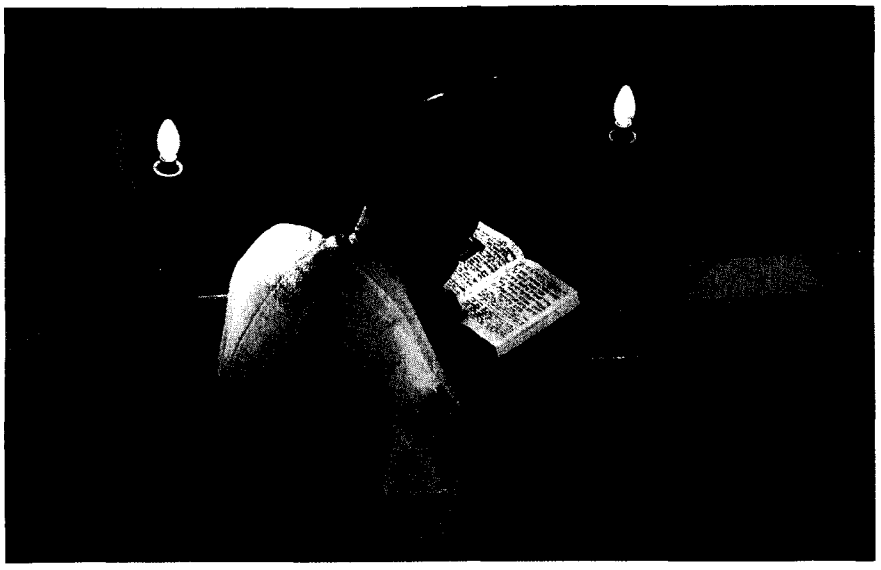
and in a way that recalled both Hamlet and Julius Caesar, Lincoln disregarded his premonitions and proceeded with plans to attend a performance of *Our American Cousin*. He thereby played his own role in a New World restaging of what generations had regarded as an archetypal tragedy.

Not long before his last excursion to the theater, as he was reflecting on memorials such as the Shakespeare monument to be erected in Central Park, Lincoln asked what "bronze or marble" could possibly do to enhance "such a man as Shakespeare." In due course much the same would be said about the President himself. After the attending physician pronounced Lincoln dead on the morning of April 15, Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War, declared, "Now he belongs to the Ages." Later eulogizers echoed Ben Jonson's words about Shakespeare: "He was not of an Age, but for all Time." And, with unintended irony, one writer lauded the Great Emancipator by citing the same tribute that John Wilkes Booth had delivered over the corpse of Brutus a few months before the assassination of Lincoln:

His Life was Gentle, and the Elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World, "This was a Man!"

—*John F. Andrews*



CARLOS HUMBERTO TDC/CONTACT

Increasingly out in the open, Soviet Jews are once again a popular target

THE SOVIET UNION

Russians Against Jews

One poll suggests that 800,000 Muscovites believe that the Jews killed Christ and must pay for it. The poll is symptomatic

POEL MEEROVICH KARP is a poet and critic, an affable, beefy man of sixty-five whose finely etched features are set into a craggy face that vaguely resembles Leonid Brezhnev's, with high cheekbones and monumental black eyebrows that have a life of their own, spiking out wildly over his thickly bespectacled dark eyes. He lives with his wife and grown daughter in a shabby turn-of-the-century building on Leningrad's Suvorovsky Prospekt, in an apartment with stupendously high ornate ceilings and book-lined walls. After an ample supper of *zakuski*, pork chops, canned green beans, and an extravagantly gooey square cake bought from a local cooperative business, he showed me a letter he received this past spring. The letter, signed "Russians," bore a Moscow postmark and was addressed to P. Karp at his Leningrad home: "DIRTY KIKE GET THE HELL OUT TO YOUR FILTHY ISRAEL OR WE WILL TURN YOUR STINKING HIDE INTO A BEAUTIFUL LAMPSHADE. RUSSIA'S NO PLACE FOR KIKES. THE PLACE FOR KIKES—IS THE CREMATORIUM. RUSSIA FOR RUSSIANS!"

A long-standing member of the Union of Writers, Karp has received many anti-Semitic letters in recent years, after *glasnost* gave him the liberty to publish pieces on social and political themes. Although a number of the letters he received contained death threats, they were always responding to some specific article of his, and were sent to the editors of the periodical in which it had appeared. "'You dirty kike,'" they would begin, Karp recalled in his warm, lyrical voice, softened by a Jewish trilled *r*, "'how dare you write on this subject, it is not your place,' and so on. I always viewed the accusations within the framework of literary polemics." "Those letters," he added with a smile that rearranged the complex of jowls on his broad face, "were decent—without any lampshades."

Sensational expressions of vicious anti-Semitism have many Russian Jews running scared. In the course of twenty-four hours my elderly Leningrad cousin Mura twice told me that on the popular television talk show *Vzgliad* (*View*) a Moscow lawyer recounted the fate of a female colleague who had repeatedly received anti-Semitic threats over the telephone, and finally had been burned to death when arsonists set fire to her apartment. Mura's conclusion: Russian Jews better leave before they do us all in.

In fact, record numbers are applying to emigrate. Not long ago I spent an evening in Moscow with several Jews who are on their way out, most of whom I've known for many years. Lina, a petite woman in her late thirties, is a music teacher who sings Yiddish songs in a haunting, bell-like voice. In January of this year Lina and her six-year-old son were on an early-morning train to Moscow from the southern Russian city of Novorossiisk. Also on the train was a group of Second World War veterans, one of whom occupied a berth in Lina's compartment. Lina had just put her little boy to sleep on an upper berth when another veteran staggered into their compartment. "He was completely drunk at seven in the morning, a peculiarly Russian skill," Lina explained. "Bellowing out some greetings to his friend, he slumped down on my berth and con-

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tinued holding forth. I quietly asked him please to get off my bed and to lower his voice, so as not to wake my sleeping child. He gaped at me uncomprehendingly, and then suddenly his eyes narrowed. He turned to his veteran friend and sneered, 'Hey, Vaska! Who are you sharing a compartment with? Do you know how many kikes I shot during the war?' And saying this, he stumbled out. Stunned, I turned to his friend, even though none of this had been his fault, and asked, 'And what about you? Did you also spend the war years shooting Jews?' 'Now, calm down,' he cooed in a voice one uses with a cranky child, 'he's drunk too much, and besides, what did he say that was so bad?'" Shocked by this callousness, frightened by the drunk's implicit threat, Lina filed a complaint with the conductor. When at the next stop a policeman boarded the train to investigate the incident and brought the offender into Lina's compartment, he retorted, "I didn't insult her. I only insulted all kikes. Kikes aren't people."

"All Soviet Jews have had at least one incident, one moment that ought to make us understand how impossible it is for us to live here," said Igor, a computer programmer in his mid-forties. A thin, worried-looking man with a gray beard and blazing eyes, he could hardly contain his rage as he recounted how a woman with a small child had stared at him and his family with revulsion on a Moscow trolley, and then, apparently having made an evaluation based on the family's physical features, yelled out, "Go to Israel, you filthy kikes!" Like virtually all emigrating Soviet Jews I know, Igor is desperate to come to the United States, but because of recent American limitations regarding Jewish refugees from the Soviet Union, he expects to end up in Israel. In preparation for the move, he is reading a book on life in Israel, which includes phrases rendered in the Hebrew alphabet. "I've been reading the book on the subway and every moment waiting for someone to say something hateful to me. And when they do, this time I won't be able to control myself," he said in an agitated voice. When I gently suggested that by choosing that particular book as his subway reading he might be trying to provoke an incident, he exploded. "In New York or Boston do *you* have to censor the books you carry in public to prevent anti-Semitic slurs from being hurled at you?"

PAUL LOWE/NETWORK/CONTACT

Signs of the times in the old Jewish ghetto in Riga, Latvia

Is anti-semitism—as most Soviet Jews believe—really far more widespread and intense than it was in past decades? After all, in some respects Jews have finally come into their own. They are opening cultural centers; putting on exhibits, often with the help of international Jewish organizations; running Jewish education classes for children and adults; freely attending worship services. Moreover, they are enjoying an unprecedented recognition by the media. The Holocaust and the participation of Soviet Jews in the war effort, hitherto shrouded in malignant secrecy, have now been publicized, not only in the progressive press but also in the official newspapers *Izvestiia* and *Pravda*, and on television.

In view of this greater acceptance by the authorities, why are so many Jews—the forecast for 1990 alone is over 200,000—leaving the country? They are surely fleeing the Soviet Union's economic collapse, but in addition every recent émigré I have spoken to has declared himself a refugee from the new, raging anti-Semitism. Could it be that Soviet Jews simply perceive the situation as worse than before because, like Igor, an increasing number of them no longer feel they must tolerate the tension, degradation, humiliation, of being a Jew in Soviet Russia? The freedom of *glasnost* coupled with economic catastrophe prompts more and more Jews to say, along with many other people in the Soviet Union, "We cannot live this way anymore!" Their response to the country's long-standing official and popular anti-Semitism is part of that swell of passionate longing for what people call *normalnaia zhizn*, or "normal life," which has swept region after region in the past year. To almost everyone, a normal life means a modest apartment with indoor plumbing, the availability of basic consumer goods, and, perhaps most important, a political system that treats people with respect.

At the bottom of the raging multiple nationalisms that have put an end to the old Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is an elemental yearning to feel and express self-respect, and to enjoy the respect of others. Although the road to achieving this on a mass scale is fraught with peril, the original impulse is spirited and healthy. The USSR is caught up in a maelstrom of national liberation movements—those of Azerbaijanis, Armenians, Balts, Uzbeks, Kirghiz, Jews, Russians, and others—which are, inevitably, in dangerous conflict with one another. Russian Jews are experiencing the double anguish of craving—indeed, actively seeking—public respect precisely when manifestations of extreme popular anti-Semitism have sharpened. Earlier this year Alexander Gafin organized and opened in Moscow a Jewish history exhibit and, according to *Moscow News*, was immediately "deluged by an avalanche of telephone calls de-

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manding that 'Jewish cultural propaganda' be stopped." Gafin was forced to hire security guards to protect the exhibit. *Glasnost* has at once allowed Jews the new freedom to put on such exhibits and Jew-haters the opportunity unadornedly to articulate their views. During the Brezhnev years "Zionists" was the term of public—or, at any rate, published—opprobrium for Jews. Now Russian nationalist publications such as *Nash Sovremennik* (*Our Contemporary*), *Molodaia Gvardiia* (*Young Guard*), and *Literaturnaia Rossiia* (*Literary Russia*) freely publish anti-Semitic diatribes that use the strongest possible language.

Poel Karp maintains that today's high pitch of anti-Semitism expresses not the untrammeled Russian soul sprung free by *glasnost* but the Party and government establishment's desperate need for popular support. "I don't believe that the Russian people are bad," Karp explained as we sat in his study after our leisurely supper. "What I do believe is that right now anti-Semitism is useful to some people upstairs." He insisted that the current leadership must take responsibility for naming to the Presidential Council two outspoken Russian nationalist anti-Semites, Veniamin Iarin and the renowned Siberian writer Valentin Rasputin. In Leningrad, Karp told me, openly anti-Semitic meetings were held in the Rumiantsev Garden over a period of two months, meetings at which people yelled out "Beat the kikes!" and other such slogans. The city government, Karp explained, simply did not react to these events until exposés of the gatherings published in the Moscow press led to public protests, and someone in the Politburo evidently told Leningrad to put a lid on the meetings.

"When once in a while people insult you on the street or say, 'Go away to your Israel!' they are expressing spontaneous popular sentiments," Karp said. "True, people are now saying such things more openly, but these are inconsequential, day-to-day events that have always taken place here. But such things as anti-Semitic meetings, or the chauvinist organization Pamiat [Memory], or the dissemination of letters of the sort addressed to me—these are not individual initiatives but are inspired and supported by the conservative elements of the leadership, be-

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cause it allows them to campaign against democratic forces in our society, which of course have a fair number of Jews, and against the West, by declaring that 'you Jews want to sell us all to the West, to turn us into a colony of Western capitalist enterprises.' Some higher Party organs definitely stand behind Pamiat. Because the Party has lost all its traditional sources of legitimacy, it has been impelled to pander to the people's basest fears."

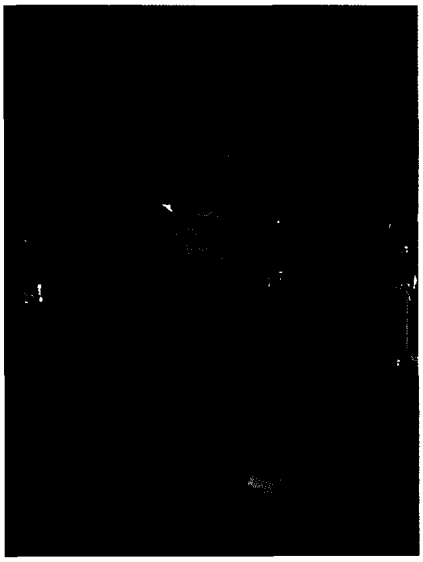
"Where does Gorbachev fit into all this?" I asked.

"It's impossible to determine his personal views about the current anti-Semitism. But it is clear that it wouldn't cost him anything to say something on the subject, say, on television. During all these years he has kept silent about it except once, in a speech he made at a Komsomol congress, when he said, 'We shouldn't have anti-Semitism.' But Molotov used to say the same thing in Stalin's time."

POEL KARP IS such a generous soul, and so steeped in Russian culture (he has written several books about the ballet), that he does not want to accept the possibility that his Russian neighbors are the problem. But in blaming their leaders he may be taking the easy way out. In the opinion of most Soviet citizens, the leadership is at fault for almost everything that has gone wrong in their country—the failure of the economy, the dissolution of the empire into an unhappy collection of warring peoples, the despoliation of the environment, the nation's spiritual and cultural impoverishment. To stick the Party and the government with anti-Semitism too is to charge a gaggle of already guilty culprits, and to absolve those thousands of Russians who attend anti-Semitic meetings, buy publications that carry articles hostile to Jews, and donate money to a group like Pamiat. Pamiat, some of whose members sport paramilitary black uniforms, is the most notorious of several Russian extremist nationalist organizations, including Otechestvo (Fatherland), Spasenie (Salvation), and United Workers' Front, the first of these groups to draw its ranks primarily from the working class. Their programs vary somewhat, but they all start from the premise of *patrie en danger.* The most strident broadside I have seen appeared on a poster hung up in a Leningrad cultural center less than an hour after it had agreed to let a local Jewish cultural organization use its premises. The text, signed "D.K. (Death to Kikes)," bore the tone of and some of the same phrases as the threatening letter sent to Poel Karp. The Pamiat program is more restrained, calling on the Russian people to wage an "uncompromising struggle" against "pro-Zionist, cosmopolitan groups," in order to foster a "demographic, social, cultural, and economic revival of the Russian people." Pamiat celebrates—indeed extols—a roseate vision of the pre-revolutionary Russia that it wishes to revive, a Russia free of Jews.

Over the past few years ultra-nationalist groups have warned of planned pogroms against Jews on a series of specific dates. The pogroms have not materialized, but many representatives of the beleaguered Jewish population have been terrorized by the announcement of each new date. Earlier this year the literary weekly *Literaturnaia Gazeta* lamented the fact that some of its frightened readers were calling the editorial offices with heartrending questions: "Excuse me, will the pogroms be only in Moscow and Leningrad, or in Kiev, too?" "Where shall I evacuate my family to?" "May I send you my personal papers for safekeeping?" One of my Muscovite friends, a sophisticated seventy-year-old writer, is constantly worried about her only grandchild, twenty-two-year-old Liuba, a statuesque and handsome dark-haired woman. "If she were present at the outbreak of street violence against Jews," my friend complains, "I'm sure she would be one of those immediately noticed and attacked. She's too tall."

NIKOLAI IGNATIEV/NETWORK/CONTACT



Dmitri Wassiljew, a Pamiat leader

In a recent lecture the Soviet sociologist Tatiana Zaslavskaia, the director of the Center for the Study of Public Opinion, estimated that some three to eight percent of respondents to nationwide polls support anti-Semitic views. But a recent poll conducted jointly by Soviet and American scholars, and the first ever to question residents of Moscow and the Moscow region about their attitudes toward Jews, found that 27.7 percent of those polled agreed with the statement "If they have to choose between people and money, Jews will choose money." The reporters for *Moscow News*, the progressive newspaper that published the poll results, were sanguine, even cheered, that three quarters of the sampled population did not support anti-Semitic views. They were also encouraged by the fact that more than 85 percent of those polled believe that Jews deserve the same rights to education and employment as all other citizens, and are against any kind of discrimination in education and employment.

Should we be happy about these percentages? I live in the Boston area. If I learned that "only" a quarter of Boston-area residents held anti-Semitic views, I would be horrified. As for Moscow and the Moscow region, because this study is the first of its kind, there is no way of knowing whether the proportion of anti-Semites has been increasing or decreasing. It is clear, however, that the manifestations of anti-Semitism are more shrill and more violent today than they were in the Brezhnev era.

Doubtless this alarming change in tone reflects the *bezporiadok*, "lack of order," that now characterizes public life in many parts of the Soviet Union. Empty shelves in food stores and a lack of confidence in the ability of the government to fix the economic mess have led to a generalized dread of hunger among many people old enough to remember the war and the immediate postwar years. In fact, the widespread rationing of basic foodstuffs in many cities prompts explicit comparisons with the war years, particularly in Leningrad, a third or more of whose population died of famine and disease dur-

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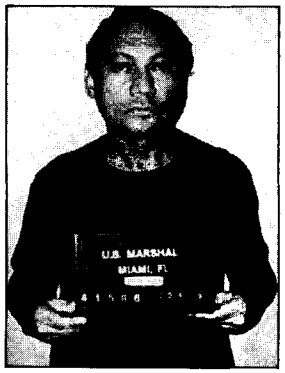

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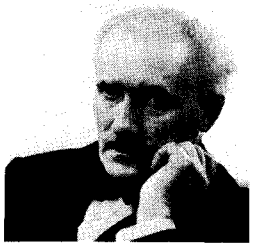

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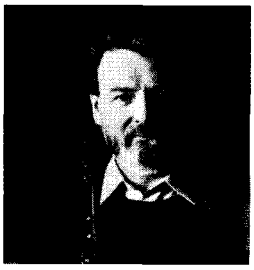

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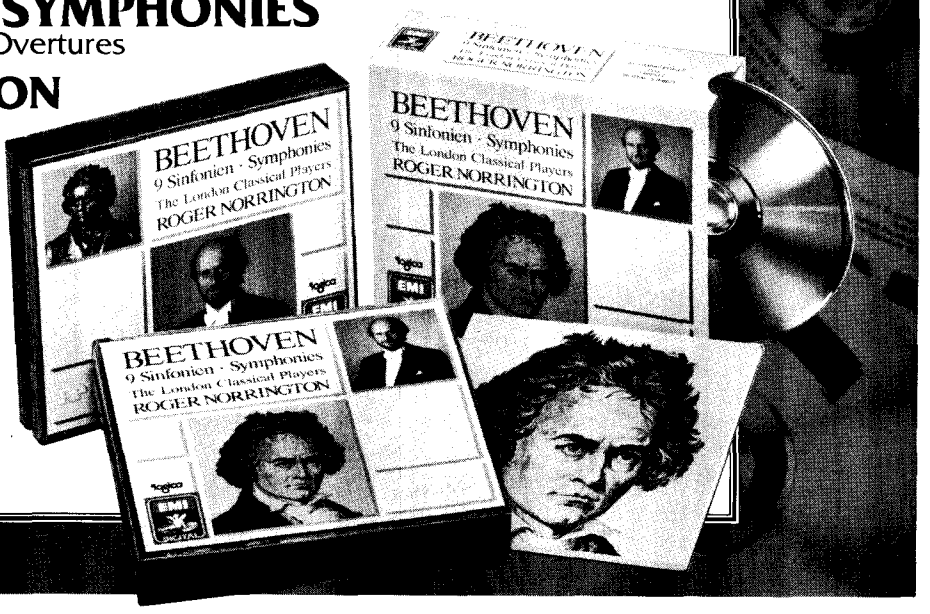

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ing the legendary wartime siege. "We are not starving," people tell me. "There is always enough bread." And some add, "But maybe suddenly one day there won't be bread. Then what?" The daily strain of feeding their families, the palpable sense that things are out of control, that no one is in charge —all this has created a mood of widespread anxiety among Russians, Jews, people of all nationalities. In Moscow and Leningrad, I sensed an almost apocalyptic despair about the future. With tension high, controls low, and goods so scarce, the society has fallen prey to all kinds of antisocial and deviant behavior. Crime, especially violent crime, has increased dramatically. So has the number of open threats of violence against Jews.

The July 22 issue of *Pravda*, one of the few remaining "official" publications in the Soviet Union, ran an article stating that Soviet Jews are "beginning to panic about the spectre of pogroms." This article, which bears the signature of a historian, S. Rogov, was both an admission and a qualified condemnation of the alarming growth of anti-Semitism in Soviet society. I asked Poel Karp his opinion of it. "It's an awful article," he said, without a trace of the subliminal warm chuckle that characterizes so much of his speech. "Now they can declare that they have openly condemned anti-Semitism, when in fact they have done no such thing. On the contrary, they have sidestepped the real problem and ignored the real culprits. For example, the author denounces 'literary publications' that run anti-Semitic material. Why protect them by keeping them anonymous? I see here no sign of a real attack against anti-Jewish manifestations, only a superficial denunciation meant to stop the mounting criticism that the 'Jewish problem' is being ignored."

What do Russian anti-Semites have against Jews? When I asked my friend John Pearce, an evolutionary psychologist, the reason for anti-Semitism, he replied, "In the hunting-and-gathering stage of human development, for which we are all still wired biologically, other people, strangers, were the most dangerous creatures one was likely to encounter. You were far more likely to get yourself killed by an outsider to your clan than by a natural disaster or an animal. To fear strangers is just as natural, just as fundamentally human, as to love your own family." In his brilliant book *Anti-Semite and Jew*, published just after the war, Jean-Paul Sartre defined anti-Semitism as a passion born of cowardice. Anti-Semites are people who cannot tolerate the changing, indefinite nature of truth and "wish to be massive and impenetrable; they wish not to change." "The existence of the Jew," Sartre wrote, "merely permits the anti-Semite to stifle his anxieties at their inception by persuading himself that his place in the world has been marked out in advance, that it awaits him, and that tradition gives him the right to occupy it. Anti-Semitism, in short, is fear of the human condition."

PAUL LOWE/NETWORK/CONTACT

A study group in Moscow for Jews who hope to emigrate

The philosopher had in mind his native France, but his insight is sufficiently universal to include Soviet Russia today. A people long dependent on the security that came from their utterly predictable political and economic system must now tolerate the anxiety produced by sudden, enormous change and the arrival of hard times, unaccompanied by the old-style belief in a better future. Some cannot tolerate that anxiety. They need to blame someone for their distress. Like many other peoples (or perhaps a bit more than others), Russians have a propensity to blame others for their problems. Professor Michael Stanislawski, who teaches Jewish history at Columbia University, recently reminded me that Muscovites are now attributing some of the shortages of goods and apartments to Armenians, to refugees from the earthquake in December of 1988 and the concomitant strife with Azerbaijan. But more of the blame is laid on the Jews. If you accuse others of causing your troubles, you also expect others to fix things up. When I was last in Russia, everyone was looking to the West to save the country's economy. "That's what we're like," said Mikhail Zaraev, a journalist friend. "We are sure that we can't solve our problems ourselves. We always wait for someone else to save us."

It makes sense to look to the United States and Europe for technological and economic help. But when it comes to the economy's demise and the disintegration of the previously powerful Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, why blame the country's fewer than two million Jews? If you ask Russian Jews this question, most will stop and look at you with a mixture of incredulity and scorn. Why? Why? We're in Russia, aren't we? they finally answer. Anti-Semitism is traditional, endemic, as Russian as kasha with mushrooms.

IN FACT THAT is not so. Violent anti-Semitism in Russia dates back only a little more than a hundred years, and even in that period has not consistently been a vital part of Russian social life. Though small numbers of Jews have lived on what is now Soviet territory for over a thousand years, a sizable Jewish population was incorporated into the Russian empire only in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, with the partitions of Poland.

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PUTTING THE CONSUMER FIRST

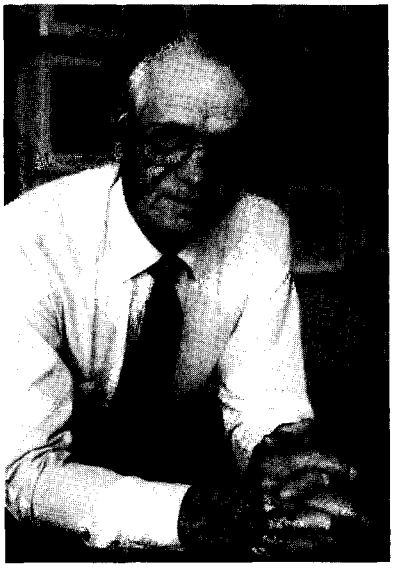
By Bob Bergland

It was a letter to the editor that caught my attention. A thoughtful writer lamented that we no longer referred to people as "citizens," especially in political or social discourse; he complained that we refer only to "consumers."

He felt that "consumers," as a generic label for members of society, somehow depicts us as a voracious lot, only out for ourselves.

My reaction to the term is the opposite: I see "the consumer" as an advocate for the buyer's interest in a market where the seller usually has the advantage. And consumer advocacy is a growing phenomenon of our time.

More practical than ever, people make all sorts of decisions as consumers. They vote as consumers, even approach education and leisure as consumers. Increasingly, people demand quality at a reasonable price. Products and services must be "value-added," backed by the information consumers want and delivered, yes, with a smile.



Bob Bergland is Executive Vice President of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

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Most of these new subjects of the Russian Emperor lived in the western and southern provinces, where the population was primarily Polish, Belorussian, and Ukrainian. Few Jews resided in Russia proper, and in the 1790s laws establishing a Pale of Settlement forbade them from living in other parts of the empire. Jewish subjects of the Emperor were limited to mercantile occupations and artisan's trades. In mid-century, after Emperor Alexander II eased the restrictions on Jews somewhat, a small number of Jews having specific qualifications were allowed to take up residence outside the Pale. By the end of the nineteenth century five million Jews lived in the Russian empire.

On March 1, 1881, Alexander II was assassinated on a St. Petersburg street by a terrorist's bomb. His son and successor, Alexander III (1881–1894), responded to the regicide by cracking down on terrorists, revolutionaries, and all potential subversives. He established a reactionary government and instituted a policy of Russification throughout the vast empire, oppressing the languages, cultures, and religions of peoples who were not Russian and not Russian Orthodox. Swept up in the kind of ultra-nationalistic zeal that informed the European and American imperialism of the same period, the new regime was especially hard on Jews, in part because of Alexander's personal hatred of the Jews, whom he believed were an accursed people who had "crucified the Savior." "In the depth of my soul I am always happy when they beat the Jews," he once told the governor-general of Warsaw. The Emperor named his brother, Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich, governor-general of Moscow, and personally ordered the expulsion of 20,000 Jews from that city. "My brother Sergei does not want to go to Moscow unless it is cleared of Jews," Alexander told the Minister of the Interior.

Compounding the plight of Jewish victims of Russification was the widespread belief that Jews were responsible for the murder of Alexander II. The large proportion of Jews in the nineteenth-century Russian revolutionary movement relative to their proportion in the population, and the common belief among the Russian Orthodox that Christ had been killed by Jews, led many Russians, particularly members of the right-wing lower intelligentsia, to believe that the Christ-killers had likewise killed the Little Father. A press campaign in the service of the government singled out the Jews as enemies of Christianity and of Holy Russia, and helped provoke pogroms against Jews in some of the cities where they resided, such as the Ukrainian cities of Kiev and Odessa, and the Moldavian city of Kishinev. In the 1880s, the 1890s, and the first decade of the twentieth century, Jews were prey to beatings, murder, and vandalism of their property. In addition, they were subject to stringent new restrictions on residence and profession. Many responded by emigrating, and a few gravitated toward revolutionary groups, especially those run by Marxist social democrats. Jews figured prominently in the party of Bolsheviks that came to power in October of 1917.

Bolshevik rule ended the persecution of Jews and freed them from the rigid constraints on their activities that had characterized czarist rule. At the same time, although campaigns of militant atheism in the twenties and thirties clamped down on the Jews' religious practices, these also diluted the sharpness of anti-Semitism grounded in the accusation that Jews were Christ-killers. Urban and more highly educated than the population at large, Jews quickly moved into the professions and the growing government and Communist Party bureaucracies. They streamed into the capital cities from which they had previously been largely excluded. By 1939 the once tiny Jewish population of Moscow had grown to 350,000. When Hitler invaded the Soviet Union two years later, the Soviet territory occupied by the Germans included the old Pale of Settlement, which was still heavily populated by Jews, and large numbers of them were wiped out by the Nazis, not infrequently with the help of their gentile neighbors. The traumatic aftermath of a war that took some 30 million Soviet lives, the creation in 1948 of the State of Israel (a potential object of loyalty for Soviet Jews), and Stalin's growing paranoia resulted in an anti-Jewish purge of the country's cultural and academic establishments, culminating in the notorious "Doctors' Plot" case, in which nine doctors, six of whom were Jewish, were accused of a number of heinous crimes. In the late fifties, during the rule of Khrushchev, an unwritten code discriminating against Jews was put into effect, restricting the admission of Jews into the universities and prestigious professions, and clamping down on Jewish religious practice. In addition, ugly propaganda against "Zionists" during Leonid Brezhnev's tenure as general secretary of the Party was compounded by the accusations of treachery that have been hurled at those many thousands of Jews who have managed to emigrate since the early seventies.

In the past three decades the position of Jews in the Soviet Union has resembled that of their forebears in the late imperial period, except that under the czars restrictions against Jews were *de jure*, and in recent times they have been *de facto*. And no one has expelled the Jews from Russia's capital cities. But that is just what many members of today's anti-Semitic groups would like to see happen, except that they would send Jews not to the Pale of Settlement, as Alexander III did, but to Israel. Once again, as in the time of Alexander III and that of Nicholas II, Jews are accused of having fomented revolution and destroyed Holy Russia. When Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost* campaign introduced a thoroughgoing de-Stalinization, Moscow's anti-Semites charged Stalin's Jewish lieutenant Lazar Kaganovich, who had been the head of the Moscow Communist Party organization, with many of Stalin's crimes—especially the destruction of Moscow's great churches. Pamiat has shifted onto the Jews responsibility for the brutal collectivization of the peasants and other atrocities of the twenties and thirties. I first caught wind of this last year, when, at a public gathering, I heard a member of Pamiat use the epithet "*stalinisty-zionisty*." "What a shocking conjunction of words!" I later complained to an acquaintance of mine, whom I had long suspected of flirting with Pamiat. "What a horrible insult to Jews, to pair Zionism with Stalinism." "Maybe it's rather a horrible insult to Stalinists," my acquaintance said with a chuckle. I wanted never to see him again.

When I returned to Moscow this year, I found that ultra-nationalists are now blaming the Jews for the Bolshevik Revolution and all its conse-

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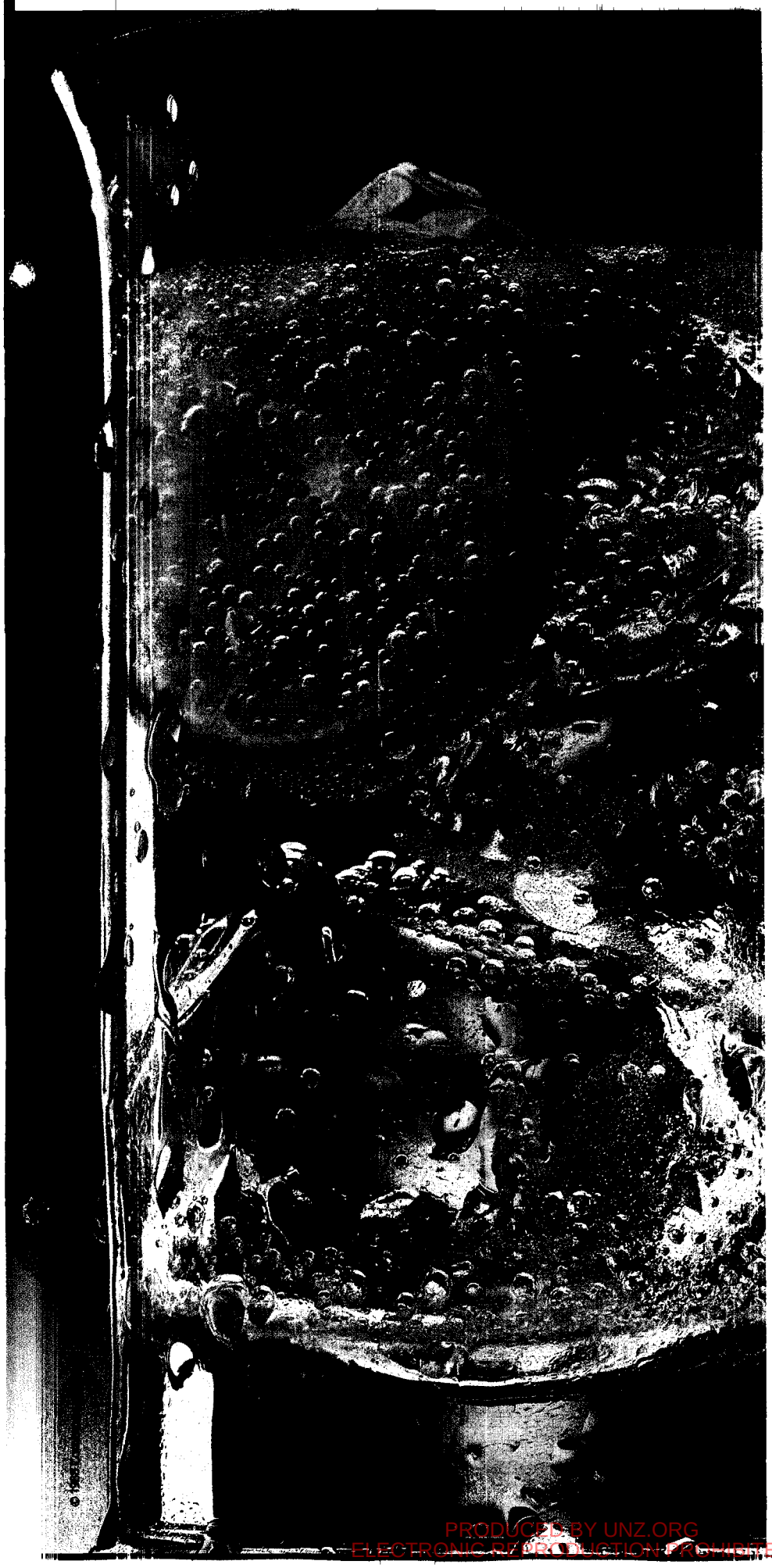

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What else could explain such a defection?

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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quences, including the entire failed socialist experiment.

With the dramatic resurgence of religious practice in Russia during the past five years and the widespread identification of Orthodoxy with Russian national feeling, Christian-based anti-Jewish sentiments are once more gaining adherents. In the results of the survey published in *Moscow News*, the statistics that trouble me most refer to these very feelings. According to *Moscow News*, 8.8 percent of all respondents agreed with the statement "The Jews deserve to be punished, because they crucified Christ." It is hard to determine the population of the region as a whole, but the city of Moscow has a population of nearly nine million. If the results are extrapolated, then, roughly 800,000 Muscovites believe that the Jews killed Christ and should be punished for it. If this is true, it is definitely cause for alarm, because it is such a specific charge. Lots of peoples —Armenians, Jews, Georgians—are accused of sucking the blood of the Russian peasant. Many others, including the long-lived Communist establishment, are faulted for having destroyed Russian culture. But (since Russians don't seem to have anything against the Romans, who did, in fact, carry out the crucifixion of Jesus) only the Jews are blamed for the death of the Savior—and a savior is just what Russia needs right now.

Now that Communist mythology has lost such appeal as it had, pride in old Russia is the most powerful force the nation has to enhance the self-esteem of a ragged body politic. The election of the outspokenly nationalistic Boris Yeltsin to the leadership of the Russian republic was in part a testimony to the current strength of Russian nationalist sentiments. Russian nationalism is a political and social force that is at once healthy and destructive. For many it provides a coherent vision that inspires dignity and hope. For others, such as the Soviet army and conservative elements within the dying Communist Party, it is a source of legitimacy that helps the old elite keep up its big bad work. Although anti-Jewish passion is intrinsic to the work of extreme nationalists, it is not a necessary, organic component of Russian nationalism.

Groups like Pamiat and Otechestvo appear to wield little if any real political influence. They seem to be a collection of noisy, spirited, even zealous fringe movements that do not reflect general popular attitudes. In this year's elections to the governing city councils of Moscow and Leningrad and to the Russian republic's parliament, most of the candidates of extreme nationalist groups failed miserably in their election bids. But a more moderate form of Russian nationalism has gripped both the Russian republic and many of those millions of Russians living in other republics, in which they are increasingly unwelcome. At its best, this enthusiastic pride in Russia is a sign of strength. It demonstrates a grass-roots desire for spiritual and cultural revival based on respect for the nation's past accomplishments. At its worst, Russian nationalism is the product of fear. Those who are anxious over Russia's losing ground with the breakup of its empire, who are appalled at the new sight of *Russian* refugees from Baku and other troubled areas, who blindly grope for a sense of community amid the widening chaos in which they find themselves—they are people who resist change, and who can readily embrace the passion of the extreme nationalist and anti-Semite.

Knowing how unpopular Raisa Gorbachev is just now, I was saddened to learn that one of her many epithets in Moscow is Raisa-Yevreika, "Raisa the Jewess." I suppose the term is meant to refer to her legendary acquisitiveness, but even more to the feeling that she is *ne nasha*, 'not one of us.'

Most Jews I have spoken to in Moscow and Leningrad of late are far more concerned about getting enough to eat than about anti-Semitism. The discrimination against Jews is familiar, predictable, whereas economic collapse is terrifyingly new. But Jews are also aware that the two are related, that a prolonged, generalized anxiety about the availability of goods might easily turn national pride into an ugly xenophobia. After all, those who now rally around the memory of the murdered Emperor Nicholas II—and he is fast becoming a cult figure—celebrate a viciously anti-Semitic ruler. And those many Muscovites and Leningraders who wish to restore their cities to their pre-revolutionary splendor are idealizing a time when Moscow and St. Petersburg were beyond the Pale.

—*Nina Tumarkin*

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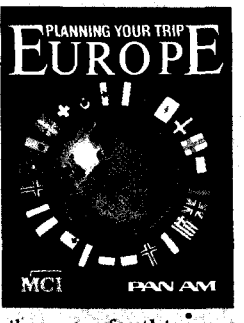

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ENVIRONMENT

Cleaning Up

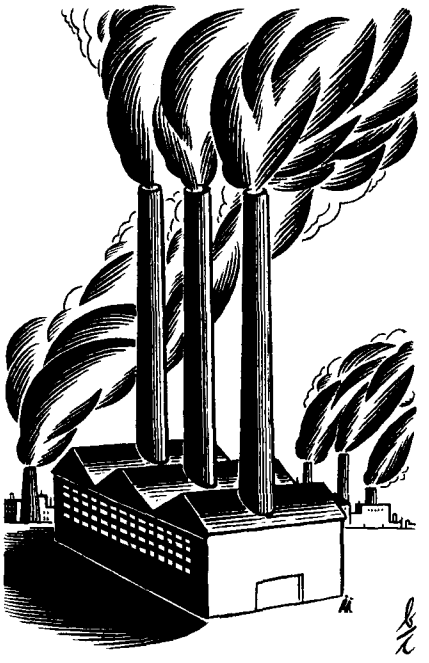
Hazardous-waste cleanup has become big business, and more-restrictive laws mean more profits for a growing number of consultants

RESPONDENTS IN a recent Louis Harris poll rated a clean environment more important than a satisfactory sex life. Under these circumstances it might seem improper to pry. But when I recently spoke with people in the environmental industry about its growing appeal, I heard so much about the industry's doubled quarterly earnings, shifting market shares, and the latest moves of "the major players" that I began to wonder whether there's much more to the industry than this adolescent fascination with its own growth—whether anything is getting cleaned up. Or is the environmental industry, which was born to serve a public need, becoming, like the defense industry before it, ever less accountable for its work as it grows?

It surely is growing. In an age marked by an overabundance of waste, regulation, and litigation, here is an industry that thrives on all three. While the economy falters and the gross national product ambles along at three to four percent a year, environmental goods and services steadily gain three times that, and in some areas—environmental engineering and consulting, for instance—the industry bounds ahead at 20 to 30 percent a year. It has created jobs at home, drawn investment from abroad, and inspired a rush for new capital.

In 1985 the economist James Easterly and his associates at Management Information Services, Inc. (MISI), an economic consulting firm in Washington, D.C., made headlines with their study of the economic value of what the Bureau of Economic Analysis refers to as PAC—the pollution-abatement-and-control industry. "Here was everybody bitching and moaning about the cost of cleaning up the environment," Easterly says, "while an industry was raking in seventy billion dollars a year. That's bigger than IBM and getting up to General Motors." By 1988 (the last year for which figures are available) the industry's sales were $98 billion. MISI credited it with creating in that year alone 2,963,000 jobs, in everything from manufacturing to finance and real estate—"everything from valves and pipes to computer systems," Easterly says. "Most people don't even know that they're part of the environmental business." Those who do know have been enjoying the ride. MISI believes the industry went over the $100 billion mark last year and will have sales of nearly $115 billion this year.

PAC includes every environmental service from waste-water treatment to garbage disposal; the greatest growth



has been in hazardous-waste services. This industry barely existed fifteen years ago. It grossed $10 billion last year, and its revenues are expected to double in the next three to five years. Leaching landfills, ruptured oil tankers, leaking wastepipes, contaminated soil, tainted groundwater, buildings full of asbestos, lagoons full of toxins from PCBs to plutonium—these are as good as bankable reserves. Every new toxic hazard discovered, every new controlling regulation, every new legal tangle, has the makings of a market niche. In the growing world of "haz-waste" newsletters and trade journals, headlines tout the coming expenditures: "NEW TOXICITY RULE TO COST $250M–$400M ANNUALLY." "BENZENE REDUCTION RULES TO COST INDUSTRIES $120M ANNUALLY." "FEDERAL RULES SEEN FORCING 300,000 TANK CLOSURES."

IN 1970, WHEN the Clean Air Act, the Resource Recovery Act, and the Occupational Safety and Health Act were passed, the Environmental Protection Agency estimated the amount of hazardous waste generated each year at something around nine million metric tons. In 1972 the Clean Water Act was passed. By 1974 the estimate was raised to 29 million tons. In 1976, as suspicions grew that the mishandling of hazardous wastes by industry might be more the rule than the exception, the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, known as RCRA (pronounced "ricra"), and the Toxic Substances Control Act were passed. The estimate went up again, to 54 million tons in 1980 and to somewhere around 250 million a year later. Current estimates are running as high as 550 million tons.

To analyze and monitor compliance with the new air and water acts, civil and sanitary engineers, whose jobs had principally involved waste-water treatment and sewage-plant construction, became environmental engineers and consultants. New laboratories sprang up to comply with federal regulations on quality assurance and control. Wells were drilled to conduct groundwater tests. Hydrogeologists were in demand. Underground storage tanks were dug up or decommissioned. RCRA demanded accountability, and in order to comply companies hired risk analysts and statisticians to analyze their environmental liabilities and engineer the processing and disposal of their wastes.

None of this, however, was doing anything about the wastes left behind by the previous hundred years of unregulated industrial growth. Where steel was made lay heaps of slag. Where chemicals were manufactured the groundwater was often contaminated. ("We had a reactor building," a retired chemist once told me of a site where he had worked, "and every Friday we'd go over there and cook something up. Sometimes the thing would just explode and whatever it was ran out over the top and right into the river.")

In 1980 the Comprehensive Environmental Response, Compensation, and Liability Act was passed. Known

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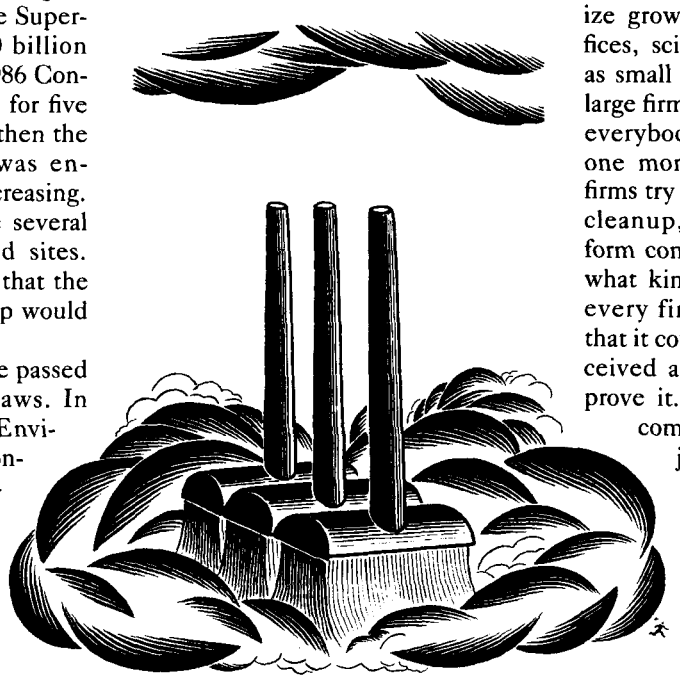
as Superfund, its intention was to identify the worst waste sites and provide money to clean them. If the owners could be found, they would have to pay back the costs, but the first priority was investigation and cleanup. The EPA would foot the bill. After all, how many sites could there be—a few hundred? Take $1.6 billion, investigate, find out what's there, and clean the stuff out. Since the cleanups would presumably take a limited amount of time, it didn't make sense to develop an entire new division of the EPA. So the work was bid out to private engineering, consulting, and contracting firms.

By 1985 the Office of Technology Assessment estimated the cost to government and industry of future Superfund cleanups at about $300 billion over the next fifty years. In 1986 Congress reauthorized Superfund, for five more years at $8.5 billion. By then the use of private contractors was entrenched and the work load increasing. There are now thought to be several thousand potential Superfund sites. Last year the OTA estimated that the fifty-year cost to clean them up would be more like $500 billion.

In the meantime, states have passed their own hazardous-waste laws. In New Jersey, for instance, the Environmental Cleanup and Responsibility Act requires an environmental assessment of any industrial property sold or transferred or whose operations are ceasing. The state can delay sale until the property is cleaned up. Since 1983 some 1,000 minor sites have been cleaned, at a cost of about $25 million. Another 200, larger sites have cost $100 million, and 350 that are in progress are expected to cost a further $200 million. (A great many other sites needing cleanup remain, and the work may cost more than their owners will make from their sale.)

The New Jersey ECRA has been referred to as the Environmental Consultant's Retirement Act. Throughout the country environmental real-estate assessments are becoming big business on their own, with courts holding the owner of a property liable for all contamination on the property whether it occurred during his term of ownership or not. Banks fear making loans until they know there is no liability for contamination, and banks and law firms have created another market niche for assessors. For example, in its first year in business Environmental Investigations, of Durham, North Carolina, had a million dollars' worth of billings, about a third from work with law firms, banks, and real-estate agents. Where regulation doesn't bring on a sense of environmental responsibility, the threat of litigation does. (The concern over such litigation has prompted the introduction of bills in both the House and the Senate to relieve lenders of some of their environmental liabilities.)

The Department of Energy, after losing in court, committed itself to cleaning up the radioactive and chemical wastes at its nuclear facilities,



for which it will spend $6 billion a year over the next five years. (It estimates that the cleanup will take a total of thirty years.) In addition, the Department of Defense has budgeted $1 billion a year to clean up its sites. Longtime energy and defense companies like Westinghouse and Lockheed, seeing cuts coming in defense spending, have begun to fortify and promote their environmental divisions. Towns like Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Hanford, Washington, which produced uranium and plutonium for the first atomic bombs, were failing as their weapons facilities closed. Now the promised billions—some $60 billion has been pledged to Hanford alone—have fueled economic revivals.

"THE U.S. ENVIRONMENTAL market is a good investment with tremendous potential for growth," says Paul Zofnass, who heads the environmental advisory group of Oppenheimer & Co., providing consulting for firms and investors in the environmental industry. "This is why we, as a firm, decided to provide management." The number of interested investors has prompted the outpouring of public offerings, including those of environmental funds run by Oppenheimer Global, Fidelity, Freedom, Merrill Lynch, New Alternative, Progressive, and SFT. Zofnass now tracks some 120 public companies, a list that he expects to grow by twenty-five a year as more firms look to capitalize growth, adding new regional offices, scientific staff, and equipment; as small firms become large firms and large firms take over small ones; and as everybody tries to squeeze into just one more market niche. Consulting firms try their hand at hazardous-waste cleanup, while waste-hauling firms form consulting groups. (When asked what kind of services they provided, every firm I spoke with assured me that it could provide them all, and I received a hundred color brochures to prove it.) Very often large and small companies compete for the same job—"for clients who are for the most part unsophisticated buyers of environmental services," one market analyst says. It is not unusual, he says, for companies with only a handful of employees to compete with full-service companies that have staffs in the thousands, by subcontracting or teaming up with other companies. One EPA project manager told me that many jobs run through more than one contractor after the first realizes he has taken on more than he can handle.

This horizon of opportunity has firms reinvesting their substantial earnings as quickly as they come in. Although none of the firms that recently went public offers any dividends, the industry's exuberant growth remains attractive. Foreign investment has been brisk, Zofnass says, and some of the largest foreign engineering and utility companies have bought significant portions of U.S. environmental companies. Within the past year Asea Brown Boveri, a Swedish electric-

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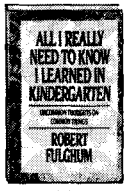

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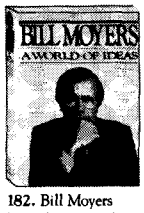

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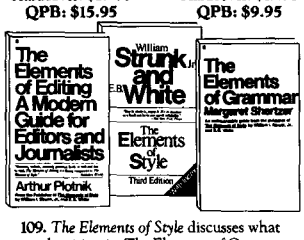

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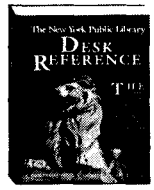

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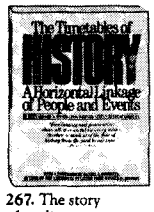

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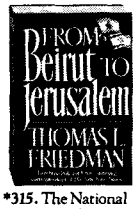

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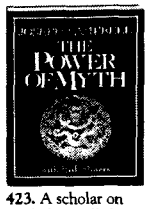

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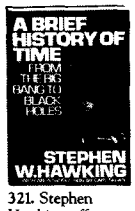

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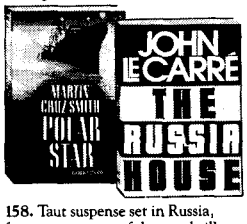

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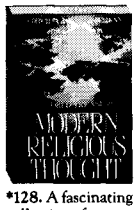

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power company, paid $1.5 billion for Combustion Engineering, one of the major U.S. companies in resource-recovery systems; the German mining and energy firm Nukem GmbH spent $80 million to acquire ENSR Corporation of Texas, an environmental consulting and engineering firm; and Compagnie Générale des Eaux, the world's largest water-utility company, bought $100 million worth of Air & Water Technologies, on whose board sit four former EPA officials and the former Vice President Walter F. Mondale. The investment gave Air & Water Technologies, which owns Research-Cottrell and Metcalf & Eddy, both venerable firms in air and water treatment, a bit of relief from $37 million in interest expenses, which were making it difficult to enjoy the huge increases in sales—from $350 million in 1987 to $606.5 million last year.

The company's chairman, Eckardt C. Beck, maintains that the environmental business has got to be business. After serving seven years with the EPA, two of them as New York regional administrator, and eventually as assistant administrator for water and waste management, helping to implement the first Superfund regulations, Beck left in 1981 to form ETC, an environmental testing and data-base company. When he left ETC, in 1987, it was worth $350 million. "What drove me out of the government was the change in administration," Beck says. "But I was also concerned that unless [the environmental] industry happened, nothing else would. I have three objectives for my company. One, environmental protection; two, create an atmosphere in which people feel good about what they do; and three, make it profitable to invest in the first two."

Beck's rise was a textbook one. Several of his EPA colleagues now work for him: the door from the EPA into the environmental industry revolves constantly, taking not only ex-EPA administrators like William Ruckelshaus and Lee Thomas to private environmental firms but local project engineers as well.

"This market doesn't have vulnerability to recession or cycles," Zofnass says. "People will continue to want things cleaned up." Yet he admits that the industry has been weak in research and development and remediation—the nuts and bolts of getting cleanups under way. The problem of research and development, he says, is liability.

"Major companies and venture capitalists are nervous about possibly being held liable for any environmental damage that occurs from the use of a new process. As for the cleanups, they come in fits and starts. Most people who have to clean up push it into the future to delay the costs. There is also concern that regulations and technology might change and still leave them liable for what they thought they had already cleaned up."

During his twelve years at the Office of Technology Assessment, Joel Hirschhorn, now the president of EnviroSearch-East, an environmental consulting firm in Washington, D.C., spent a great deal of time analyzing the growth of the environmental industry. In hearings called by Senator David Pryor, of Arkansas, last year to assess the role of consultants for the EPA, Hirschhorn testified that 80 to 90 percent of the money allocated for Superfund had gone to private contractors and consultants. As spending on contractors rose, funding for EPA staff remained constant.

"We believe that at this point the EPA work force cannot effectively design, monitor, and evaluate contractor work," Hirschhorn said, "in large measure because it has too few technical workers with too little experience paid too low salaries and receiving few other rewards. . . . As a consequence, we don't have enough independent technical expertise in EPA to assure that billions of dollars of public money are being spent effectively, and that EPA staff can effectively oversee responsible-party cleanups"—cleanups by the former polluters, or other owners. Private contractors, Hirschhorn pointed out, have performed duties ranging from training EPA staff to preparing the annual Superfund report to Congress. At the hearings Pryor produced with a great deal of impatience a trade-journal advertisement for ICF, the consulting firm that prepared the Superfund report. ICF boasted not only of its technical expertise in hazardous waste but also of its understanding of "the framework of regulatory requirements, enforcement, and public involvement." This was indeed something that ICF ought to know about, Pryor said, since it had helped to draft the regulations.

Hirschhorn told me in a recent conversation that, in his view, both Superfund and the entire environmental regulatory structure created a demand for services without providing for any qualified monitoring of the work. "So labs often do lousy work," Hirschhorn said, "and because of the turnover in the EPA you have young people who don't know what they're doing overseeing work that's beyond them. Things are always being repeated and jobs go on forever." Consulting firms argue that unless they do good work they can't stay in business. Hirschhorn contends that few people in the industry can discern quality.

The shortage of engineers is certainly critical. The industry may appeal to investors, but enrollment in undergraduate environmental-engineering programs has dropped about 30 percent over the past ten years; only in the past year has it begun to rise again.

A friend of mine whom I'll call David has worked for the EPA for five years. He is the senior project manager in his section; the next-longest-tenured staff member has been there for two years. David's job is to make sure that companies that are required by RCRA to clean up their wastes do it right. But he is overseeing a lot of projects. Most are assigned to a contractor, who is being monitored by a consultant. With all his paperwork, David rarely gets time to visit the sites himself. For reviewing the paperwork that David will have to review again, the consultant makes about $75 an hour. When I asked David what his hourly rate comes out to, he said that he had never figured it out: "What's seven hundred and fifty divided by forty?"

David told me that it takes at least three years before most staff members at the EPA feel completely comfortable dealing with consultants. Until then, he admits, staff members are easily intimidated, assume that consultants know more than they do, and maybe take too much at face value.

David is around thirty. Headhunters phone him frequently, woo him, won't take no for an answer, call him at home. RCRA just broadened its regulations, Superfund is up for reauthorization in 1991, and the Clean Air Act is being revised. The business, David figures, will always be there.

—*Bruce Stutz*

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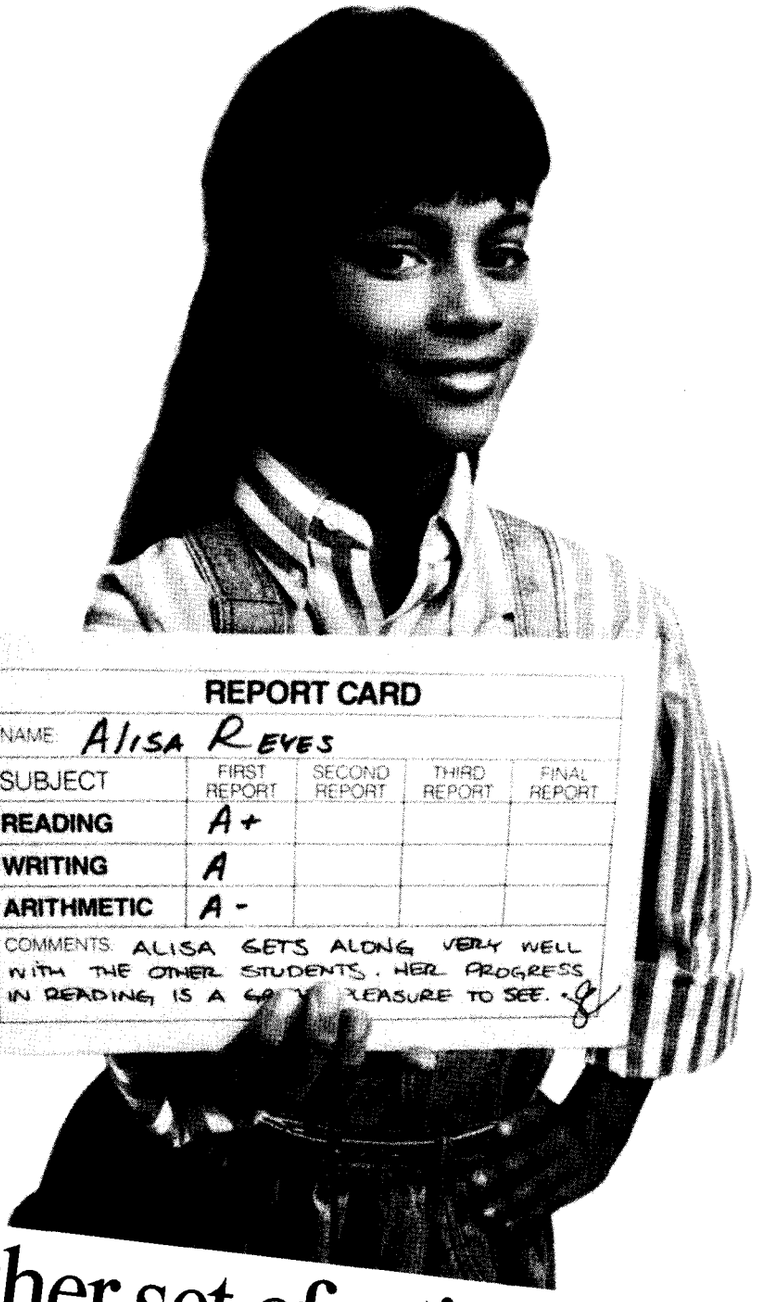

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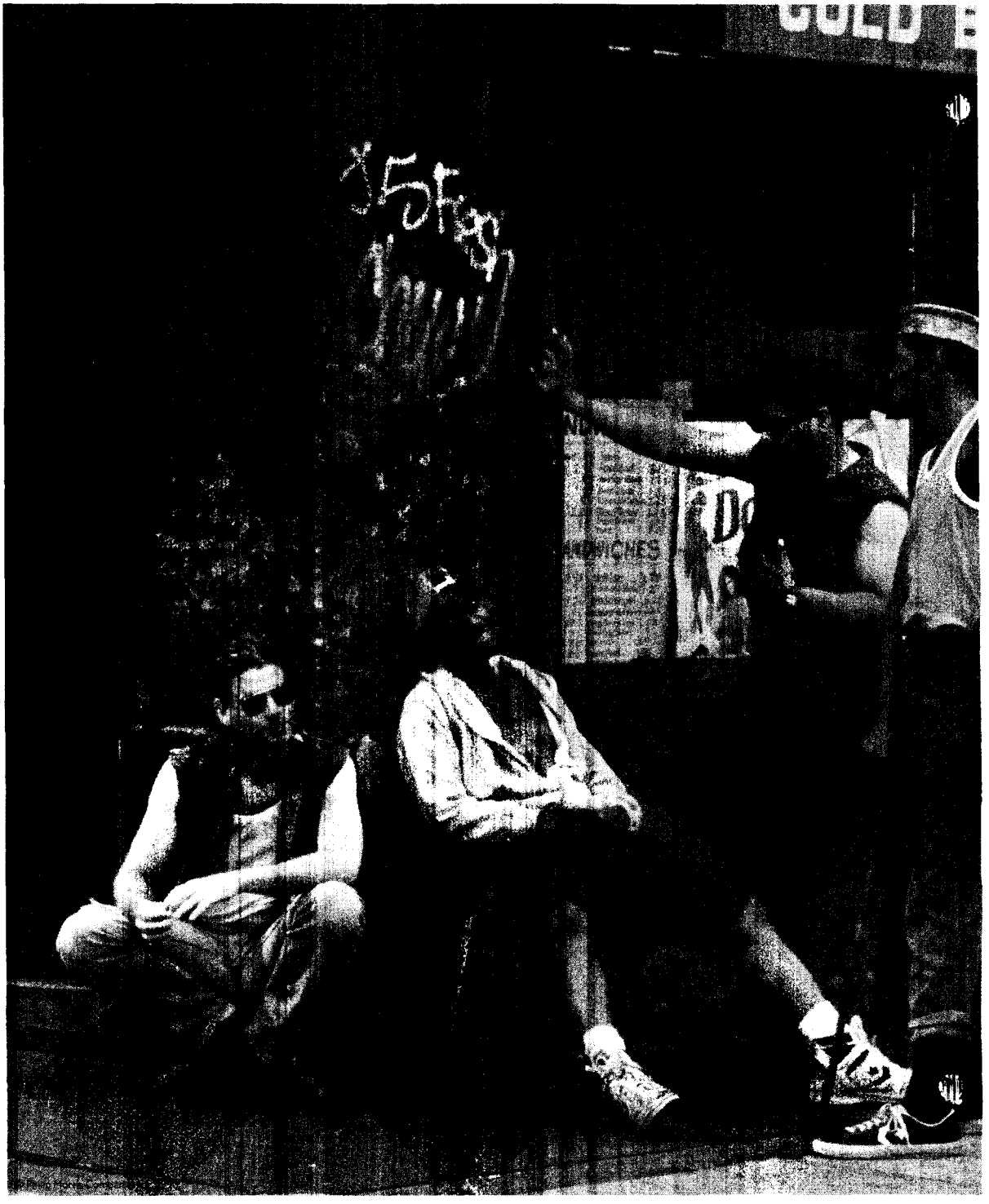

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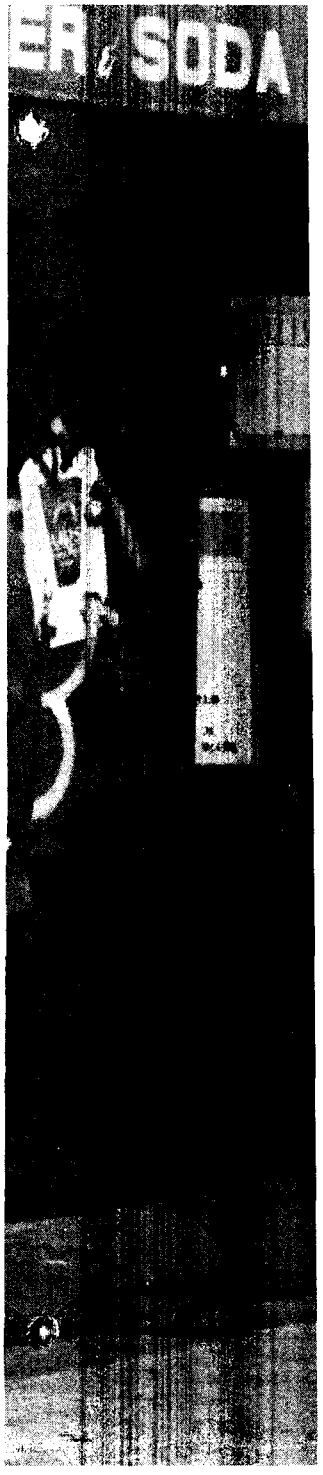

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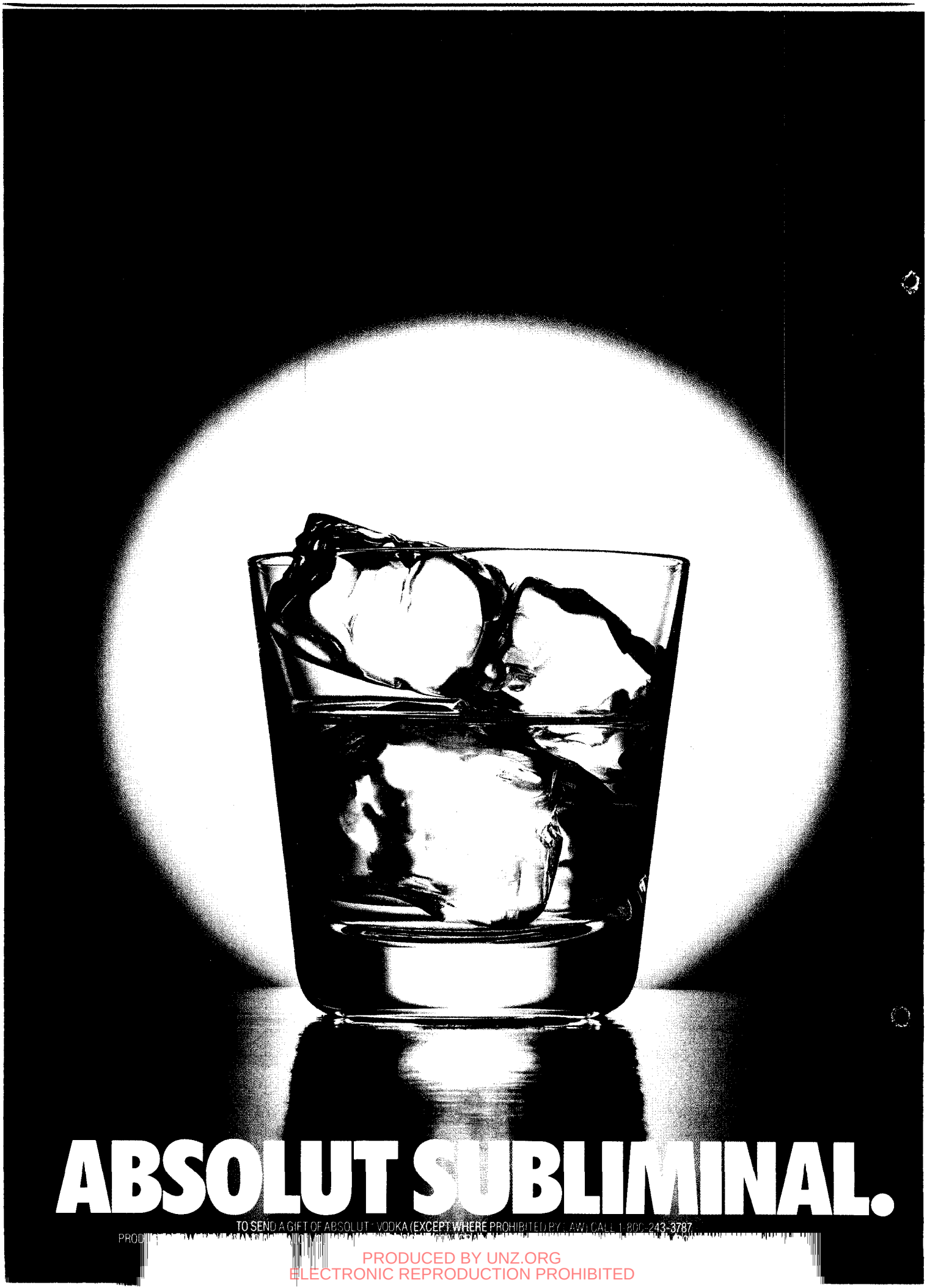

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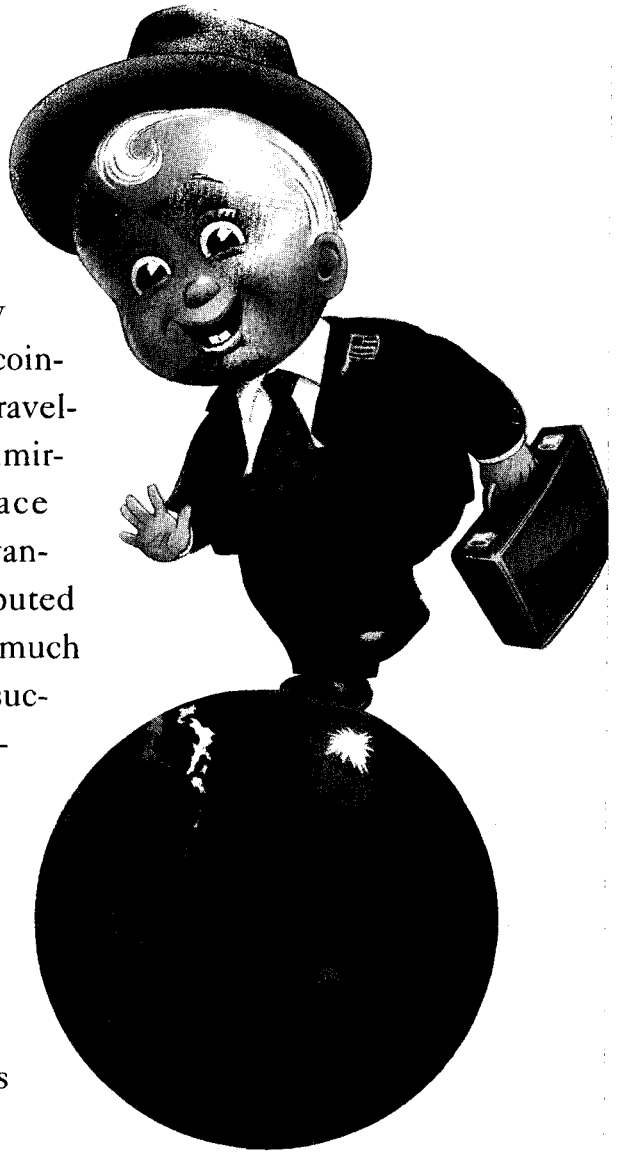

For most of this nation's history Americans have seen themselves, and been seen by others, as canny traders. The word "businessman" is an American coinage, from the 1830s. Alexis de Tocqueville, after traveling through the United States in the 1840s, noted admiringly that "American commerce can not only face competition on its own ground, but can compete to advantage with foreigners on their own." Tocqueville attributed the young nation's business acumen to cultural factors (much as many Americans now attribute Japan's commercial success to the same thing), and he went on: "I cannot express my thoughts better than by saying that the Americans put something heroic into their way of trading."

In an era when American trade deficits are typically described as "chronic," and chronically described as "mounting," there is something poignant and antique about such a sentiment. What is it, precisely, that has changed?

The authors of the two essays that follow, taking China and Japan as examples, provide some insights into what American business may be doing wrong overseas. The authors don't cite lack of resolve. They do cite cultural blindness. Although the specific experiences in China and Japan differ greatly in detail, Americans in both countries in recent years have, the authors contend, failed to understand the character and the mechanics of the local political and economic regime. As American business confronts new markets in the formerly communist nations of Europe—and continues trying to penetrate markets in Asia—it must bear some lessons in mind.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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It isn't only the American government that has been fooled by the bogus prospect of the "new China." American business, bedazzled by all those customers, has suffered the same costly delusion

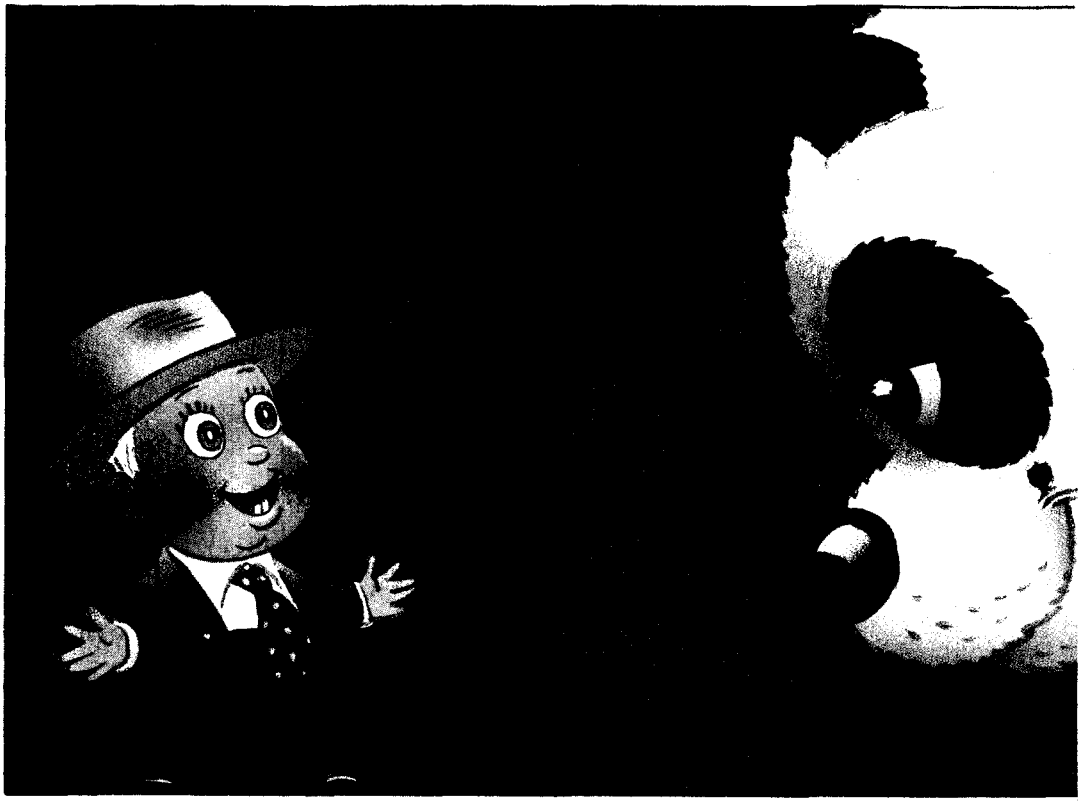
THE CHIMERA OF THE CHINA MARKET

BY LYNN CHU

THE STORY OF BUSINESS IN CHINA USUALLY TAKES a back seat to the story of high politics and human rights. But as the West eyes the opportunities arising from the apparent collapse of communism in Eastern Europe, it might be instructive to review our experience during the decade of American business's romance with China, which ended so abruptly on June 4 of last year. Its illusions fed by cultural and geopolitical cant, American business in China in the eighties fell victim to the naive optimism with which it contemplated the vast "China market."

The legacy of America's obsession with the China market was President Bush's decision, in May, to renew most-favored-nation status for China. Sending a human-rights message by denying MFN, it was thought, would only provoke obstinate defiance and might worsen internal repression. Established joint ventures and American importers of Chinese products, under the general rubric "American business," had lobbied for MFN, and the Bush Administration was ideologically hostile to linking human rights with trade policy. Still, the Administration hesitated over MFN longer than anyone expected, because, apart from U.S. importers and those who had already sunk large amounts of capital into China, American business was becoming increasingly ambivalent about that nation. U.S.-China bilateral trade totaled $18 billion in 1989, scarcely half of U.S. trade with Taiwan, and today direct U.S. investment in China amounts to less than half of one percent of direct U.S. investment worldwide. And these days Eastern Europe would seem to provide business with far more fertile ground.

Moreover, business may be beginning to recognize that human rights and business success are intricately linked. For one thing, repression increases the risk of political instability, and that's bad for business. But more than that, the events of June 4 made it suddenly much clearer that the abuses of the Chinese totalitarian state go hand in hand with other problems that have been hindering the free conduct of business in China for years. American business often, and rightly, credits itself with being the means by which China first began to yearn for a free-market system. But the relationship may have reached the point of diminishing returns, for both parties. It's time to ask whether American business is be-



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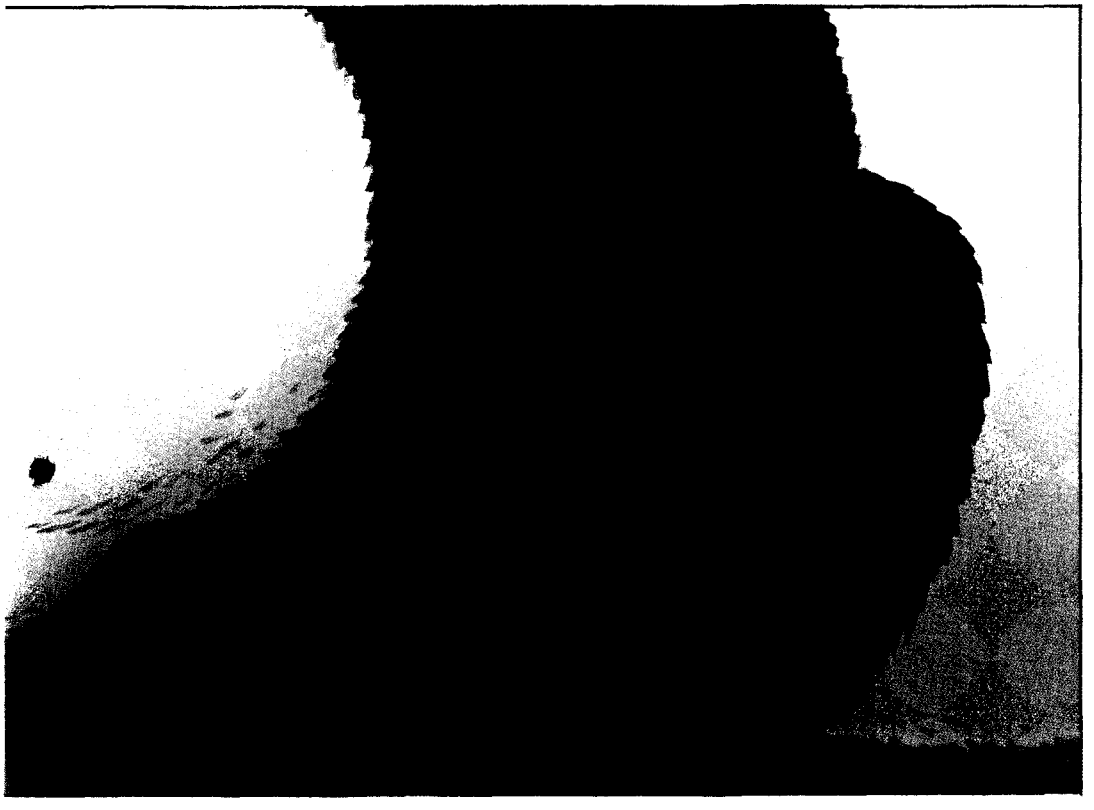
ing used as a tool to prop up and legitimize a corrupt and bloody-minded regime.

America has always had a deep fascination with and admiration for China. The most recent chapter in this historic obsession opened dramatically in 1972, with a U.S. President and Secretary of State trading toasts with Zhou En-lai. The eighties brought the increasingly frenzied spectacle of American businesses stumbling over one another in their zeal to get a foot in the door of a mesmerizing but chimerical China market. From the beginning, even Western "China experts" (perhaps especially China experts) fell prey to media hype, wishful thinking, and their own optimism about the new rapprochement. Few seemed to take seriously such matters as the unwieldy nature of communist totalitarian regimes and the all but insuperable difficulties of doing business with them. Being wined, dined, charmed, and beguiled by Chinese officials became a prized executive thrill, one reeking of high politics and historic portent. Delighted to conduct their personal versions of economic diplomacy—to play at being Nixons or Kissingers of commerce—American executives entered eagerly into partnerships with Chinese government agencies, with the big U.S.-China joint venture being the preferred deal-making mode. As the eighties progressed, welcome wagons arranged by the Chinese government, composed of fancy banquets, excursions to famous sights, and elaborate signing ceremonies, became *de rigueur*.

Only a public-relations catastrophe on the scale of last year's could have served to correct more than a decade of boosterism about China. But even before that the excitement had started to wane. With hall space on Tiananmen Square booked solid for signing ceremonies, with the inevitable "mao tais" and multi-course meals, by the end of the eighties the business romance with China was taking on a weary, mechanical air. Prices for hotel rooms and basic services for Westerners had skyrocketed, far outstripping demand. A three-room apartment at the Great Wall Hotel in 1985 ran to $125,000 a year, with laundry service around $400 extra a month. The Chinese proved themselves masters of monopolistic techniques, such as price discrimination between Chinese and Westerners; intricate exclusive-supplier relationships; endless contract renegotiations, which business simply had to accept (after all, when there's effectively no contract law, one party can't enforce a signed contract, and the other can't breach it); patent, copyright, and trademark infringements; and simply charging whatever the market would bear. Fleecing visiting business people was starting to look like a national sport.

The Lure of Those 1.1 Billion Customers

AMERICA IN THE EIGHTIES LIKED TO ENVISION China in terms of the vast markets that *might* emerge in the twenty-first century—the only recorded instance, it would appear, of long-term planning in the history of American business. America's romantic fixation on China compares oddly with its apathy toward India, with its 800 million citizens, and even toward Japan, with its seemingly limitless disposable wealth—a market really worth swooning over. But the China market was always a myth. Even if China were to meet the goal its leaders optimistically set in the early 1980s—a per capita gross national product of $800 in the year 2000—this would bring it only to the level Nicaragua and South Yemen reached in 1985. Today per capita GNP in China is about five percent that of Taiwan, and an even smaller percentage of those of Singapore and Hong Kong.



Still, for a while certain Western businesses in China prospered: those mak-

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Delighted to conduct their personal versions of economic diplomacy—to play at being Nixons or Kissingers of commerce—American executives entered eagerly into partnerships with Chinese government agencies.

ing up the service industry, for instance, which relied more on the prospect in the minds of Westerners that China would open than on China's own markets or resources—lawyers, consultants, China experts, contact-makers, middlemen and fixers of every stamp. The China market itself, however, remained through the eighties an abstraction, an enticement the Chinese became adept at dangling, carrotlike, before American businesses, always a few steps out of reach. The vision of 1.1 billion Chinese consumers was mesmerizing. It was an image carefully nourished by the Chinese, who, it must be remembered, draw on a mastery of propaganda and spin control perfected over thousands of years.

In what was apparently a great leap of faith, American executives in China seemed to assume that the legal and social foundations of a functioning capitalist economy, and the political structure to support it, either were of no consequence or would naturally follow once business deals were struck. The strength of this assumption, and the depth of its imprudence, are well demonstrated by Americans' strange preference for large capital investments enshrined in joint ventures with agencies of the Chinese government bureaucracy. The American penchant for the big joint venture contrasted sharply with the cautious Japanese approach, which was to sell China VCRs and passenger cars for cash. As usual, the Japanese had the right idea. Consumer retail turned out to be the only sector of the economy that the Chinese ever reformed enough, and perhaps ever had any intention of reforming, to work more or less like a free market. So Japan wound up making a killing on the China trade during China's consumer-goods explosion of the mid-eighties, while American ventures foundered.

The Case of AMC

AMC, THE U.S. AUTO MANUFACTURER LATER CONsumed by Chrysler, was one of the first U.S. companies to suffer the peculiar frustrations of undertaking a large joint venture in China. Jim Mann, formerly the Beijing bureau chief for the *Los Angeles Times*, details AMC's travails in his engaging, revelatory book about China business, *Beijing Jeep*, setting them within the broader context of American business's excess, naive optimism, ignorance, and gullibility in China. Admittedly, AMC, that perennial loser in the American market, brought many of its problems on itself. Visiting executives evidently forgot to take either a lawyer or their critical faculties along with them when they negotiated the initial deal. The result was a major failure to achieve a meeting of the minds between the Chinese and the Americans. The Chinese came away thinking they'd be getting a shiny new operation in which an entirely new model of jeep would be designed and built to Chinese specifications—that is, to meet the requirements of the People's Liberation Army. The PLA was eager to update its vintage 1950s Soviet-style army jeep with the latest in automotive technology. It wanted special appurtenances, such as four doors and a soft top, so that soldiers could conveniently lower the top and open fire with AK-47s from inside the jeep. Doubtless such an innovation would have come in handy on Tiananmen Square, or in Tibet today. AMC, though, wanted to capture its share of the China market with a jeep pretty much on the lines of its newly developed suburban runabout Cherokee, not to engage in large-scale new-model R&D. This meant that AMC saw Chinese factories as being set up initially just to assemble parts imported from the States (and the parts as being paid for out of Chinese coffers with foreign exchange). Otherwise the venture wouldn't generate enough profits to make it worthwhile. AMC seems only belatedly to have realized that it needed to firm up this detail with the Chinese.

But even then, AMC had been assuming that a Chinese factory is basically what a U.S. factory is: a place of employment. In China, AMC soon discovered, a factory is more like a municipal government—far worse, from the standpoint of the bottom line, it is a *communist* municipal government. Factories in China are like little fiefdoms, providing workers with the full plate of social services—housing, day care, schools, medical care—and monitoring workers on a scale that in America would amount to a mass invasion of privacy. Far from displaying the expected Asian industriousness, the work force was accustomed to three-hour lunches, mid-afternoon siestas, and sleeping on the job. And having constantly to deal with Party officials to get anything done was an ordeal, to put it mildly.

AMC's man in Beijing, Don St. Pierre, became convinced that the Chinese objective was simply to grab as much Western technology and know-how as possible while keeping Americans at arm's length from the vaunted China market. Chinese negotiators affected puzzlement when AMC explained that it needed to make profits by operating efficiently and to develop market penetration. The Chinese found it especially hard to grasp the concept of the enforceability of signed contracts. Business people in China all have horror stories

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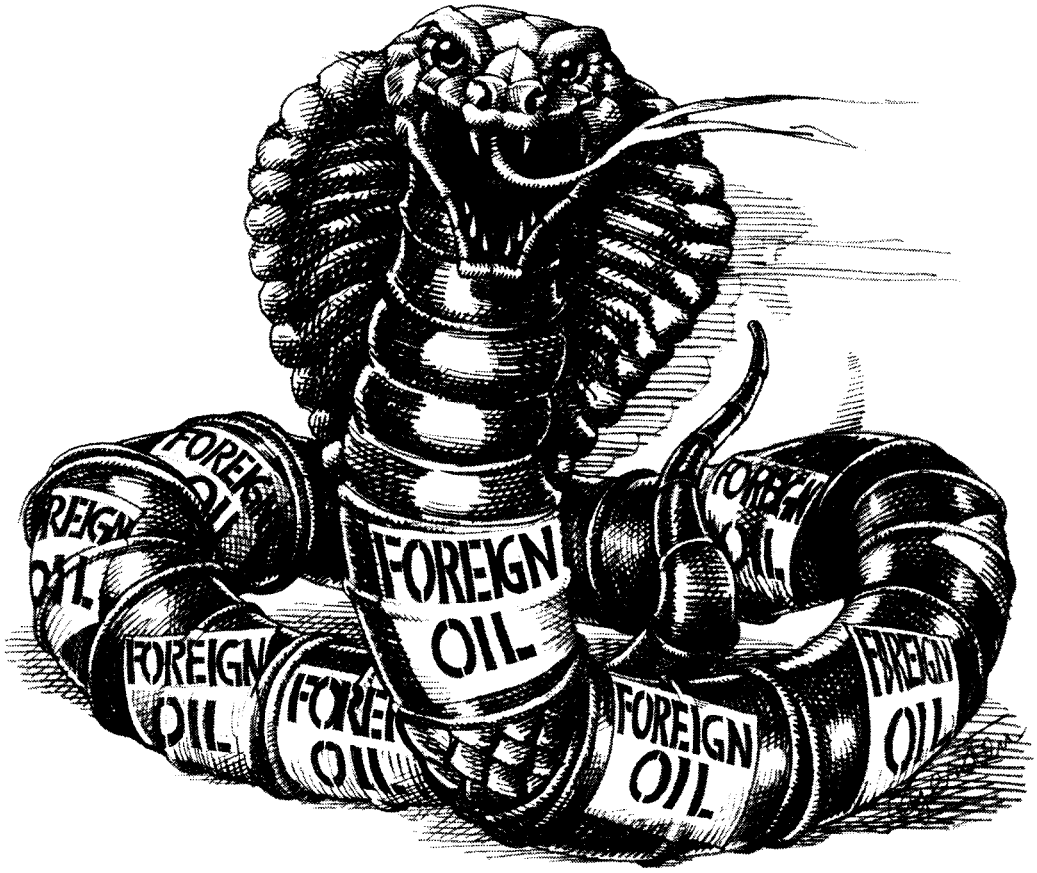

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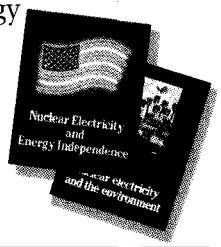

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about endless contractual "renegotiations." Contract files bloat into filing cabinets as the Chinese decide, after the long negotiating sessions and elaborate signing ceremonies, that, after all, they prefer not to be bound—prefer to make some other arrangement, more favorable to themselves. Perhaps some of the Chinese puzzlement was genuine, but it was remarkable how often "cultural differences" coincided with a hard Chinese bargaining position.

In addition, China's reluctance to expend its reserves of foreign exchange made it loath to agree to buy from the West, or to permit the conversion of any American earnings of Chinese currency—useless to the treasuries of American companies—into internationally negotiable tender. This reluctance, whenever the Chinese could use it in bargaining, tended to translate into "traditional Chinese xenophobia" and a powerful aversion to foreign "exploitation." China experts and other middlemen sagely advised AMC to be sensitive to these complex, mysterious Chinese cultural differences. It might have been better all around for the company to call a spade a spade and a hard bargain a hard bargain, right up front. Explanations of Chineseness proffered by Orientalists, China experts, and soothsayers created great clouds of mystification through which the Americans sometimes found it hard to see their touchstone to reality, the bottom line.

Desperate politicking by St. Pierre finally saved Beijing Jeep from collapse. After pulling a lot of high-level political strings and creating an embarrassing public-relations situation for the Chinese at an opportune moment, he managed to get Zhao Ziyang, once China's commissar of economic reform and heir apparent to Deng Xiaoping, to intervene directly on the company's behalf. Beijing Jeep became a "model joint venture." The arrangement with Beijing Jeep beautifully served Chinese public relations as well as Beijing Jeep. In exchange for cooperating with government campaigns aimed at attracting new capital to China, Beijing Jeep got special privileges, like permission to convert currency into precious foreign exchange. This political patronage helped Beijing Jeep, in the end, to survive and even prosper. But at what cost? If politicking with Party bosses for special favors becomes the template for the conduct of American business in China, then perhaps American business is simply retooling itself in the old ways of the international cartels—fostering noncompetition and jimmied markets under cover of structural reform.

The Snare of "Technology Transfer"

OF COURSE, CHINA WAS JUST AS UNHAPPY WITH American business as American business was with China. Throughout the seventies the world had engaged in an orgy of America-bashing. The Third World, including China, thought the developed nations owed the world an enormous debt for their past imperialist sins, for which restitution might be made, in part, by "technology transfer." Seventies rhetoric in the United Nations about technology transfer to the less developed participants in the "new international economic order" seemed to encapsulate the Chinese notion of what American business should have been in China. China wanted Westerners to come, build major factories, transfer to government-selected Chinese personnel Western management techniques, expertise, and sophisticated equipment, and then, as soon as possible, return whence they came. The idea of allowing Western businesses some rational profit incentive for doing all this came belatedly, in fits and starts, and generally as the Americans were hailing a taxi to catch the next plane back to the States.

American business people and exiled Chinese can often be heard to mutter in private that China trumpeted attempts at "structural legal reform" not to foster any real rule of law—and certainly not to create checks and balances on the power of Party bosses—but quite cynically, as public relations, to attract Western investors and give them a false sense of security by creating the appearance of a Chinese commitment to fundamental reforms. China mounted an intensive public-relations campaign, for instance, about Chinese intellectual-property "reform." The launch came complete with a snazzy-looking glossy magazine filled with reassuring but basically vacuous tidbits about developments in Chinese copyrights, trademarks, and patents. At the same time, Western intellectual-property owners were being wooed with earnest talk of reform of a "structural" kind, but somehow none of this did anything to dent piracy. Of course, in reform, as in life, the devil is in the details. At bottom, to China's rulers the law obviously always remained a tool for entrenching their own political positions, not for checking such power in the service of abstract justice. Law was a mere rationale, through which any kind of repression might conveniently be legitimized by surrounding it with suitable legal theater.

The American penchant for the big joint venture contrasted sharply with the cautious Japanese approach, which was to sell China VCRs and passenger cars for cash. As usual, the Japanese had the right idea.

Graeme Browning, in her excellent book about American business in China, *If Everybody Bought One Shoe: American Capitalism in Communist China*, describes a remarkable in-

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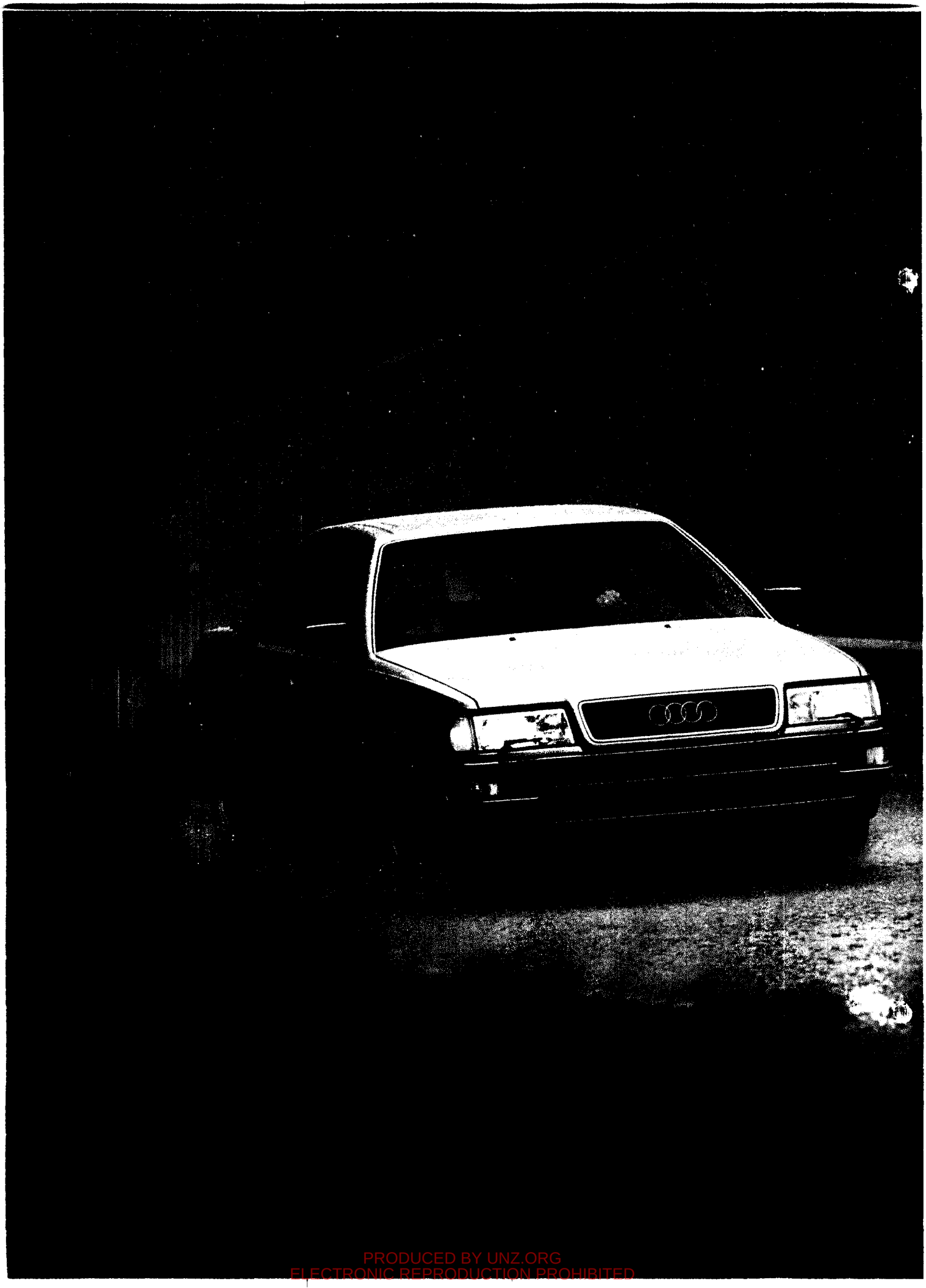

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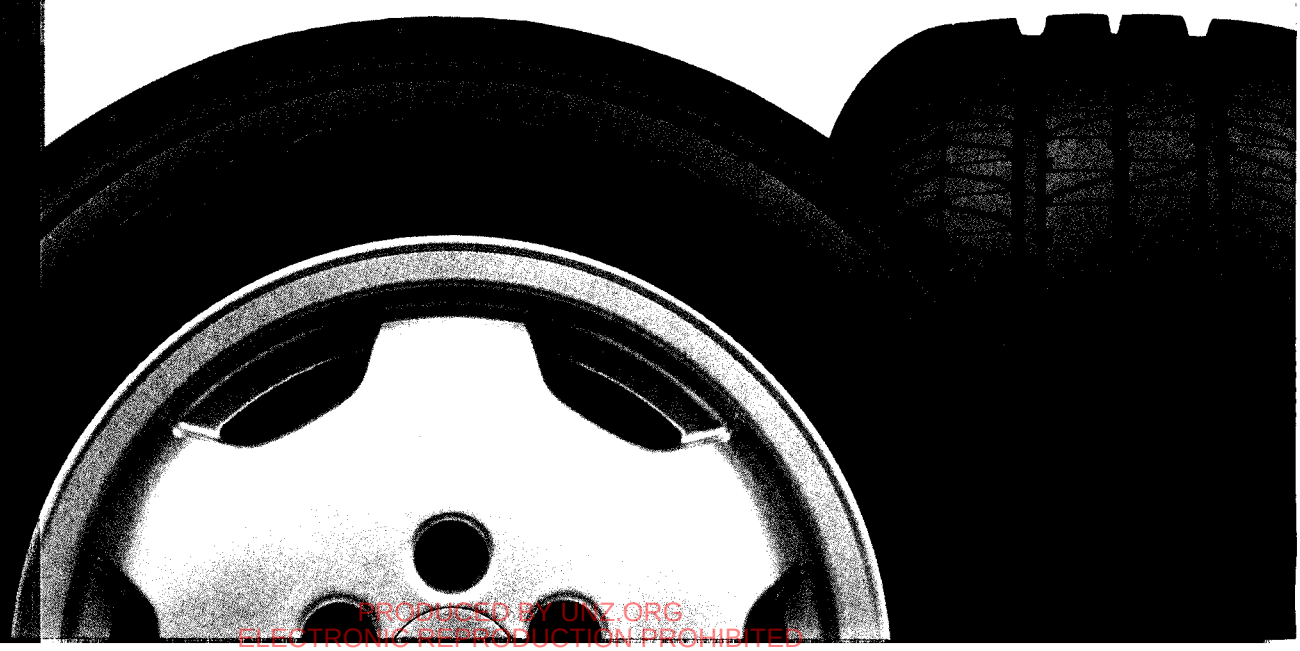

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On what grounds did business reach the conclusion that China would ever really permit the penetration of its markets by the West? China's memory of its ignominious exploitation at the hands of foreign nations is long and bitter.

stance of Chinese public-relations and negotiating prowess. In 1983 the Chinese let it be known that they were thinking about building nuclear-power plants, eight to thirteen of them—or $20 billion worth—starting with Daya Bay, near Hong Kong. Nuclear-equipment manufacturers and suppliers from England, France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, and Japan rushed to China, leaving the Americans, frustrated by American nuclear-nonproliferation laws, fuming and stamping on the sidelines. In the spring of 1984 China announced it was about to sign with English and French companies, and the lobbying in Washington began in earnest. In *The Wall Street Journal* a Westinghouse executive gushed that the prospects at Daya Bay looked "hellishly exciting," and estimated that the contracts his company still had some prospect of winning were worth some $6 billion. Meanwhile, U.S. intelligence spotted Chinese nuclear specialists in Pakistan, where work on a nuclear device was thought to be under way. Nevertheless, in July of 1985, after a giant congressional-lobbying push, the nuclear industry got U.S. prohibitions on nuclear trade with China lifted, despite belated Administration resistance on national-security grounds. Suddenly all the talk of Chinese nuclear-power plants evaporated. The following year, after a drop in world currency markets cut the price by half a billion dollars, China finally signed the Daya Bay contracts it had said it was on the brink of signing back in 1984. But, citing a lack of foreign exchange, China announced that further purchases of foreign equipment would be severely limited. Browning writes, "It can't be said with certainty that Beijing deliberately squeezed a nuclear cooperation agreement out of the United States by holding out the prospect of billions of dollars' worth of nuclear equipment sales for plants it had no intention of building—but many in the American business community think that's exactly what happened."

As Western business saw it, trade-offs between helping China technologically and capturing its markets were bound to be necessary—were, in fact, a precondition for doing business in China at all. But other than high-flown rhetoric, what assurance of long-term security had the West ever really received from China? China quickly discovered that simply alluding to the fabled China market gave it as much bargaining leverage with eager Americans as did substantive concessions. And on what grounds did business reach the conclusion that China would ever really permit the penetration of its markets by the West? China's memory of its ignominious exploitation at the hands of foreign nations is long and bitter. And China has attended to the present-day lesson of Japan: The best way to get rich is to capture the *American* market while scrupulously protecting one's own. From the trade figures, that would appear to be precisely what China intends. Last year the U.S. trade deficit with China hit $6.2 billion, a figure that represented a steady rise over the previous several years. Strategies of isolation and self-sufficiency come in many forms; Japan, after all, has had little difficulty institutionalizing its own brand of national seclusion in a context of capitalism and democracy.

Before June 4, 1989, beguiled by received opinion and native optimism, Americans simply assumed that "cuddly communist" China had embraced free-market capitalism with democratic features. If the Chinese people still suffered from some political repression, well, they were Chinese. They were used to it. Look how far they had already come! If there were still Chinese gulags, at least children weren't indoctrinated to denounce their parents to the security police so much anymore. And wasn't there a Kentucky Fried Chicken just off Tiananmen Square? The fanfare over disco and Deng drowned out any mention of the continuing absence of anything like civil liberties in China.

Inscrutable!

INVESTING IN A COUNTRY THAT ABUSES HUMAN rights on the Chinese scale entails certain cold, hard financial risks quite beyond problems of morality or sentiment or even the risk of bad press. A government ruled by a few jockeying overlords and unresponsive to the wishes of its people is eminently capable of slamming the door as soon as it feels it has acquired enough "long-term" investments of plant, know-how, and technology from abroad. Knowledgeable Chinese point out that in fact the leading beneficiaries of "economic reform" have been the Chinese military and security police, whose resources have been modernized at a far faster pace than those of the Chinese people at large. Such a government is also the kind that can most adeptly manipulate "free" markets. China, as we have seen, is surely capable of meeting American complaints about unfair or monopolistic business practices with yet more outraged bluster about American interference in China's internal affairs. This sort of bluster, the Chinese long ago learned, falls on peculiarly receptive ears in America. Americans have a long intellectual and political history of making obeisances to a presumed Chinese uniqueness—that famous inscrutability that only China experts can

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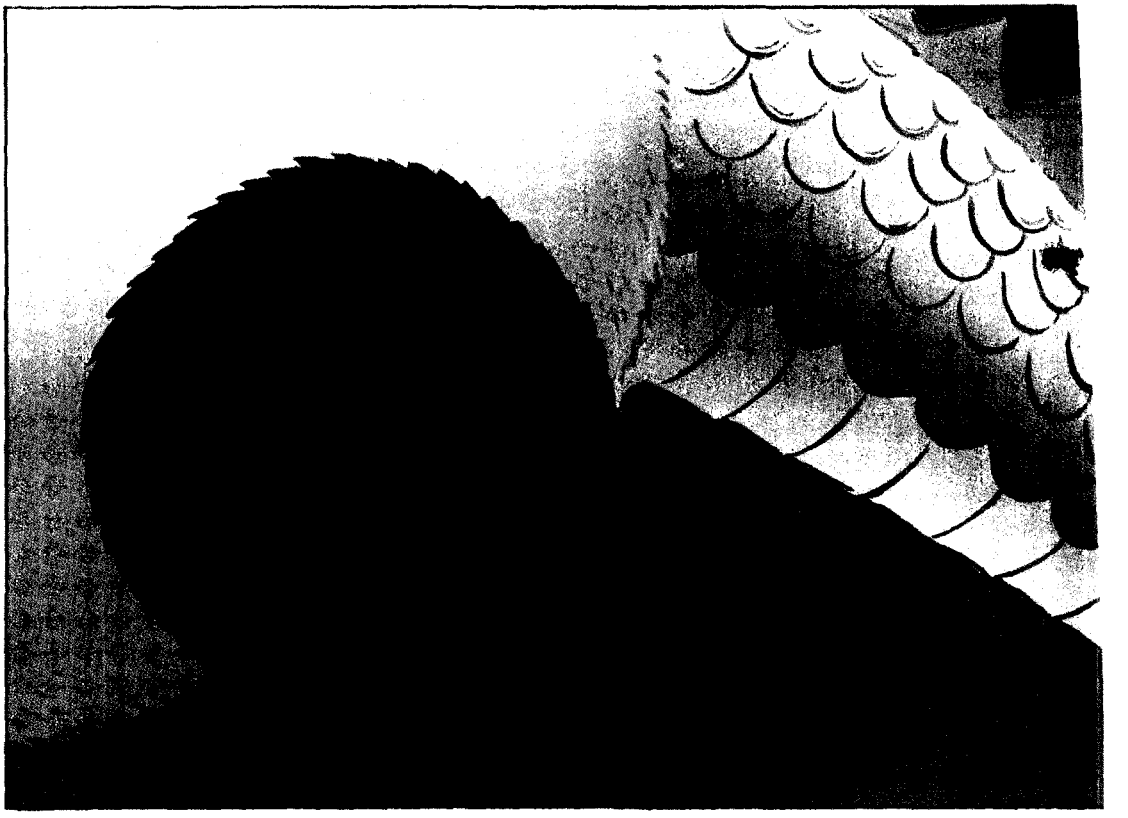

penetrate. It seems that President Bush fancies himself one of these, with his expertise mystically derived from spending thirteen months in a Beijing embassy compound in the seventies. It is "Chineseness" that permits Americans to excuse in China all manner of abuses that have been loudly decried in Warsaw Pact nations. Chineseness required that many leading Western China experts for years avert their eyes from the Cultural Revolution, speculate on its good points and on Mao's statecraft, and hail the grand continuity by which Marxism was said to be a vibrant evolutionary transplant—intrinsically compatible, somehow, with traditional Chinese culture—whose admixture was destined to yield a glorious "new China." In 1972 John King Fairbank, of Harvard, the dean of American sinology, gushed in *Foreign Affairs* that "the Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in many centuries." This self-deceiving ideology hardened into the dominant American academic dogma, and finally, in the aftermath of the Nixon-Kissinger trip, into U.S. policy.

The Two Chinese Economies

THE TRAVAILS OF AMERICAN BUSINESSES IN CHINA suggest, anecdotally, what many scholars of communist economic systems have suspected for years: there may be no viable halfway point between totalitarian central planning and a full-fledged free-market economy. Whatever were the hopes and dreams of American executives and politicians through the eighties, we now know that China never regarded itself as engaged in an evolution toward capitalism, much less democracy. Chinese leaders saw that the West had technology and expertise they needed. They welcomed the West on the assumption—perhaps the gamble—that Western business could give China an economic shot in the arm that wouldn't disturb the communist body politic.

Jan Prybyla, an economist at Pennsylvania State University, has postulated that the economic reforms in China produced, in effect, a two-tiered economy, which was practically dysfunctional. The totalitarian state was run, as usual, by Party politicos to whom profits and efficiency were often just the newest government slogan to be mouthed. A second economy, consisting of the few goods and services that were permitted to be manufactured and sold "freely," piggybacked on the command economy. This dual structure—one can hardly call it an economic system—made for an intolerable economic environment for business, and produced what a Marxist might call "irresolvable contradictions" within the society.

American businesses operating in China quickly discovered that free markets in a few decontrolled items wouldn't function if all the materials used in production remained subject to the political directives of central, provincial, and municipal authorities. If the prices and allocations of materials used to produce an item do not respond to market forces, the market for the end product isn't really free either. Endemic waste and corruption is the inevitable result. Party cadres in control of required raw materials wind up devising their own market-allocation mechanisms: they take bribes under the table.

Sometimes these might be simply nasty moral lapses on the part of sponging bureaucrats or officials. But Chinese factory managers often try to explain that circumventing the system's "structural inefficiencies" is the only way they have to balance out serious shortfalls in factory resources. Corruption becomes institutionalized in business when bribes are the only way to get a regular supply of goods and services. A foreign business will feel that it has a vested interest in an existing corrupt system when it has made major capital outlays to function within

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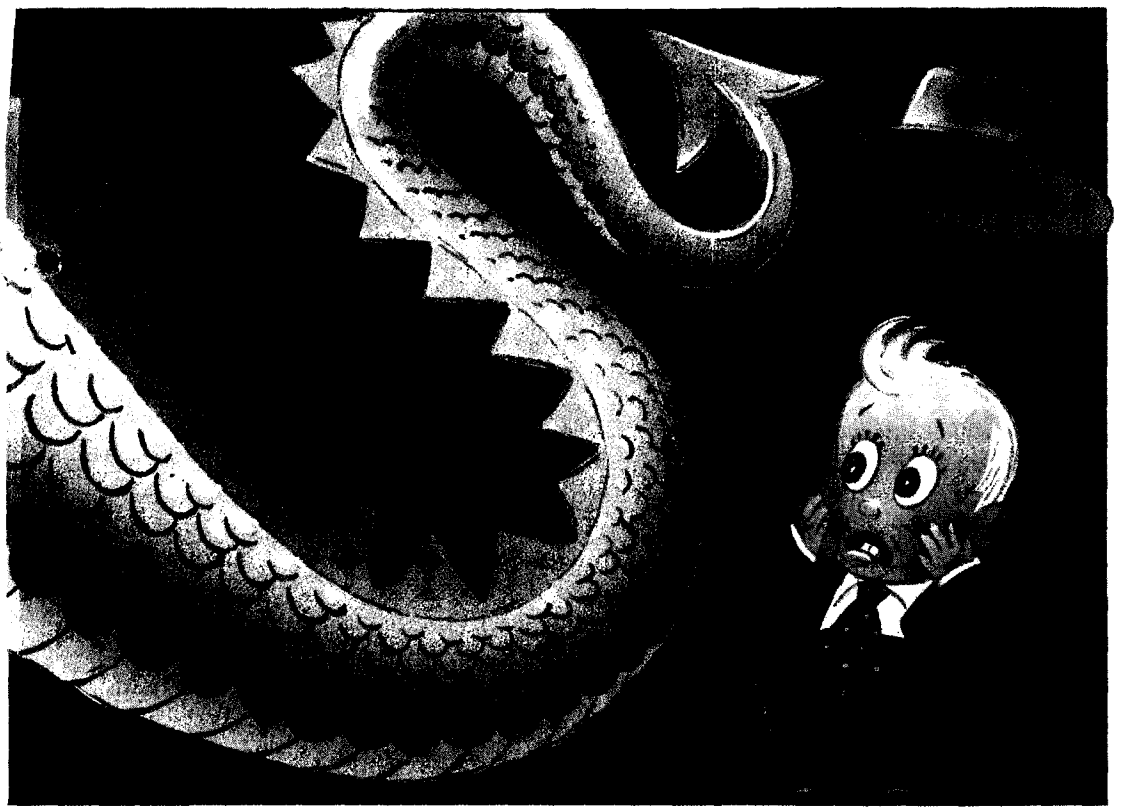

it. Foreign business thus can become the ally of totalitarianism. Instead of being a positive force for freedom, free markets, and democratic change, business can often just as easily foster corruption and retard structural change. It's an oft-noted fact, for instance, that the Chinese side of lucrative joint ventures with the United States tends to be stacked with high-level Party officials and their friends and relations. The same often goes for the rosters of Chinese participants in foreign cultural and academic exchange programs. Straight foreign financing, such as World Bank loans, has always been, and given the nature of cash will always be, easily diverted to uses calculated to entrench the existing power structure—which now means the Chinese hard-liners. And even the "neo-authoritarian" strategies of a Chinese economic reformer like Zhao Ziyang—one of the "good guys" we're supposed to be protecting through American appeasement—are, on close examination, not particularly in line with American concepts of democracy, human rights, and structural reform. The effect on China of Western capitalist ventures is therefore not necessarily as benign and democratizing as American business people, even those with the best of intentions, might think.

In the end, totalitarian societies may simply have to replace their systems of top-down political directives with bottom-up rational market forces—to dispose of the communist system in its entirety. This quickly becomes hard to distinguish, intellectually or practically, from the outright overthrow of the communist state. Subtract the nation's economy and what is the political power left to a communist state? Such governments are founded, after all, on a kind of equation of political and economic power. Is what's left enough for tyrants accustomed to decades of unbridled power? Westerners in China have been required, of course, to try to make this intellectual distinction, if only rhetorically, out of courtesy to their communist hosts.

The Contribution of the China Experts

LEAVING ASIDE abstract discussions about systemic change, how was it that calculating American capitalists could have gotten so entranced by China as to forget how little disposable income its billion people had, or were likely to have for a very long time? Americans told themselves that they were penetrating the ways of the Orient. Americans assumed, for instance, that those who first got a foot in China's door would be rewarded as old friends with lucrative contracts. They misconstrued the concept, elaborated by the China experts, of *guanxi*, or "personal connections," according to which the Chinese were presumed to scratch your back if you scratched theirs. Far from favoring old friends, the Chinese proved to be as likely as the next guy to collar the lowest bidder as soon as he got into town, sometimes reneging on done deals to do so. Americans were shocked to discover that despite their "high-level Chinese contacts" and major capital investments, the Chinese rushed as fast to buy lower-priced Japanese imports as Americans do. Even faster. *Guanxi* applies to personal relationships, perhaps, but not to hard, cold business.

America's misunderstandings about China were also deeply aggravated by the fact that many of our China experts sometimes acted more like public-relations mouthpieces for China than unjaundiced observers. There is a large literature of Western scholarship today that now looks like little more than an apologia for Maoism and its many crimes. The 1959–1961 famine, which extinguished some 25 million lives in the name of the Great Leap Forward, was for decades roundly denied by some American China experts, who, taking their cue from Orwellian Chinese-government propaganda, argued that hunger had been stamped out in China.

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One could have anticipated that experts who had dedicated their careers to China might exhibit some overzealousness about promoting U.S.-China relations. But the problem in the academy went beyond a mere pro-China bias, or even a blind academic commitment to pet interpretive constructs like the "new China," arising from a kind of ineluctable continuity theory of Chinese history —that there was something intrinsically Chinese, and on balance positive for China, about Maoism. That notion was dominant in academe for so many years that few China scholars could be found with the courage to criticize China directly or seriously to question the pace of investment. No, there was something else involved: intimidation, the most celebrated instance of which involved a young Stanford Ph.D. candidate, Steven Mosher, now the director of Asian studies at the Claremont Institute, who had the temerity to conduct research on forced abortion and female infanticide in China. Many say that Stanford University, which denied Mosher his degree, cravenly capitulated to baseless charges and Chinese-government threats. Many academics now admit that they engaged in tactical understatement about human-rights abuses in China, because they knew from the example of those unlucky few who had had their careers torpedoed that China would shut them out, and possibly harass, imprison, torture, or even execute their Chinese friends. The China experts took these things very seriously indeed, which is why they didn't talk about them much. With such implicit threats the Chinese have therefore been able to impose an extraordinary level of self-censorship among people who actually know better, and thus to generate a pervasive aura of complacency among those more casual observers, in the media, who don't.

America's misunderstandings about China were also deeply aggravated by the fact that many of our China experts sometimes acted more like public-relations mouthpieces for China than unjaundiced observers.

As has also been true of Soviet scholars in years past, many China experts gained their "expertise" during the years of isolation, and hence arrived at their professional world views in a relative information vacuum that proved highly conducive to flights of fancy. The rigid conformism that holds sway in academic departments (by which those who toe academic party lines are favored with career advancement), together with American leftist rhetoric and politics of the sixties and seventies, tended to cut a wide swath for fellow travelers during this period. Much of the American sinology establishment preferred to take for granted that the grotesque testimony about the Cultural Revolution and its aftermath which was leaking out from under the Bamboo Curtain, in distressing conflict with their rosy theories of Chinese Communist progress, must just be Taiwanese propaganda, or McCarthyite anticommunist hysteria, or mere sniping from those who wanted to take the shine off the geostrategic brilliance of Nixon and Kissinger and the experts who had advised them.

A number of China experts have had a change of heart in the eighties, and issued *mea culpa*s for their past mistakes. However, one might also note that belated academic confirmation of the horrors of Mao's Cultural Revolution came about only after the new Chinese leadership implemented its policy of encouraging the Chinese themselves to criticize the period. Hard damning evidence had long been available but of course would gain currency only after the Chinese government decided this suited its purposes. The American sinology establishment, by and large, for many years played along with the regime's shifting constructions of reality. As the eminent Belgian-born scholar Simon Leys, who was one of the few to expose the truth long before that became fashionable, once remarked, "Paris taxi drivers are notoriously sophisticated in their use of invective. *'Hé, va donc, structuraliste!'* [Hey, get lost, you deconstructionist!] is one of their recent apostrophes—which makes one wonder when they will start calling their victims 'China Experts'!"

What Price *Guanxi*?

A CHINESE GOVERNMENT FOUNDED ON THE PRINciple of strangling individual initiative in subordination to Party leadership, a government that teeters on the outcome of political power plays among gerontocrats, may not, in short, be the most stable environment for long-term foreign financial security. The hard-liners' eagerness for continuing access to Western markets and capital contradicts the theory that China's dictators are in any position to plunge China into a state of pristine isolation; the conditions for such isolation, or for a second Cultural Revolution, simply no longer exist. But some American executives and politicians still like to assume that business is severable from politics, and that in the long run China's despots will see to it that we are generously rewarded for our financial support. While thumbing their noses at the *guanxi* President Bush thought he had with them, well aware of how bewitching they are to us, the Chinese continue to insist on special treatment in both business and politics, in exchange for feints and gestures like the release of Fang Lizhi and his wife. It remains to be seen how long American business, and Americans, will feel obliged to indulge them merely because they're so fascinating, and so Chinese. □

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One rather opinionated participant firmly maintains that the best single malt Scotch whisky comes from the Highlands. Another is adamant in support of the Orkney Island whiskies from the far north. For another, nothing but a softer, sweeter Lowland malt will do, while a staunch advocate of the bold, peaty flavor of Islay insists on being heard. Being Scots, each remains convinced that his opinion is correct, in perpetuity. Of course, when all is said and done, many prefer a blended Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. Because Ballantine's blends 42 of the top single malts from all over Scotland, the taste of the Finest tends to resolve disputes in a most diplomatic manner.

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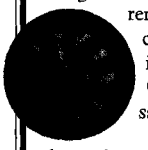

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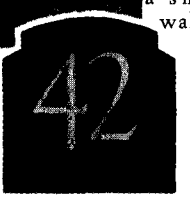
Swirl it around, feeling the heft of the glass as the golden liquid shifts from side to side. Notice the malty aroma, and a fragrance reminiscent of vanilla. It's interesting to note that 90% of your sense of taste is centered not in the tongue or mouth, but in the nose. In fact, Ballantine's blenders, the legendary men who create and preserve the Finest, test hundreds of single malts and blends on a daily basis. And they do it with their noses.

Now add a little water and hold it up to the light. It's a beautiful sight as the clear water and golden Scotch mingle together in a shimmering waltz of higher chemistry. Your anticipation builds. Lift the glass and take a sip. The first thing you may notice is a cool, slightly sweet taste. Let the smooth liquid float on your tongue for a moment before swallowing. Then a mellow whiff of peat makes its presence known, and finally, a soft brush of smoke in the finish. It's as if all the virtues of all the wonderful, diverse, eccentric Scotch whiskies landed in your glass at once.



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Circumstances that deter foreign businesses from entering Japan—particularly the prohibitive price of land—are not just coincidence

EASTERN ECONOMICS

BY EAMONN FINGLETON

MERCANTILISM IS TO MODERN ECONOMICS AS THE flat-earth theory is to astrophysics or leeching is to brain surgery. The original mercantilists, who reached their notorious zenith in Europe before the French Revolution, preached that a government should maximize the nation's hoard of money (gold in those days) by promoting exports while pulling up the drawbridge against imports. There are obvious parallels with modern Japan, but those who have occupied the high ground on U.S. trade problems—for example, Michael Boskin, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and the editors of *The Economist*—have strongly resisted any attempt to label the Japanese latter-day mercantilists. Japan's policies, they argue, can't be mercantilism because mercantilism is self-defeating. They admit, of course, that individual Japanese economic initiatives in the past have often been highly protectionist, but they reason that these were in reality piecemeal responses to special pleading from shortsighted if influential vested interests. It's a crucial distinction—a matter not only of scale and intent but also of the validity of classical economic theory. The economists believe that Japan's famously intelligent bureaucrats have acquiesced in these lapses only against their better judgment. How could it be otherwise, given that many Japanese bureaucrats were educated at Harvard and Princeton and are at least as familiar with classical economic theory as anyone in the Bush Administration? Classical theory casts protectionism as the economic equivalent of steroids—giving a specific local fillip while weakening the nation's economic fiber in the long run by misallocating scarce resources and featherbedding inefficiency.

Is Japan mercantilist? Many experts on Japan, for example Chalmers Johnson, a leading Japan scholar at the University of California, draw back from applying labels. The Japanese are extremely sensitive about them. But this writer, after sifting through Johnson's ideas and those of a number of other new theorists who see a rare intelligence in Japanese economic policies, believes that the conclusion has to be faced: mercantilism explains why Japan has for decades been enjoying the most prodigious growth in economic history.

The evidence seems incontrovertible that the bureaucrats, far from being the victims of foolish and benighted politicians, are the masterminds of increasingly indirect policies to suppress consumption and exclude imports. The bureaucrats have a hidden but thoroughly convincing motive: to boost savings. If you maximize exports while minimizing consumer imports, the difference represents savings. In other words, latter-day mercantilism has given the bureaucrats a tool to force people willy-nilly to save. And if there is one thing everyone—apologist or revisionist, Japanese or American—agrees on, it is that Japan's huge font of savings, not hard work or the samurai spirit or even a special gift for business, is the main engine of Japanese success.

To the Administration and to the American economic establishment, Japan's acute land and retailing shortages result from a natural shortage of land compounded by almost comically dysfunctional political forces, notably pressures from the powerful Japanese farm lobby and from mom-and-pop retailers. In contrast, a group of new theorists argue that farmers, moms, and pops are irrelevant, and that in fact some of the restrictive regulation that supposedly protects these groups actually works against them. The real mainspring of these policies is the Japanese bureaucrats, who have deliberately engineered the country's retailing and housing constrictions as a surefire way to suppress consumption and imports, and enforce savings. The new theorists, economic analysts who have all lived several years in Japan, are convinced that the Administration's recent Structural Impediments Initiative (SII) deal misses most of the real points because of a failure to understand this cause-and-effect relationship in Japanese economic policy.

Who are these bureaucrats? They probably total no more than forty or fifty key administrators, most of whom serve in the Ministry of Finance, Japan's kingpin agency; the Ministry of International Trade and Industry; the National Land Agency; or the Economic Planning Agency (the last two agencies are usually highly responsive to the Ministry of Finance and MITI). The bureaucrats are not politically appointed; politicians give them an almost free hand in directing economic policy.

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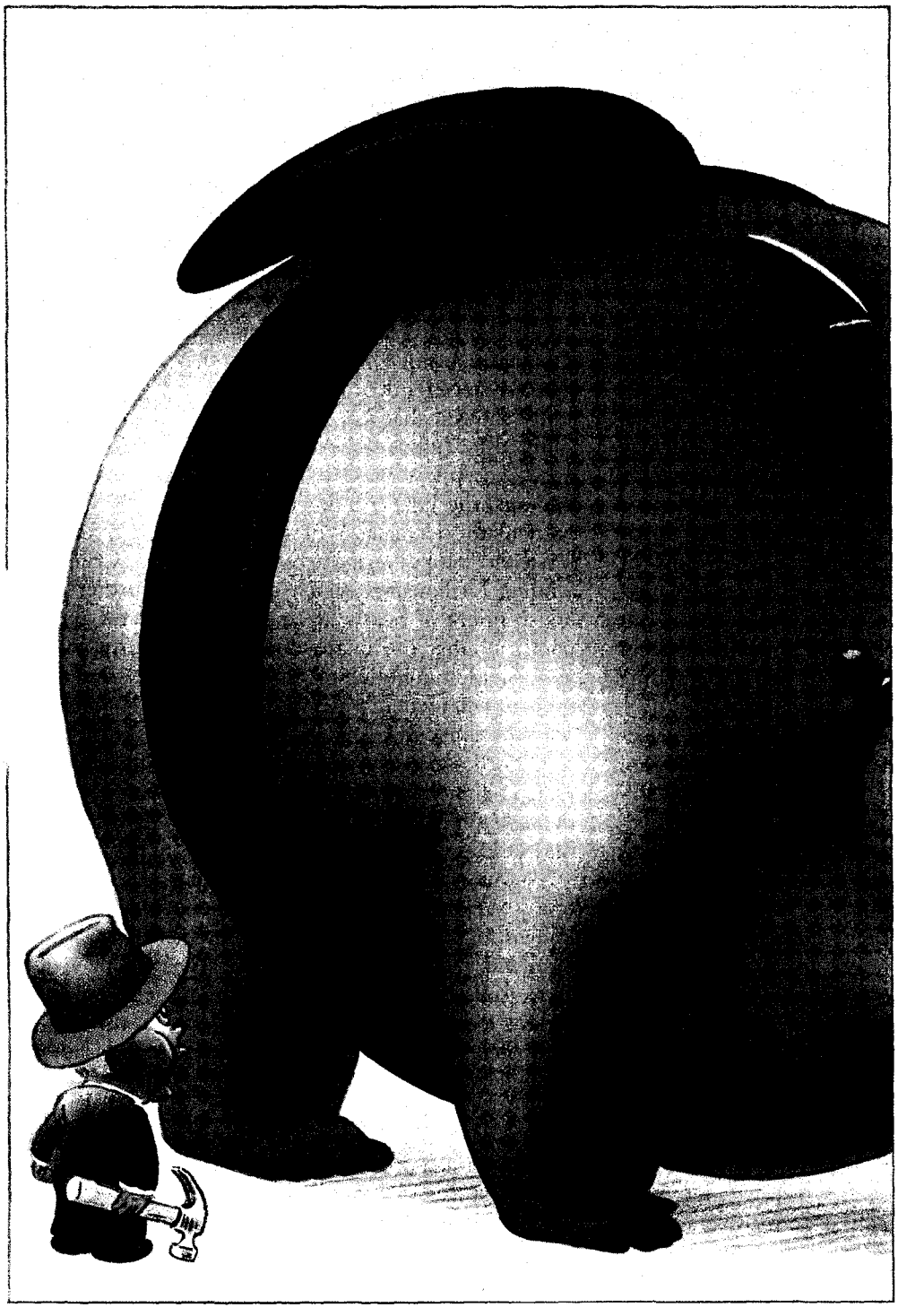

The Hidden Reason for Stratospheric Land Prices

JAPAN'S LAND PRICES HAVE LONG BEEN VIEWED AS its greatest policy failure. In fact they represent a conscious and even a brilliant strategy. Offi-lly this strategy doesn't exist, of course: in explaining ;h land prices to foreigners and to the Japanese public, : bureaucrats blame political pressures beyond their :trol. But it has been clear to American policy-makers for some time that Japan's tiny and extremely expensive homes function powerfully to boost the country's savings and reduce consumption. In effect, Japanese citizens have to save whether they like it or not: the deposits on homes and the huge sums they pay for housing go directly or indirectly to finance industrial investments. High real-estate prices and zoning restrictions also act to protect existing distribution channels with their own real estate against challenges from newcomers. Japanese distribution cartels tend to make it extremely difficult for foreign exporters to sell in Japan without entering into agreements with established Japanese distribution companies. These relationships inhibit the workings of the market and blunt the price advantage that many American goods would otherwise enjoy. The capital requirements for foreign companies to set up independent distribution are now astronomical, especially for land. But it took some time for land prices to reach their present heights. While the bureaucrats were waiting for their land-price policies to bear fruit, they safeguarded Japanese retailing from unwelcome foreign intruders by enforcing tight controls on the opening of new stores. This regulation, under the Large-scale Retail Store law, began in relatively mild form in 1973 but was tightened by bureaucratic fiat in 1980.

The blame for Japan's high land prices has generally been put on the farmers who enjoy special tax privileges in cultivating urban farmland. Thus, the argument goes, because they are such a powerful lobby, nothing can be done to stimulate the supply of land for development. Like those U.S. bureaucrats who lament Washington's

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inability to balance the budget, Japanese bureaucrats have appeared to go along with an undesirable policy merely because it was a political imperative. But the farm-tax policy turns out to be only one small element in the gigantic, if largely hidden, regulatory apparatus that has sent land prices into orbit. Several of the other policies can be shown to serve no significant purpose other than to constrict the real-estate market. For example, the government has for years withstood pressure to sell the Shiodome railyard, a huge tract of vacant government-owned land in central Tokyo that is reckoned to be worth $45 billion—more than fifty times what Mitsubishi Estate paid for control of Rockefeller Center last year.

If the bureaucrats want cramped housing, they have certainly succeeded. Figures for 1986 from the Tokyo metropolitan government indicate that the average new privately rented apartment in the city measures only 38.9 square meters—about the size of a large bedroom in a middle-class American's home. And typically that space is shared by four people. The idea that any government would shoehorn its people into such tiny spaces is so far from our idea of democracy that it is hard to credit. But what does one make of Japan's zoning policies and other regulations, which have resulted in an average building height in the vast Tokyo region of just 1.7 floors?

Probably the clearest evidence that high land prices are a conscious objective is in the way the government regulates mortgages. Since the early 1970s the Ministry of Finance has pursued a policy of amazing permissiveness. Japanese office workers take on mortgage debt of as much as ten times their annual income, and sometimes the mortgage agreement specifies that the debt will run for three generations. In contrast, banks in the United States and Europe rarely lend more than three times a borrower's income, and they would run into severe regulatory flak if they were half as permissive as Japanese lenders. With home buyers competing desperately for space and free to take on almost limitless amounts of debt, they naturally bid up house prices to sensational levels. As one Tokyo cynic points out, easy money has been about as benign as the metal spurs that cockfighting enthusiasts fit on their birds' legs.

The real mainspring of these policies is the Japanese bureaucrats, who have deliberately engineered the country's retailing and housing constrictions as a surefire way to suppress consumption and imports, and enforce savings.

Just how powerful the effects of the mortgage policy have been was highlighted some years ago by the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development. It found that Japanese people's mortgage debts increased a stunning fifteenfold from 1970 to 1984—a period when incomes rose a mere fourfold. By 1985 average home prices in major urban areas had soared to ten times average annual disposable incomes.

The OECD identified zoning and tax regulations as major artificial supply constraints and pointed out that the housing policies had huge effects in increasing savings and suppressing consumption, particularly of consumer durables. The OECD's work was confirmed by the Industrial Bank of Japan, which in an unnoticed 1985 study showed that as early as the 1970s land prices accounted for fully a third of the difference between Japanese and American savings patterns. In view of these findings, the Japanese financial system's behavior seems particularly perverse. Within months of the report's release the banks began a record-breaking expansion of lending for housing, which detonated a further rise i house prices of nearly 100 percent. The new theoris point out that the increase coincided exactly with yen's sudden doubling on currency markets, and cle muffled what would otherwise have been a boom in i ports of consumer goods. The boom has made peop rich—or has it? Most homeowners actually don't fee rich. Higher real-estate values mean higher taxes, particularly the dreaded inheritance tax, which is so high that an heir might have to sell the land to pay it.

The new theorists point to tax policy as a contributor to crazy land prices. Although American analysts have known for some time about the low tax rates on urban farmland, more-powerful tax supports have only recently come to their attention. Probably the most significant is a bizarre loophole in the inheritance-tax laws which enables rich families to avoid tax completely if they buy enough land. The technique is made possible by the artificially low land valuations used in making tax assessments. At the same time, Japan sets its inheritance taxes at rates that look confiscatory to Americans. As the Tokyo economist Russell Jones, of the securities firm UBS Phillips & Drew, points out, with land holdings valued at as little as 43 percent of market price and liabilities counted in full as deductions, the tax advantages of adding to one's land holdings with borrowed money are huge. (In contrast, cash and securities are valued at 100 percent for inheritance-tax purposes.) Use of this technique soared in the 1980s. After the doubling of house prices from 1985 to 1987, the government imposed punishing taxes of up to 96 percent on real-estate capital gains and introduced a price-control system—moves that worsened the problem by virtually forcing speculators to withhold their land from the market. Jones points to a nuance of the capital-gains tax that seems to have helped detonate the price explosion—a special capital-gains-tax exemption,

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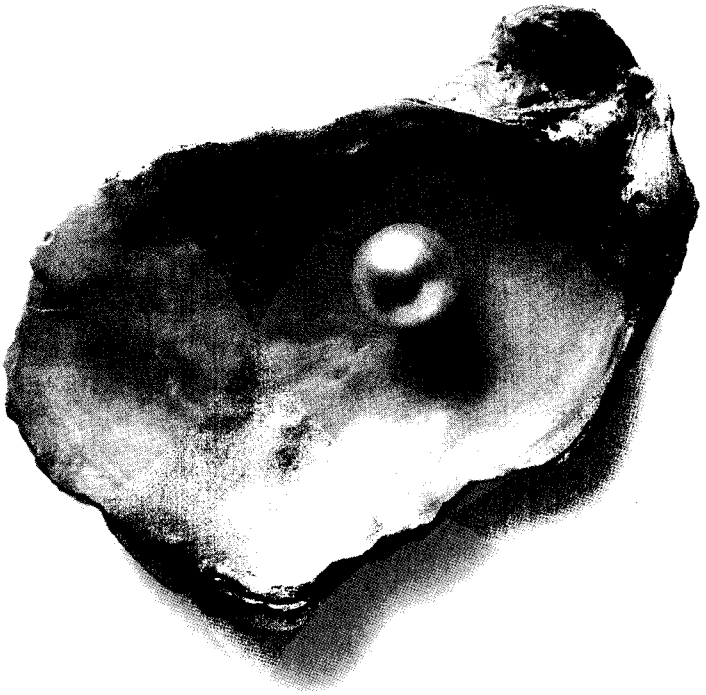

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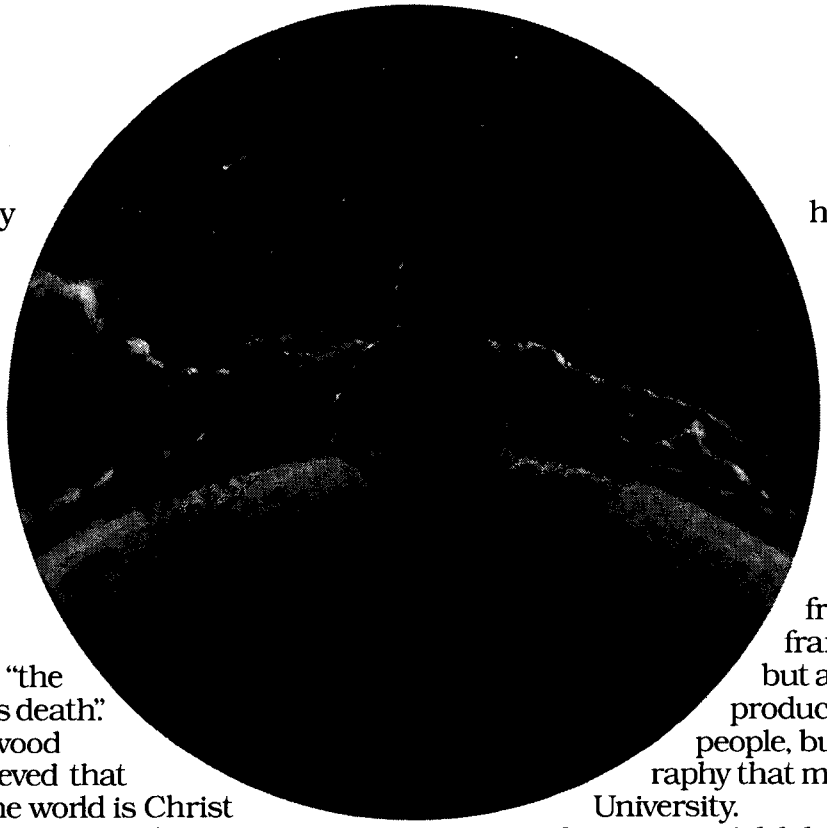
WHAT IS THE NATURE OF EXISTENCE? IS MAN INHERENTLY GOOD? SHOULD I APPLY TO ADELPHI?



There they are: three questions that have had man rubbing his jaw since the dawn of time. Here, at long last, are the answers.

What is the nature of existence?

Sigmund Freud felt that "the goal of all life is death." Novelist Sherwood Anderson believed that "everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified."

John Russel, dean of admissions at Adelphi University, takes a slightly more optimistic view: "One's goal should be to lead, succeed, and prosper. All of which are possible with a degree from Adelphi."

Is man inherently good?

According to Machiavelli, "No." According to Nietzsche, "Absolutely not." According to John Russel, "Yes, man is good. An educated man, though, is better."

Last, perhaps the most difficult question of all: should I apply to Adelphi?

Freud, Anderson, Machiavelli, and Nietzsche had no thoughts on the matter. John Russel, the 315 members of the Adelphi faculty, the 3,500 members of the full-time undergraduate student body, and all the thousands and thousands of alumni, however, do.

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Call for our free video: a candid, frank, unexpurgated but also achingly well-produced glimpse at the people, buildings and geography that make up Adelphi University.

Or two: visit Adelphi yourself. Sit in on a few classes. Chat up some professors and students. Poke your head in a dorm. Have a sandwich at the snackbar.

If you like what you see (a truly beautiful campus in suburban Long Island, just 40 minutes from New York City), if you agree with what you hear (people from all over the world immersing themselves in pursuits and interests not because they're practical or career enhancing but because they're interesting), and if you can digest what you eat, we hope you'll be moved to do a third thing: apply.

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introduced in 1984. The exemption, abolished last year, allowed beneficiaries of real-estate gains to postpone their tax liability indefinitely if they "rolled over" their money into purchases of more land.

Another, even subtler, tax support, and a highly significant one, is the way that inheritance tax applies on inherited urban farmland. Heirs to urban farmland enjoy exemption from the tax, but only if they keep the land in agricultural use for twenty years after inheritance. For the new theorists this is the smoking gun. The Ministry of Finance can hardly blame the farm lobby for the twenty-year cooling-off period before tax-free sales are possible. Clearly this is highly efficient in dissuading farm heirs from selling their land at the time of inheritance and cashing in on its value. The most interesting clue to the bureaucrats' attitude to the bubble is that a special bureaucratic committee to coordinate government policy on land has done nothing. It did not meet even once between 1973 and 1989.

Drop Before You Shop

JAPAN'S RETAILING-SPACE SHORTAGE IS CLOSELY related to the land problem. Foreign observers argue that an increase in shop space would encourage a consumer boom in Japan, helping sales of foreign goods that are now shut out of the Japanese market for lack of space on retailers' shelves. There would be other trade-easing consequences as well. The effects of lowering Japanese consumer prices would pervade the entire Japanese economy, encouraging more market pricing and forcing many Japanese manufacturers to buy parts and raw materials abroad rather than pay high cartel-set prices for the Japanese equivalents.

One indicator of how intensively Japanese retailers use their space is an analysis by Toys R Us, which aims to be the first large U.S. retailer to get past the retailing bottleneck. Toys R Us expects to take half the toy business in the city of Niigata with just one store, and its sales target per square foot is only half what the existing small toy retailers in the area report. Figures for those stores are probably understated, inasmuch as underreporting of income in Japanese small businesses is pandemic. Victoria Melendez, an analyst at Jardine Fleming Securities in Tokyo, says that department-store space is used at least four times as intensively in Japan as it is in the United States.

Those who subscribe to the mercantilism theory point out that the Japanese retail sector functions as a powerful suppressant of consumption. In other countries shopping till you drop may be a pleasant way to while away a lazy afternoon. In Japan, given the inadequacy of the road-and-rail infrastructure, you'll probably be ready to drop before you reach the stores. You'll need your remaining energy to fight your way into the supermarket and stand in line outside the dry cleaner's.

As well as being a physical bottleneck, retailing further forces up the cost of living, because Japan's retail rents are extremely high. Establishing a foothold is prohibitively expensive for most would-be retailers. Suppose someone wants to open a 700-square-foot computer store in a good location in, say, the Tokyo suburb of Yokohama. He will probably have to put down more than $100,000 in cash and pay a monthly rent of nearly $4,000.

Who is benefiting from the high rents and real-estate-development profits? According to Mark Brown, of the brokerage firm Barclays de Zoete Wedd, most of the big developments are owned by established companies that typically are closely allied with the famous industrial groupings—*keiretsus*—such as Mitsubishi and Mitsui. The newer export giants of Japan, such as Matsushita and Sony, also have large real-estate-development interests. In many cases Japan's huge banks and insurance companies are major stockholders in these real-estate companies. It is a fair inference that many of the most attractive development opportunities are reserved for companies favored under Japan's industrial policy. Certainly foreign participation in major Japanese real-estate projects has been virtually unknown in recent decades. For the new theorists the logic is obvious: consumers' purchasing power is being vacuumed up into exorbitant real-estate profits, and the proceeds go, directly or by way of the giant financial institutions, to provide subsidized capital-investment funds for the manufacturing industry. That in turn explains why in virtually every industry that MITI "targets," Japan has the most modern, efficient equipment in the world.

The impression that protectionist barriers are gone is a function of the fact that Japanese protectionist techniques, like the U.S. tax-avoidance industry's strategies, are always running ahead of the curve.

The Hidden Barriers American Businesses Encounter

JAPAN'S LAND AND RETAILING POLICIES MIGHT not in themselves necessarily have a strong mercantilist effect except that they are reinforced by a myriad of more specific restraints on import penetration. Many American economists seem convinced, however, that Japanese nontariff barriers are largely a thing of the past, and so it is worth taking a close look at state-of-

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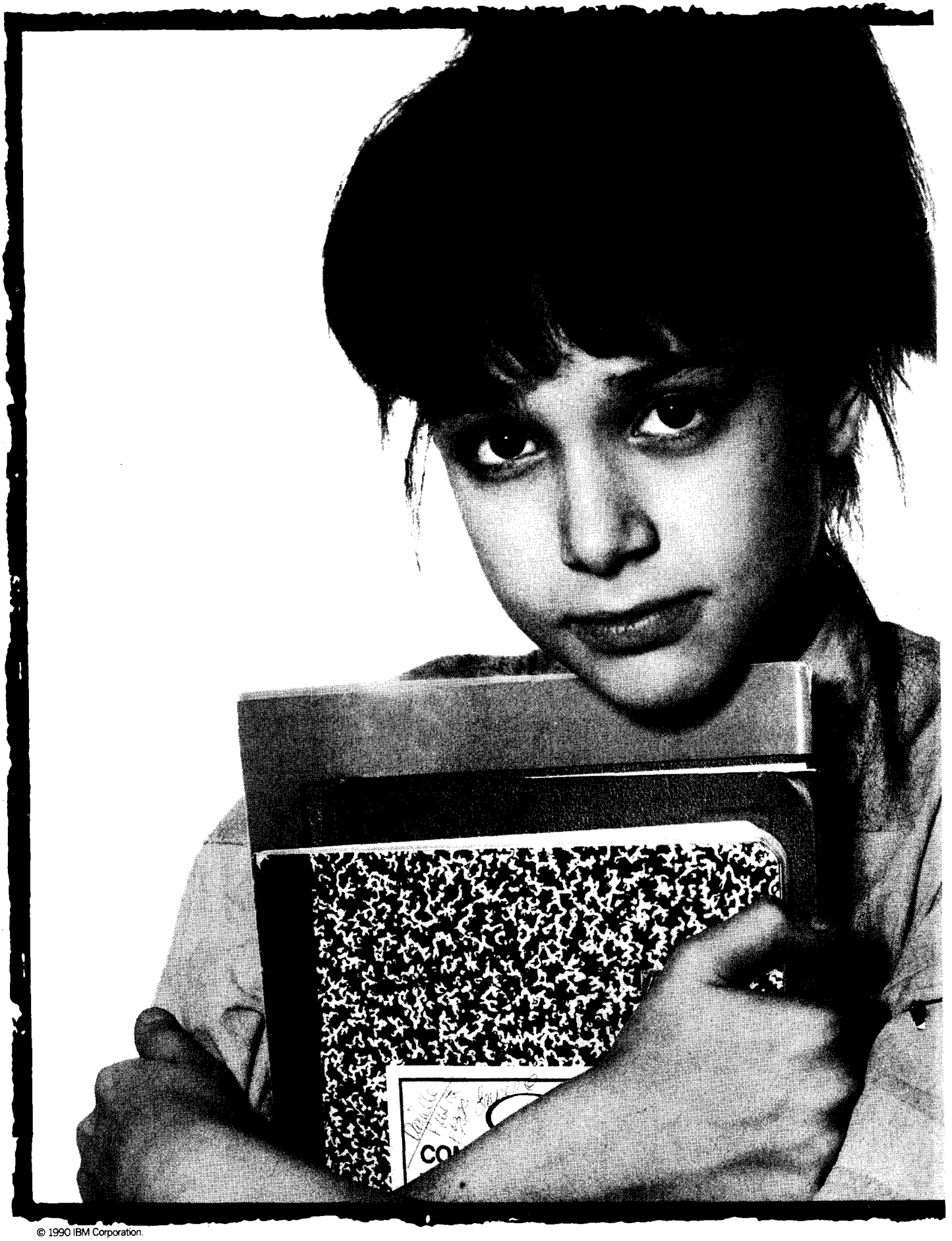

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"Grown-ups tell us, 'Just say no.' That's easy for them to say."

"Maybe they forgot what it's like.

"At parties, at school, kids are saying to try this or do that, and they're my friends. I mean how many times can I hear I'm a loser.

"Sure I'm scared of drugs. It's just there's so much pressure. You want to say no. But you can take a lot of heat for it."

Simple yes-no decisions aren't so simple when they involve kids and drugs.

That's why IBM has helped develop a computer-based, interactive video program that's now in schools. It simulates realistic social situations, and allows kids to make choices—about drugs, about alcohol, about themselves—and to experience the consequences, but without getting hurt.

The program is sponsored by the National Federation of State High School Associations, and preliminary results have been extremely encouraging. To learn more about this program, write to us at IBM, P.O. Box 3974, Dept. 973, Peoria, IL 61614.

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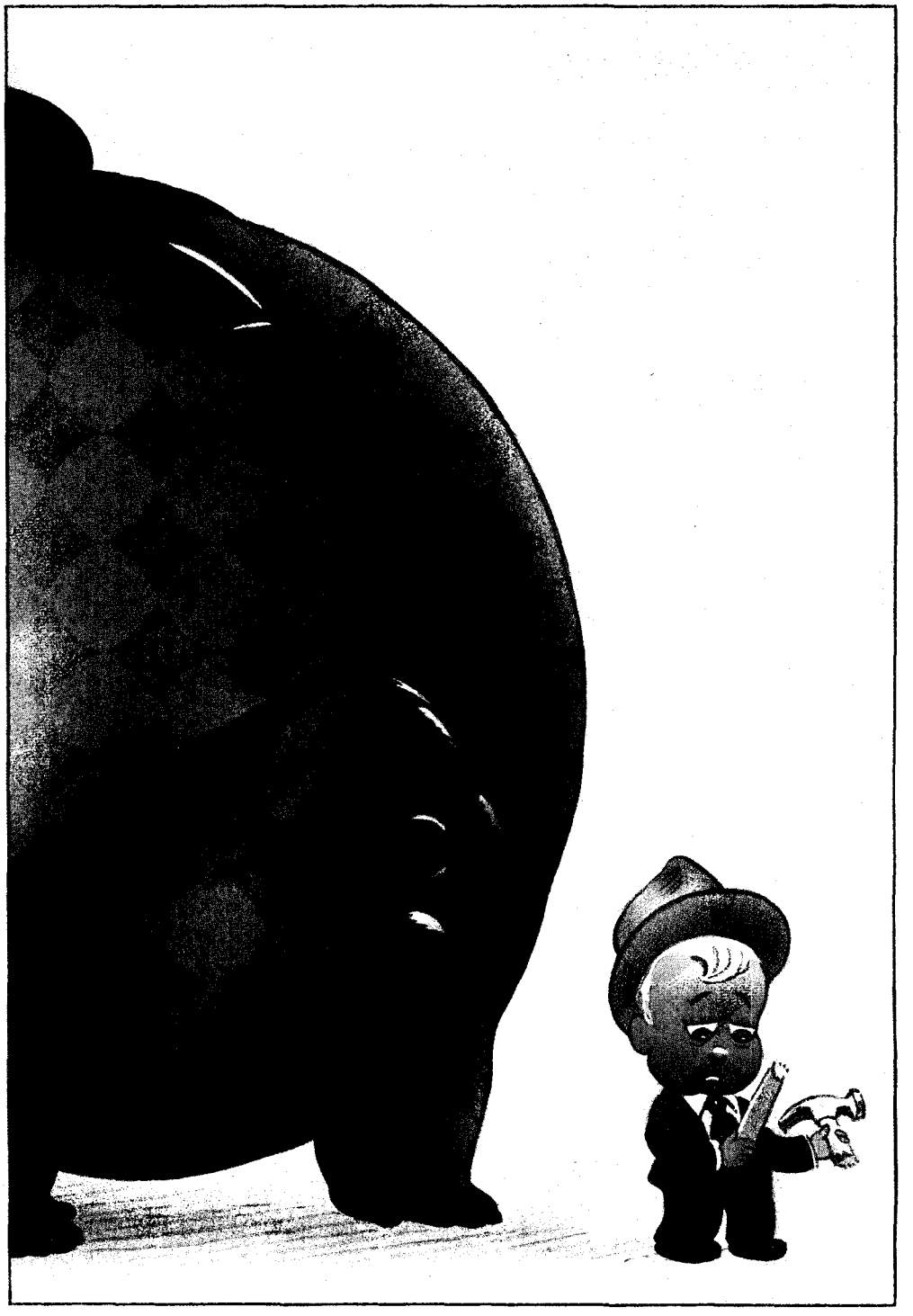
the-art protectionism. The impression that protectionist barriers are gone is a function of the fact that Japanese protectionist techniques, like the U.S. tax-avoidance industry's strategies, are always running ahead of the curve.

Speaking privately, American executives in Tokyo recite an endless list of complaints. These go underrepresented in public discussions, however, because it is well known in the Tokyo expatriate community that to take one's complaints to the court of public opinion is not the Japanese way and, in fact, is highly corrosive to relations with Japan's near-omnipotent bureaucrats.

U.S. mail-order companies cannot get established in Japan, because postage rates for bulk mailings are kept artificially high. A typical direct-mail campaign in Japan costs about four times what it would in the United States, a threshold so high that mail order is usually an unrealistic option for foreign manufacturers. It is, of course, also a barrier to new Japanese manufacturers' breaking in to the market—further confirmation of the government's desire to protect big cartels at the expense of consumers.



William Best, the managing director of the Tokyo office of the Chicago-based A. T. Kearney consulting firm, speaks for many U.S. businessmen in Tokyo when he identifies Japan's famously opaque regulatory mechanisms as an increasingly important nontariff barrier. "Foreign companies never know for sure what they are allowed to do here," he says. "That adds to their costs, not only because they have to do elaborate consultation with bureaucracies before launching their products but also because they often have to recall products after a launch."

He cites the case of a U.S. company that checked with twenty-six different Japanese agencies on the labeling of a new product before launching it. "Nobody saw anything wrong," he recalls. "The company went ahead with the launch. Six months later a Japanese Health and Welfare Ministry official was on their doorstep complaining about an error in labeling."

It turned out that the name listed in Japanese phonetic characters on the packet was that of the parent company in the United States. The ministry insisted that the label

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should have used the name of the local subsidiary—which was identical except for the addition of the word "International" at the end. "The ministry came down on them and they had to recall all supplies of the product," Best says.

As Best points out, selective enforcement of regulations is also becoming a major issue. Sometimes regulations are enforced strictly in Japan, and sometimes the authorities turn a blind eye. Foreign firms seem particularly vulnerable when enforcement suddenly switches from lax to tight. A classic example is the Japanese government's enforcement of antitrust rules. After American trade negotiators began complaining of lax antitrust enforcement last year, the Japan Fair Trade Commission made what seems to have been a deliberate effort to target foreign firms. Subsidiaries of Mars, the candy company, and of Apple Computer have already been noisily accused of practices that are common in many parts of the Japanese marketplace.

Foreign executives in Tokyo also complain that Japan's National Tax Administration Agency has recently been conducting a campaign of harassment concerning the taxes they pay on their compensation. The pattern is similar to the antitrust situation—vague, unwritten regulation and a sudden tightening of enforcement which seems to be aimed at foreigners. Specifically, tax-avoidance techniques previously ruled acceptable by Japanese accountants have suddenly been retrospectively reinterpreted. Since Americans need about three times their American pay to be comfortable in Japan, some of the assessments have been huge. One top foreign businessman in Tokyo reports that tax officials have actually admitted that their raids are in retaliation for trade pressure from the United States.

Probably the clearest case of mercantilism at work is in sales of foreign cars. The auto industry may well be Japan's single strongest industry, and Japanese officials have been claiming for years that their market is completely open. Yet they have simultaneously perpetrated a series of increasingly indirect protectionist measures. For years insurance rates for foreign cars were artificially high; only in 1988 did the Ministry of Finance act to reduce them. At present the tax system's endless possibilities for selective enforcement bolster the protectionist effort. Japanese citizens have long known that if they buy an expensive foreign car they risk undergoing a tax audit within a month or so. This is a powerful threat in a country where virtually everyone seems to have a savings account that is in technical breach of tax rules. The tax authorities have made clear that they generally turn a blind eye to such accounts—except when they don't. Marketers of foreign cars report that the tax authorities seem to have eased up in the past few years—but the fears of many car buyers have not. A major nontariff barrier that will probably never be removed is the power of the Japanese car makers to insist on exclusive dealerships. In contrast to the American system, in which a GM dealer is free to sell for Toyota as well, it is virtually unthinkable in Japan for a car dealer to represent more than one supplier.

More and more it appears that major nontariff barriers are imposed not by the government but by Japanese retailers and other private-sector organizations ostensibly acting in a way that is independent of government. One particularly important case is a recent move to introduce date-stamping for groceries. The campaign was started by Ito-Yokado, one of the country's biggest retailers, and was joined by several other major companies. As part of the scheme, the retailers are proposing to scrap all products unsold by a certain date after production. The problem for foreign suppliers is that these periods are unreasonably short—often a fraction of the product's standard shelf life. It can take sixty days for American products to reach Japan. In some cases American manufacturers are being forced to consider air-freighting their products to Japan or changing whole production systems.

Foreign executives in Tokyo suspect that this apparently irrational policy was inspired by MITI as a way to protect Japanese producers against increasingly competitive foreign sources of supply. Japanese retailers, of course, deny the charge. What is undeniable, however, is that the bureaucrats' powers of suasion over the big retailers are enormous. This is because the bureaucrats control the approval process for new stores. As Mike Allen, of Barclays de Zoete Wedd, points out, given the critical shortage of retailing space, permits to open a store are very valuable. Despite an impression among U.S. policy-makers that chain stores have been blocked from expanding, it is well known in Japan that a few major chain stores have been highly successful in winning expansion permits while middle-rank chains have been largely shut out. In view of Japan's famous quid-pro-quo culture, one can reasonably infer that MITI favors those retail chains that cooperate most faithfully with overall national industrial policy on imports.

Made in Japan (Even If the Brand Is American)

ONE WAY TO TEST A THEORY IS TO TAKE IT AS A hypothesis and try to predict useful conclusions. If Japan's policy really is mercantilism, it's a safe bet that bureaucratic policy will be more concerned with where goods come from than with what brand name they carry. Sure enough, this is what we see in the Japanese marketplace. Foreign brand names like Ritz Crackers, Band-Aids, and Tupperware are everywhere, and serve to impress visiting American economists and trade officials with the openness of the market. Yet most foreign-label goods are partly or wholly made in Japan.

The experience of IBM, the biggest and most success-

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Sometimes regulations are enforced strictly in Japan, and sometimes the authorities turn a blind eye. Foreign firms seem particularly vulnerable when enforcement suddenly switches from lax to tight.

ful U.S. company in Japan, is a case in point. It is often cited by free-trade lobbyists and management-consulting firms as evidence that if U.S. companies "make an effort" they can succeed in Japan. But the reality is that most of the products IBM sells in Japan are made there, right up to the company's top-of-the-line 3090 system. Since the cost of shipping computers is negligible in relation to their value, the question arises why IBM has chosen to duplicate many U.S. production functions in Japan.

When this case is interpreted in a mercantilist light, the conclusion is obvious: IBM's managers realized that being made in Japan makes their product easier to sell there. Work by the McKinsey consulting firm and by the author Robert C. Christopher has shown that the strategy of cracking the Japanese market by building factories there has been adopted by countless leading U.S. companies, such as Texas Instruments, Motorola, and Johnson & Johnson. This is said to prove that Japan isn't closed to foreign companies. Perhaps. But it hardly proves that Japan is open to foreign products.

As U.S. executives point out, Japan wasn't always open to direct investment by foreign companies. In the early days of the economic miracle MITI was clearly concerned that without tight restrictions on investment by America's then overwhelmingly powerful corporations, it would lose control of Japan's manufacturing base. Those restrictions were largely dismantled by the early 1970s, when it became obvious that in many fields Japan had little to fear from foreign direct investment. For IBM, for instance, the turnabout has been startling. At first it was allowed to build factories in Japan only as a quid pro quo for licensing important technology to Japanese competitors. But for at least a decade Japanese officials have encouraged direct investment by IBM and other high-technology companies.

Confronted by IBM's continuing, if narrowing, technological lead, the bureaucrats have had three choices: import IBM goods ready-made from the United States, encourage IBM to make major direct investments in Japan, or keep IBM out and allow it only to license its technology to Japanese computer companies. Given a trade policy that counts every cent that goes abroad, it is clearly a smart choice today to let IBM manufacture goods in Japan. Thanks at least in part to mercantilism, 23,000 jobs in the IBM empire are held by Japanese, not Americans. In contrast, Chalmers Johnson argues, U.S. industrial policy offers young Americans "a choice between being a fry cook at McDonald's and selling crack."

Even where Americans succeed in selling American-made goods in Japan, there may be an unobtrusive mercantilist hand at work. As the Tokyo-based economic analyst Kenneth Courtis points out, nine big Japanese trading companies handle 77 percent of all Japan's imports. In many cases they have advised foreign manufacturers to price high in Japan. MITI surveys show that foreign companies' Japanese subsidiaries achieve extraordinarily high profit margins. But when prices are at two or three times the home-market level, an American manufacturer has to content itself with a small fraction of the Japanese sales it might otherwise aspire to. In Wall Street's eyes, all that matters is profits. So long as the company is making huge profit margins in Japan, the fact that its sales are curtailed is no big deal. From the point of view of Japanese bureaucrats intently watching all foreign remittances, the low-sales strategy is resoundingly effective. The only real loser is the American public interest: the volume business that America might otherwise be doing in Japan represents so many good jobs lost to the United States. And production in foreign countries weakens the ability of U.S. industry to make the leap when the next generation of technology comes along.

Convenient Concessions

INFORMED AMERICANS COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR thinking that the U.S. government is now tackling Japanese mercantilism purposefully. After all, America's SII negotiators specifically targeted land and retailing. Clyde Prestowitz, the author of *Trading Places* and the president of the Economic Strategy Institute, a Washington think tank, believes, however, that the SII agreement's promises are largely meaningless. "I can't see land prices falling," he says. "So much of the structure of the Japanese economy depends on high land prices that it is hard to see the Japanese government doing anything, and certainly there is no necessity for them to reduce land prices on the basis of this document."

As the new theorists point out, the biggest support for house prices—virtually unlimited mortgages financed for borrowers earning modest incomes—was not even mentioned in the agreement. The Japanese side has not committed itself to any particular target for net additions to the nation's stock of housing and retailing space, let alone any specific goal for cuts in the price of real estate. In the view of many, the American side was barking up the wrong tree in directing much of its negotiating leverage toward streamlining the approval procedures for major new stores. MITI figures show that large stores already

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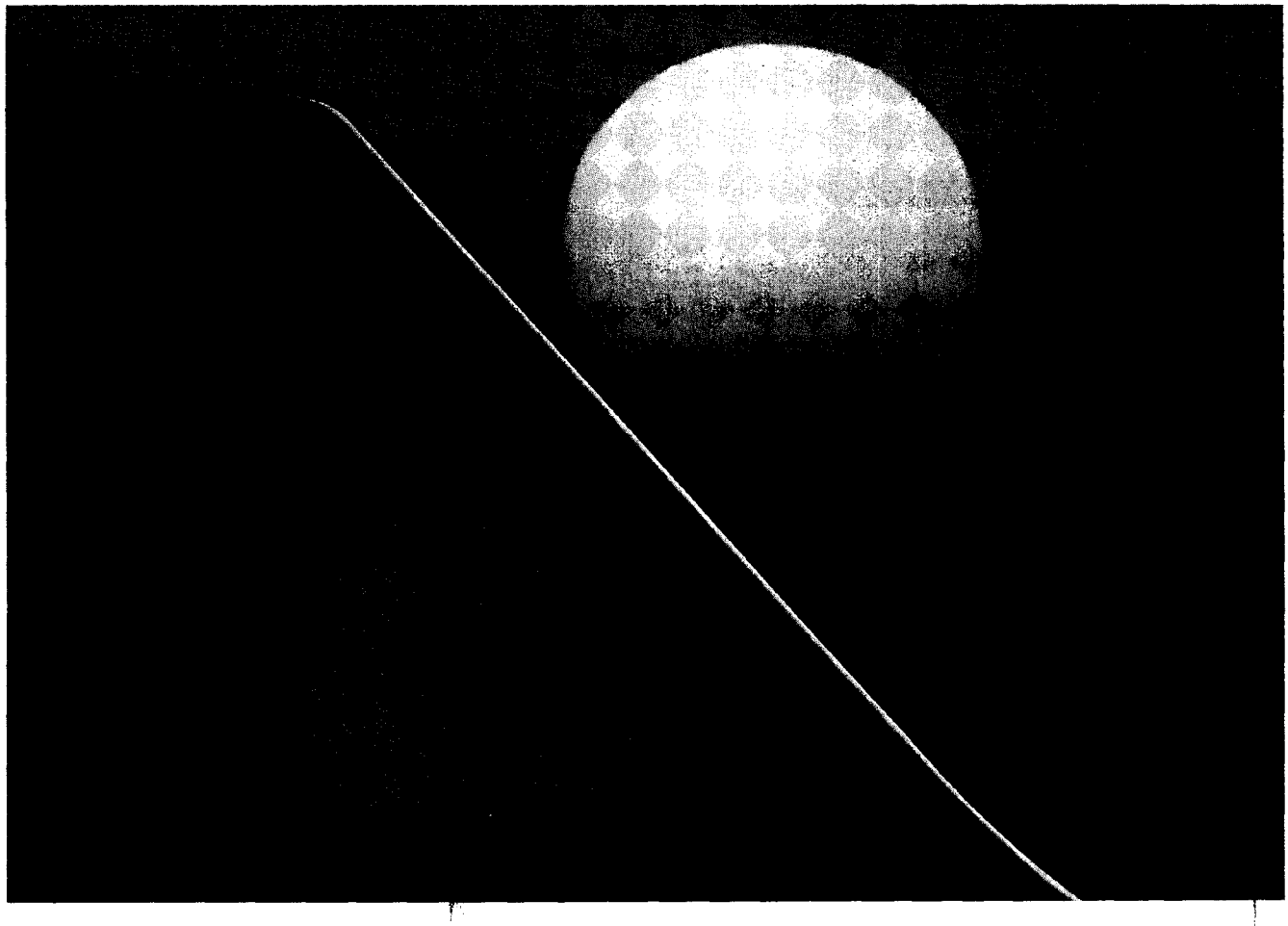
Let Lufthansa take you to the place where the climate keeps getting warmer. Eastern Europe.



Remember the Iron Curtain? Not so long ago, Eastern Europe seemed remote and uninviting to travellers from the West.

Today, of course, the climate has improved dramatically. And while many western airlines are just now beginning to open up routes to the East, to Lufthansa, Eastern Europe is already familiar ground.

In fact, no other airline flies to more countries in Eastern Europe than Lufthansa. You will even find Lufthansa offices throughout Eastern Europe, staffed by people who have the experience to help you with local travel arrangements, hotels, rental cars and more.

As western travellers rediscover Eastern Europe, no wonder so many take the airline that never left.

People expect the world of us.

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enjoy as big a share of retail sales as they do in other countries. And given the way Japanese real estate works, more approvals for large stores will probably mean fewer approvals for other categories of retailing. The real problem is the overall critical shortage of retail space resulting from Japan's real-estate constrictions. Kenneth Courtis calculates that it might well cost a major foreign auto maker determined to crack the Japanese domestic market as much as $5 billion for land acquisition alone to start a realistic distribution network that he owns and controls. With other start-up expenses, the immediate commitment would probably total around $8 billion. "Understandably, not many American boards, looking at a figure like that, are willing to take the chance," Courtis says.

America's negotiators claim to have won major concessions on land, but in reality the biggest concession was merely a promise to phase out the exemption that allows urban "farmers" to hold vacant land virtually untaxed. Even this reform makes little difference, because tax rules still make land a very attractive way to hold and pass on wealth. The Ministry of Finance seems to have no plans to cut Japan's huge capital-gains taxes on land sales. Furthermore, although the SII agreement referred to zoning as a stumbling block, the Japanese negotiators made no firm commitments on the extent to which they will relax zoning restrictions.

As for other Japanese concessions, most are almost laughably beside the point. MITI is introducing a new tax-incentive plan for companies that increase their imports of certain types of goods. In the context of the overall trade surplus, the effect of these tax concessions will be insignificant, and of course they are largely meaningless as long as structural impediments to consumption remain so formidable. The real significance of these tax incentives is that they will undoubtedly be awarded on a case-by-case basis, thus giving the bureaucrats yet another weapon in their never-ending battle to keep big business firmly under their thumb.

Even if the United States had gotten more from SII, there would still be one problem that no market-opening program can address: the little-recognized reality that even assuming that every country plays by the classical rules, the academic case for free trade has sprung a major leak in modern conditions. As the Tokyo economist Gregory Clark points out, the free-trade argument as enunciated by the nineteenth-century English economist David Ricardo assumes that as production increases beyond a certain point, unit costs of production rise. That was obvious when Ricardo was writing—steel mills, for instance, had to draw their bulky materials from ever further afield as production grew. But in virtually every digital-era industry the production-cost graph just keeps falling as production rises. That spells enormous instability in the future—particularly as Japan is now the leader, or is gaining fast, in virtually every high-tech industry.

Different Standards

DOES ALL THIS SUGGEST THAT JAPAN'S BUREAUcrats have been guilty of bad faith? Hardly. Japanese bureaucrats don't write the free-market op-ed-page articles in the American press. MITI has better things to do than to issue a denial every time Milton Friedman says industrial policy hasn't helped Japan succeed. The bureaucratic elite has been helped enormously by Japanese journalists and academics, who tend to regard themselves as cheerleaders for the economic system, rather than critics or challengers. The bureaucrats have been enormously successful at co-opting interest groups in favor of key policies. It is probably no coincidence, for instance, that the real-estate boom has been a bonanza for media companies. Major disbursements of government-owned land near the Imperial Palace reportedly were made to such media organizations as the *Asahi Shimbun*, *Yomiuri Shimbun*, *Nihon Keizai Shimbun*, Kyodo Press, and Jiji Press within the past thirty years, and these are now hugely valuable.

Usually the worst the Japanese bureaucrats have done in throwing observers off the scent is to be brilliantly misleading. Sometimes, however, Japanese bureaucrats will go further in misrepresenting the situation if this is the only means of serving Japan's interests. Under Japan's strict but different ethical code the correct course sometimes is to lie in answer to an unwelcome question from an outsider. In fairness it ought to be pointed out that in many ways the Japanese undoubtedly maintain the strictest standards of honesty in the world—no one checks his change in Tokyo, for instance, and promised delivery dates mean more in Japan than anywhere else. But loyalty to one's group is the highest Japanese ethical concern, and it takes precedence over telling the truth to outsiders. In this context the group is the nation—a nation that still remembers the American and European gunboat diplomacy that forcibly opened the ports of a then secluded Japan in the 1850s. Given Japan's 2,700-year perspective, it should not be surprising that Japan's few decades of friendship with the United States look less significant in Tokyo than in Washington. □

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Why it's important to establish a National En

A "SHORT-TERM" PROBLEM WILL TAKE DECADES AND COST BILLIONS.

Alarmed by the poisoning of our environment at Love Canal and other toxic waste sites, Congress created the Superfund program ten years ago. Superfund was intended to be a short-term cleanup program for the most serious hazardous waste sites across the country.

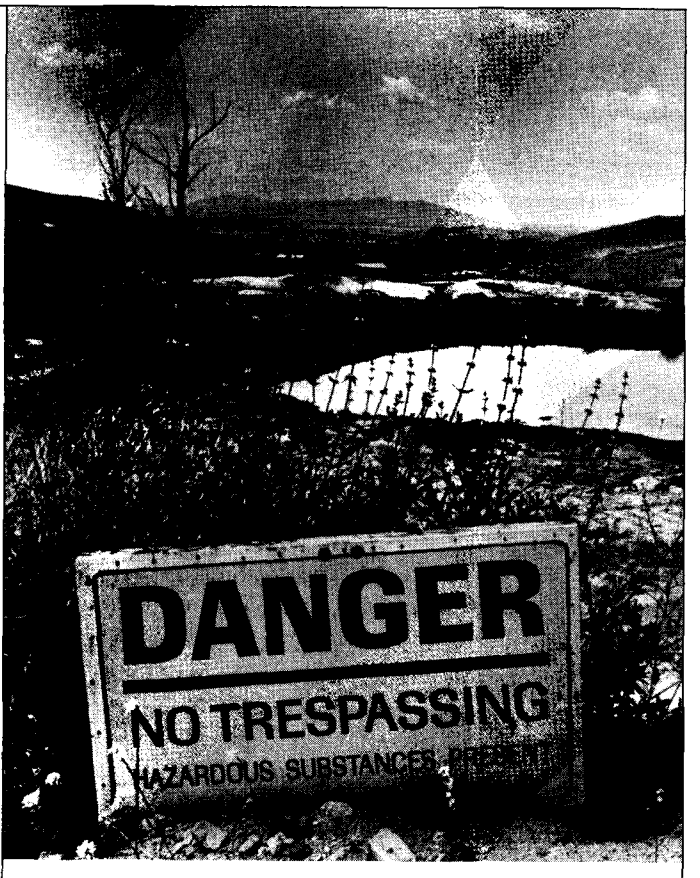
More than a decade later, it's painfully clear that cleaning up hazardous waste is not a short-term problem for America. It will take many decades and cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

Currently, 1,200 of the most dangerous sites have been selected for priority action. Billions of dollars have been spent, but very few sites have been cleaned up. In fact, only 45.

SO FAR, ABOUT ALL WE'VE DONE WITH HAZARDOUS WASTE IS WASTE TIME AND MONEY.

One problem is that Superfund requires establishing liability–who sent what waste, how much and where. And this has taken priority over cleaning up. With the cost of cleanup at just one site estimated as high as one hundred million dollars, the question of who pays has serious consequences for everyone involved.

At most hazardous waste sites, the operator of the dump caused the environmental harm. But under Superfund,



everyone who used the site is liable for the cleanup bill. The record of users can go back 25, 30 or 40 years and can number in the hundreds. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 entities have been notified by the government that they could be liable for the cleanup cost. And many of these entities have themselves identified still others.

The result? A bonanza for lawyers and

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put cleanup first and vironmental Trust Fund.

consultants. And a tragedy for the environment. At some sites, as much as 60% of the money spent goes toward legal expenses in costly and time-consuming efforts to assign liability instead of solving the cleanup problem. An avalanche of lawsuits has resulted, all aimed at getting someone else to pay.

HERE'S AN IDEA THAT DESERVES EVERYONE'S CONSIDERATION.

At AIG, we think it's high time to find a better approach to the problem of cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. One that encourages prompt cleanup and spreads the cost more broadly. And more equitably.

We propose creating a National Environmental Trust Fund similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. The Fund could be financed by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States.

Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self insurers, would provide about $40 billion over the next decade, more than enough to deal with the 1,200 highest-priority sites.

A national advisory board of private citizens, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups would be composed of local citizens, industry and others who would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and the state on the particular cleanup site, from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

Just think. A new way to finance Superfund's mission without the need for new taxes, a new government agency or expensive and unproductive lawsuits.

WHY IS AIG RUNNING ADS LIKE THIS?

AIG (American International Group) is the largest underwriter of commercial and industrial insurance in America, and the leading U.S.-based international insurance organization. The nature of our business means we deal every day with issues affecting U.S. competitiveness and the future of the world economy.

We've started this dialogue to encourage people like you to help shape the future. Perhaps you'll want to keep the ball rolling by contacting your elected officials, or an environmental or trade group. We hope you will. Shouldn't we stop trying to fix the blame and start fixing the problem?

If you agree with this idea or have thoughts of your own to share, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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A Short Story

Earthly Justice

by *E.S. Goldman*

AT FIRST THE WORDS WERE IN THE WRONG SEquence to be heard, for death is slight news unless it carries with it a familiar name. "Killed . . . Pittsburgh . . . *Sherroder!*"

Try it for yourself. How much do you really care about people starving in Africa or sleeping on the sidewalks of Boston or being shot in their garages in Pittsburgh? You care, yes. You're human, and nothing is alien, et cetera. But as if they were your own flesh and blood? No aunt of yours is in any of those fixes—not that you know of. Nothing happens that you care all that much about until you hear a name.

This was 1951 and I was twelve, reading *The Black Arrow* and half listening to KDKA on my short wave. I didn't hear anything until I heard the name of my father's sister.

Killed . . . Pittsburgh . . . Sherroder! *Aunt Leora!*

I held on to the book as to a brother in a scary place, while the newscaster put the information in order again for late-arriving minds. (This is the way radio news was managed before jobs were filled by people with no memory of how things should be done. Now newscasters write for radio as if you were tuned from the first word, as if you had nothing to do but sit there and hear them tell the story from A to Z. If you miss the first sentence, with the name of the country where the airplane went down, they never tell you again.)

"The dead woman's husband, Dr. Myron Sherroder, a well-known Pittsburgh physician, was at home at the time—"

The young don't often play a part as large as being the first to know. I burst out of my room and went down the stairs shouting, "Aunt Leora's been killed! She was shot!"

Leora was very close to us. Not only was she my father's sister but she and my mother had been best friends since middle school. She often came down from Dedham to stay with us at the shore, and after she married and moved to Pittsburgh, the visiting went on as before. Uncle Myron was part of it. The only regret about Myron was that he was a golfer and not a fisherman, as we were in our family; but he was accommodating and could be jollied into wading in for smallmouth on a gray day.

Mother was choked and bewildered, and kept saying in an odd, groaning voice I had never heard before, "What do you mean? Leora? What do you mean? What do you mean? Leora?"

She seemed angry with me, which was unreasonable. I had interrupted her sewing—the kind that is done on a small linen drumhead. She thrust out the tambourine, her fingers extended as if to take me by the shoulder to shake out the nonsense, as she had when I was younger. I wasn't sure she would remember the needle. I flinched and looked to Dad.

When my father clenches his jaw, the muscles become bone; his lips bulge as if they have under them the pads a dentist used to slip in to take up saliva. He has never been a slack man in mind or body and does not appreciate slackness in others. He assessed the possibility of error in a twelve-year-old boy.

He held a finger up toward Mother to ask her to hold back, and asked me to say again what I had heard. He went to the phone.

For the sake of civilization, his father would respect the verdict of the court. But that didn't satisfy a natural sense of what was just

Instead of calling Uncle Myron, as I expected, he asked for Pittsburgh information, and then for the number of the police station nearest the Sherroder address.

The questions he asked the police desk and the way he hung up said enough. Separating the more or less known from the said to be known, the police were able to impart that they had received a report by telephone at 8:17 P.M. from a man who said he was the husband of the deceased. The witness at the scene stated that he had found Mrs. Sherroder on the floor of the garage, apparently dead, apparently as a consequence of multiple wounds, apparently from shotgun fire. The shooting had happened a little more than an hour ago and the investigation was just beginning. Dad made this report piecemeal in a halting voice while he held Mother.

"I'd better call Myron," he said, gently letting her go.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HOWARD

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Myron hadn't realized that the news was already on the radio. Detectives were there, taking pictures and asking questions, and he had been waiting for an opportunity to break away and make the call. After they spoke awhile Dad said, "Life is long, Myron. Take every day one at a time. I'll be there on an early plane," and hung up.

Mother had her voice under control. "What did he say?"

"He doesn't know much more than we do. Leora went to an evening meeting of the Handicapped Services Board. He was watching a wildlife documentary on television and didn't hear a thing. When he realized that Leora was late getting home, he walked out and saw the garage door open. She was lying beside the car. She was shot. They haven't found a gun."

While Mother made the family phone calls, Dad went to the window and stood fully ten minutes with his hands behind his back, staring through the dark at the few stars of houses on the far side of the bay. Mother left Grandma Dewaine for him. He could have waited until morning and seen Grandma on his way to the airport, but he didn't want her to hear the news first from a reporter calling to ask if she had a photograph of her daughter. He told her that Leora had died in an accident, without suffering, and that he would stop by in the morning. Being prepared in this way, she could be relied on to get through the night. Dewaines managed. She was a Dewaine by assimilation.

Mother was also that much a Dewaine, but only that much. She took the phone and asked Grandma if she would like somebody to spend the night with her. She would be glad to come up herself. Would she like Dad to be with her? Would she like her good friend Betty Morse to be called? Mother listened to the timbre of Grandma's voice as she said no, that was unnecessary, she would be all right, and was satisfied. They agreed, as before, that her son would stop there early on his way to the airport.

Although Dad had decided to take the Pittsburgh flight in order to be with Myron on the first difficult day, our family assumed that burial would be in the Dewaine plot in Brewster, on the Cape. When he called to give Myron his flight number, he learned that the burial would be in Pittsburgh.

"I don't understand such a decision," Mother said. "Leora has no family in Pittsburgh. They have been married so few years. Myron's family is out west. Your mother is only a two-hour ride from Brewster. Burying Leora in Pittsburgh is inconsiderate. She ought to be in your family plot. Did you say that to him?"

"I made the case. But the decision is Myron's. I can understand that he would want her nearby."

"There are others to think about."

"They have many friends in Pittsburgh."

"Friends are not family. Friends do not come to visit your grave. The decision is a strange one."

"It may be arbitrary, but it isn't strange. It's his decision to make. Arguing at a time like this isn't easy."

"When is a good time? After the burial?" I seldom heard Mother that sharp with Dad.

"He and Leora chose the site with care. In his view, he is accommodating her wishes."

"In his view."

We all went to Pittsburgh for the funeral.

When people have lived their years, it is possible to take satisfaction in memory, and even possible for levity to soften grief, and after long illness it is possible to speak of relief, but this was a day of harsh, unrelieved mourning, the most solemn day of my life. In the chapel Uncle Myron sat between his brother, Andrew, and my father, and beside Father was Grandma Dewaine. Then Uncle

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Tom Dewaine, then Mother. They sat by bloodline. Except around a dinner table I had never before, at an occasion, seen Father not sit beside Mother. Because of the nature of the wound the casket was closed.

Very little was said among us. When Grandma shook with hidden sobs, Dad took her hand. I did the same to my sister, Marnie, at first awkwardly, and then, when she clutched it to show how glad she was to have it, with (I suppose the right word is) pride.

After the cemetery Mother took Marnie and me directly to the plane. She did not want to stay over. She said tomorrow was a school day and we should be back. My father spent the rest of the day in Pittsburgh with Myron, talking to the police and the district attorney. They posted a reward.

YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN THE STORY BY now, or may have it confused with the celebrated case of the Cleveland doctor's wife. The death of Leora Dewaine Sherroder was much less noteworthy than the Cleveland story, but it was closely followed in Pittsburgh and on Cape Cod, where the phone book includes three columns of Dewaines. You call a Dewaine to put on a roof, survey your land, pick up your rubbish, send you a nurse. To fish out of Rock Harbor you sign on the *Cape Corsair*, Cap'n Pres Dewaine. You bank with Len at Samoset 5¢ Savings. To cater a wedding you call Carolyn. Dewaines hidden by marriage under other names must fill many columns more. The only big rich Dewaines I know of are the Ananders, through Cousin Peg. Delbert Anander knew what land to buy and how long to hold it, and how to run a bank and when to sell it. My father was the fourth Dewaine with the hardware and heating store, the first with the oil trucks.

The story in the newspaper about the will gave me an uncomfortable feeling that others might not see Aunt Leora's death as I did. It didn't say anything that wasn't already known in the family: except for named bequests, everything was left to Uncle Myron as remainderman. They had no children. Simply stating in the newspaper that Myron was Leora Dewaine's heir seemed to imply something.

In follow-up stories Leora became the heiress of the Dewaine fortune, the Dewaines became Mayflower descendants. The family had oil interests. A reporter discovered that a brother of Leora's great-grandfather had been a governor of Massachusetts; the family became politically influential. Myron was a kidney specialist, he had been consulted by a Mellon. He was a member of a country club; he became a socialite doctor. They had no children. The socialite doctor was the sole heir.

With such people, in such an environment, all things are possible. You don't have to go beyond your own mind.

Uncle Myron was my friend, who took me to the zoo, and to the museum to see the dinosaurus xylophony stretching down the hall ("From *zonnnq* on his nose"—Myron had impressive range—"to *tinnnggg*"), and to Forbes Field to see a big-league baseball game.

We sat in a box behind first base. A high foul went up, and I saw that if it did not go up forever, it would come down sometime later that day right where I was. Everybody around me stood up. I thought if I could get my hands on that ball I could hold it.

The day was chilly, and the men wore gloves, but I was a boy and of course hadn't thought I needed gloves. While my head followed the nearly vertical rise of the ball Uncle Myron grasped my left hand. "Here's a glove to take the sting out." He raised his voice to the crowd around us. "Give the kid a shot at it."

They cleared a space. I don't think any crowd today would stand back to give a kid a shot. I followed the ball higher than I had ever seen a ball go, while I worked the bunching out of the palm of Uncle Myron's glove and displayed the floppy fingers as a target.

I was sure I was under it, but misjudged the angle of the fall, backed into the men, and finally fell backward into the seats. The ball, ignoring the chance to make a stylish landing in a gray suede glove, dropped beyond my farthest reach. My failure that day—despite the cooperation of the entire world to help me succeed—is not yet forgotten. It enhances the memory of Myron Sherroder, my friend, who the newspaper said, without saying it, might have been the one who killed Aunt Leora.

I began then to understand how words say things that aren't in them. Words reach for meanings that are already inside the hearer. In a card trick the magician fans out the cards and says, "Pick one." Psych the cards as hard as you want, you can't psych a ten of diamonds out of a tarot deck. You have to take a card that's there. I wanted it another way, but the statement that the husband of the murdered woman was the beneficiary of her will picked up the card from my standard human deck.

I began then to read about the case as others would. One day at school I took a question from a friend—"How is your uncle coming with that murder case?" It said to me that when they spoke of Leora Sherroder's murder in their home, they assumed that her husband, the socialite doctor who had inherited her money, was probably involved in some way. And I could not help thinking it too.

I was troubled. I didn't tell my father how I felt, but I put a question in a form that betrayed me. "What if—?"

Before responding, my father laid his narrow eyes on me. "That's the way people are. In this house we do not think like that. My sister was a good judge of character. She chose your Uncle Myron. As far as we know they had a good marriage."

Why "As far as we know . . . "?

I never heard my father say anything about innocence. What I understood him to say was that we had to wait re-

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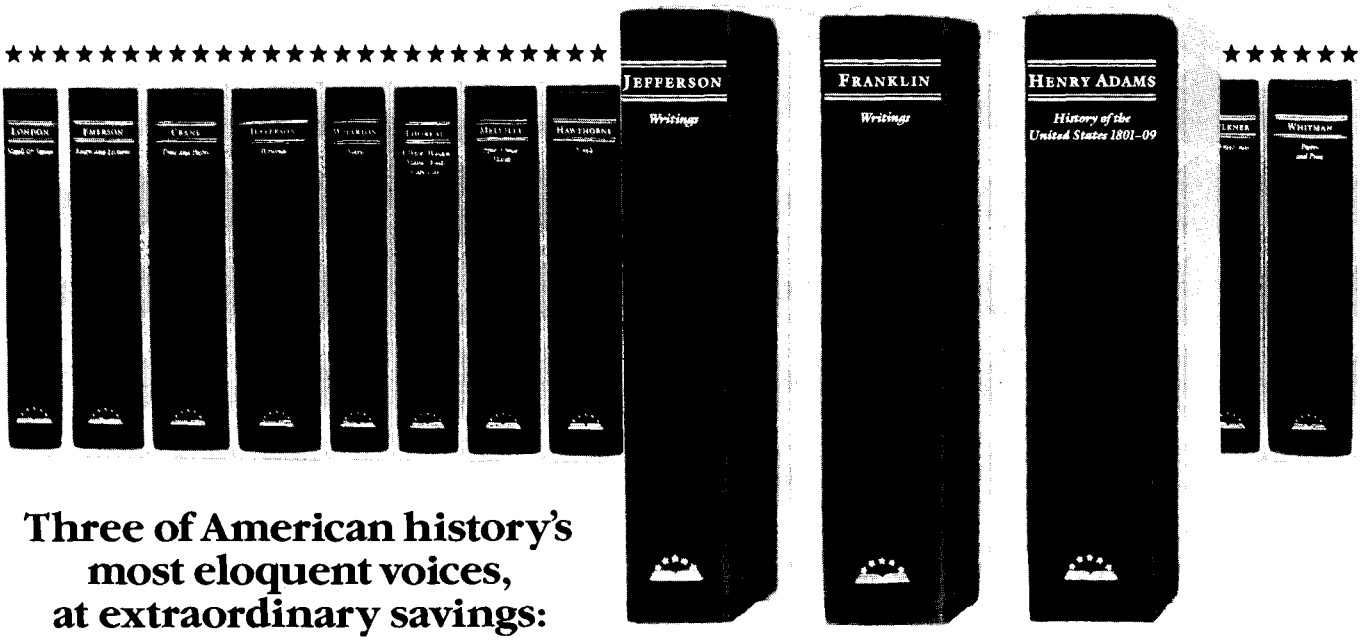

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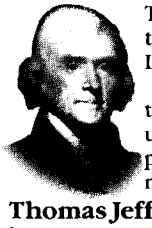

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spectfully, withholding judgment, as long as the process took—forever, if necessary. We had a stake in the values of organized society.

We were right to wait. In a few weeks the Pittsburgh police let it out that they were looking for a white man about forty years old, with a butch haircut, driving a late-model Plymouth white two-door. He had been seen several times in the neighborhood in the week of the murder and nobody knew who he was. They found what they believed was the gun, in the Allegheny River about five miles from the house, and began to trace it. The gun was a Winchester twelve-gauge. A lot of them are around. We have one in our house.

That got the newspapers going again.

Dad went to Pittsburgh. He saw Uncle Myron. He talked to the district attorney and to Detective Gertner, who had had the case from the beginning. Gertner said privately that they weren't getting anywhere looking for the man in the Plymouth. No fingerprints were found on the gun; they hadn't been able to trace it.

The detective told my father something else. Dad did not look at Mother as he reported it.

"They are talking to a woman they say Myron had been seeing before—" It's not easy to say *Before my sister was murdered.* "I have to say that bothers me."

"What did Myron say to that?" Mother asked.

FAREWELL

after Haydn's Symphony in F-Sharp Minor • for Paul Zweig (1935–1984)

The last adagio begins.
Soon a violinist gets up and walks off.
Two cellists follow, bows erect, cellos dangling.
The flutist leaves lifting the flute high to honor it for
  blowing during all that continuous rubbing.
The bassoonist goes, then the bass fiddler.
The fortepiano player abandons the black, closeted
  contraption and walks away shaking her fingertips.
The orchestra disappears—
by ones, the way we wash up on this unmusical shore,
and by twos, the way we enter the ark where the world
  goes on beginning.
Before leaving each player stoops and blows
the glimmer off the music-stand candle,
where fireweed, dense blazing star, flame azalea stored it
  summers ago,
puffing that quantity of darkness into the hall
and the same portion of light
into the elsewhere, where the players reassemble and wait
for the oboist to come with her reliable A,
as first light arrives in a beech and hemlock forest,
setting the birds sounding their chaotic vowels,
so they can tune,
and then play
the phrases inside flames wobbling on top of stalks in the field,
and in fireflies' greenish sparks of grass-sex,
and in gnats whining past in a spectral bunch,
and in crickets who would saw themselves apart to sing,
and in the golden finch perched in the mountain ash, whose
  roots drift into the mouths of the emptied singers.
Now all the players have gone but two violinists,
who sit half facing each other, friends who have figured out
  what they have figured out by sounding it upon the other,
and scathe the final phrases.
By ones and twos, our powers rise and go,
until piccolos, violas, flutes, trumpets, bassoons, oboes
lie jangled up in stacks
in woodsheds waiting until a new winter
to spring again in crackling orange voices; and only two
  are left.
In the darkness above the stage I imagine
the face of my old friend Paul Zweig
—who went away, his powers intact, into Eternity's
  Woods alone,
under a double singing of birds—
looking down and saying something like,
"Let the limits of knowing stretch and diaphanise,
so that life includes more and more death.
Knowledge increasing into ignorance gives the
  falling-trajectory its grace."
The bow-hairs still cast dust on the bruised wood.
Everything on earth, born
only moments ago, abruptly tips over
and is dragged by mistake into the chaotic inevitable.
Goodbye, dear friend.
Even the meantime, which is the holy time
of being on earth in overlapping lifetimes, ends.
This is one of its endings.
The violinists scrape one more time,
the last of the adagio flies out through the f-holes.
The audience straggles from the hall and at once disappears.
For myself I go on foot on Seventh Avenue
down to the little, bent streets of the West Village.
From ahead of me comes the *hic* of somebody drunk
and then the *nunc* of his head bumping against the
  telephone pole.

—*Galway Kinnell*

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"He's where he was. He knows they're looking into a lot of things."

"Did he say he knew what they were looking into?"

"He mentioned the gun and the man who had been seen in the neighborhood."

"That's all been in the papers. He didn't say anything about the woman?"

"He said, 'And the usual gossip you can expect.'"

"Did he say what that was?"

"No, and I didn't ask him. He is a smart man. He can guess what comes to me."

That conversation reinforced my impression that Myron was guilty. I was not so persuaded that I would have been unable to be a fair juror; but I thought Myron was probably the killer, and I was sure I was not the only person in our house to think it—not since Father's "As far as we know . . . ," not since Mother's refusal to stay in Pittsburgh after the funeral, and the clipped severity of her manner when Myron's name came up.

UNCLE MYRON WAS INDICTED FOR FIRST-DEGREE homicide. I didn't know why the language needed another word for murder.

"That must mean he's pretty guilty," I said.

Expressing judgment in an important matter made me feel important. I didn't know that before the law you are either guilty or not; "pretty" has nothing to do with it.

My father stiffened his lips. "I don't want that said again in my hearing. A trial is to find that out. The adversarial system we have in this country is the best way to get at the truth. Each side puts up the best argument it knows how. You may think you know Uncle Myron's defense, but you don't till you hear it argued. I don't want you to forget that."

Dad went to the trial to hear the woman for himself, for the two days she was a witness. She testified that she had carried the gun from the garage when Uncle Myron told her to and had thrown it in the river. Uncle Myron's lawyer suggested that she was seeking revenge because Myron had started to see other women. He brought out that she was an alcoholic. She and a former boyfriend were involved in a larceny, and the district attorney had made a deal to let her off a perjury charge in exchange for her testimony in the Sherroder case. She could even have been the one who committed the murder. Myron's lawyer brought all that out.

"She didn't make a very good witness," my father said. "Myron's lawyer doesn't think she will be convincing to the jury."

But no one doubted that Myron had something going with her—she knew too much about his life.

Myron said she knew only enough to make up the rest in order to get the reward. "I'm sorry all this comes out in this way, which must seem sordid to you," he said to my father. "I can't blame you for what you must think."

"Of course he can't blame you," Mother said to my father. "What are you supposed to think? Leora was your sister. Did he still pretend he hadn't been going out with other women?"

"He said he had done what a lot of men do, and he apologized for it. He said Leora would have understood why he saw other women if she had known, even if she might not necessarily have condoned it."

"'Not necessarily.' I should think."

Myron had said, "I am not asking you to tell me what you now think about this. I only want you to hear me when I say I had nothing to do with Leora's murder. I am entirely innocent."

"What *do* you think?" Mother asked.

My father's jaw muscles became bone. "I wasn't hired to be God," he said.

The afternoon the case went to the jury, deliberations weren't expected to start until the next day. I was in bed with the lights out and the radio to my ear when a bulletin came on that the jurors had decided to convene to test their sentiment. They found they had a verdict right away. The judge was coming in to hear it.

I got up and told Mother and Dad. We sat in the library and waited.

None of us made a guess what the verdict would be. It wasn't a ballgame, or somebody else's family, or anything that doesn't count, where you can show how smart or how dumb you are. When something is close to you, you don't look at it the way you do if you're separated from it. In traffic the car ahead of you can be in the middle and won't get out of the way and you get mad. When you're in position to go around, you see the driver is somebody you know well and you cool off. You wave. Anything that is close to you is different.

The verdict was not guilty.

To tell the truth, I didn't feel the relief I had expected from knowing that my uncle wouldn't have to spend the rest of his life in jail. I certainly wouldn't have taken any joy in a guilty verdict, but it would have been more fitting and satisfying to human nature.

I suppose I am saying that my Aunt Leora, of my father's blood and therefore of mine, had been murdered, and that the way we are made requires that somebody be accountable. Almost any somebody, rather than nobody. I'm the first to agree that for the sake of civilization we must respect the verdict of a court; still, that verdict isn't necessarily satisfactory to our natural sense of what is just.

I sensed that my mother felt the same way, and for a moment that my father did too, but he said abruptly, "That's the verdict. The reward stands. We are going to look that much harder."

He called Uncle Myron and told him that he knew the experience had been hard but he hoped Myron could get

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on with his life. He invited him down to do some fishing. They arranged a weekend. Mother said, "You invited him *here*? I would just as soon you hadn't."

"I don't want to lose touch."

"I will never be comfortable with Myron. But it's up to you. I suppose men understand these things better." I supposed that wasn't what she thought.

UNCLE MYRON WAS GRATEFUL THAT WE MADE him one of us. The truth is that without Leora he was a foreign substance. He could not attach himself by shaking my hand and telling me I had grown an inch a week; by swinging my sister in the air; by trying to find a place to kiss on Mother's averted cheek. Dad hurried him through the greetings and got him to the stairs leading to the tower room overlooking the bay. He and Leora had always had that room.

Next day was raw and drizzly, an ordinary April day. A good breeze came across from the northeast, and the tide went out all morning. It wouldn't be very comfortable on the open bay. I thought they would fish Drum Pond, but Dad said, "Myron, have you ever fished Shelf Lake with me?" Uncle Myron couldn't remember that he had.

I don't think Myron ever fished before he married Leora. As often as not when they visited, he would go over and play the Great Dune course while the rest of us went to a bass pond. Dad certainly wasn't going to play golf and he didn't offer any choices.

"We'll go over there. We'll get some shelter from the wind. I have a new suit of Red Ball waders you can break in for me. I'll wear my old one."

They loaded rods, boots, waders, parkas, slickers, boxes of lures, leaders, spare lines, and tools, and a lunch. They were ready for bass or trout all day in any weather. They dropped me at Everbloom Nursery, where I had a Saturday-morning job.

Bob Everbloom and I were moving azaleas from the back field to front beds, beginning in a drizzle we knew would get heavier. When it did, Bob decided we had had enough of outside work. I could have worked under glass, but I didn't come to do that. I liked to be outside on weekends. I said I would skip it, they didn't need me in the greenhouse. I borrowed Bob's bike and headed for Shelf Lake. My father and Myron were carrying enough extra tackle to outfit me.

All this country around here, all of Cape Cod, consists of the tailings left after the great glacier thawed and backed off to Canada. It's all rock brought down by the ice and melted out, sand, and a skin of topsoil from decay. Those big stands of trees are in sand not too far down. The only clay is wherever you happen to dig your foundation; you can't get drainage.

After the margin sand Shelf Lake is a basin of underwater boulders fed by the runoff from Sparks' Hill. The surrounding land is in conservation. What falls they let lie. The bones of old downed trees lie around the rim. Those spines of big fish stuck in the ground are dead cedars. A couple of paths lead in through heavy woods.

It was too raw a day for people to come for wilderness walks, and most of the fishermen around here either are commercial and need the quantities they get in salt water or want the fast action of bay fishing. Our Jeep was the only vehicle parked at NO VEHICLES PERMITTED BEYOND THIS SIGN. On a busy day as many as two might be there. I locked the bike to the Jeep's bumper and went down the woods path.

Nearing the bottom, I heard my father call, "Left, farther left, toward the cove."

Through the trees I saw that they were both in hip-deep, Uncle Myron a hundred or so yards west and working farther. Rain dimpled the water. Away from the lee of the hill, fans of wind patterned the surface like shoaling fish. I was troubled by something but didn't concentrate on what it might be, because I was busy picking through catbrier that snatched into the path.

"Another ten yards. They're in there," my father called out.

Then I realized what troubled me. Myron was on the edge of the shelf that gave the lake its name. It fell off without any warning into a deep hole. I took a running step and opened my mouth to shout, but before I could, he let out a bellow and pitched down.

My mind churned with what could be done and what I had to do. I could get around to the shoreline nearer to him, and dive in and help him out of his gear. I could—

But I didn't move, because, more dumbfounding to me than the accident itself, my father acted as though it weren't happening. He heard Myron and saw him flail to stay afloat and go under in seconds. He knew as I did that Myron, under the roiled water, would be fighting to get out of his parka and sweater, then out of the waders that were filling and turning into anchors; but my father turned away and cast.

I couldn't stop staring at him. Dad began to reel in. His rod bent. He had a bass fighting and flopping like a sand-filled stocking. Working light tackle, he had to give and take carefully not to lose it. The ripples settled out of the water where Myron had been, and my father was unslipping the net with his free hand and playing the bass with the other.

I was terrified—not frightened, terrified—as much for my father as for myself. He had deliberately led my uncle to be drowned. I tried to make the events happen differently in my mind, but I could not doubt what I had seen and heard.

When at last I found the will to move, I moved not toward him but back up the trail, to be away and alone long enough to get my bearings before I had to face him.

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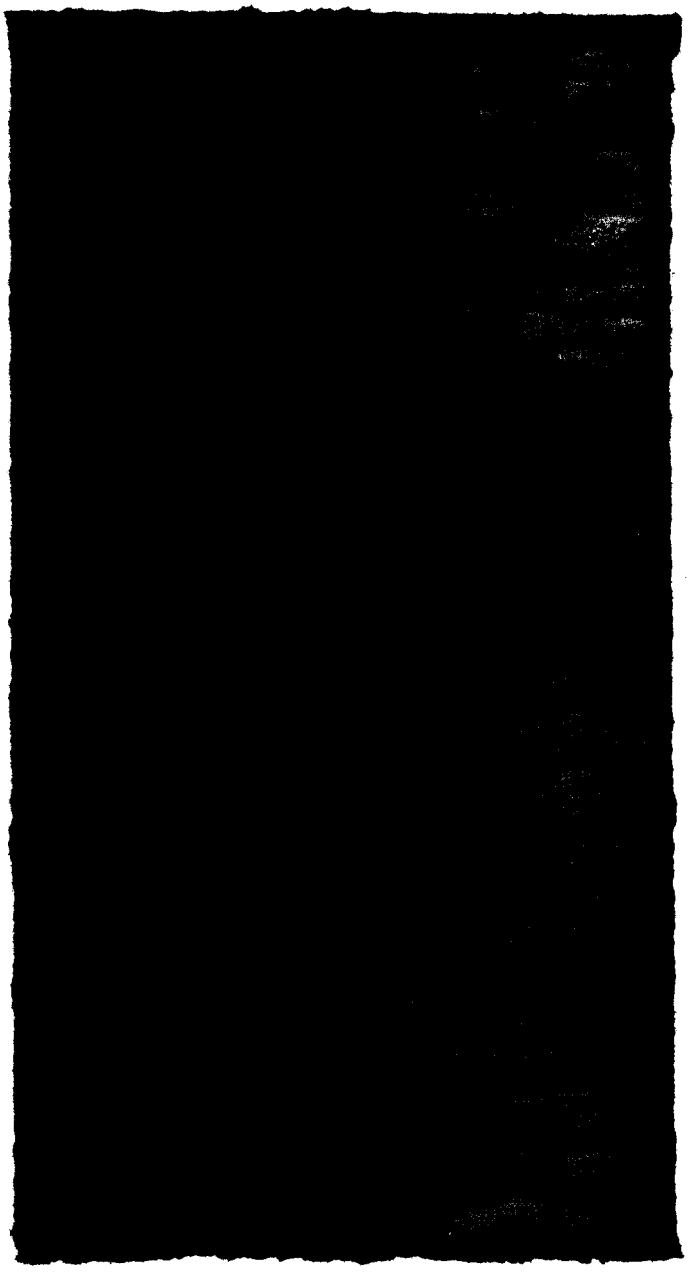
I rode the bike in the rain to the nursery and put it in the tool shed. Nobody was around. I didn't have to talk to anybody.

Behind the mall, down the road from Everbloom's, the receiving platforms stood on iron legs, backed against the cement block, the cheap side of the stores. Weather swept over the blacktop, pooling where the graders hadn't got it right. On raw bulldozed ground beyond the blacktop, weeds and a few stringy locusts tried to start a forest again. A tree line the bulldozers wouldn't get to for a few years drifted into the mist at the end of this world. Nobody ever came back there unless a truck was unloading. I hunched under a dock.



AS THE EVIDENCE against Uncle Myron had become stronger and weaker and stronger again in the year that had passed since Aunt Leora's death, I had felt in myself many times a certainty that he had killed her sufficient to imagine myself doing to him as my father had.

I had imagined aiming the gun—the same gun, the twelve-gauge, to make the justice more shapely—and firing. I could do that, I had told myself.

Under the shelter of the platform I knew I had only been telling myself a story. I could have put my finger on the trigger but not pulled. I might have led him to step off the shelf, but duty as I understood it, as I had learned it from my father, would have compelled me to save a drowning man even if I had been the one who put him in peril.

I had had the chance and not used it. I had not burst out of the trees shouting. I had not waded in. I had watched, and then run to get the bike.

My father had pulled the trigger and turned away as if it were nothing.

I drowned in questions. Why had I done nothing? Was it because I was young and not much was expected of me? Was it because it had happened in the presence of my father, and it was not my place to put myself forward where he did not? Was I bound to silence forever? What would happen if he were suspected? And stories were in the paper?

And he went on trial?

Would I come forward to witness for him, to give an account of the event that matched whatever his was? Would I be able to stick with a lie like that —for my father, who had made lying a hard thing for me to do?

What if somebody in one of the cars that had passed on the road recognized me? What if I was reported, and taken to the police station and asked what I knew and why I had not volunteered it before?

What was expected of me? I had nobody to ask.

The rain drew off. I would have to go home. I took with me the simplest of stories to account for myself. I had biked to Nickerson Park, in the direction of Shelf Lake, and when the rain began had got under the cover of a firewood shed.

A diver found Uncle Myron bundled at the foot of the shelf in forty feet of water. My father explained that Myron had been warned, that he must have lost track of where he was while my father had been inattentive. Anybody who knew that water and how you could become engrossed working a five-pound bass on a three-pound line understood how easily it could happen.

Myron's brother came to the Cape to make arrangements to ship the body to Pittsburgh for burial alongside Aunt Leora. He was Uncle Andrew to me, although we never knew that family very well. They were westerners, we were easterners; we met only at anniversary parties, weddings, funerals.

He said Myron had been a good brother and he would

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miss him. I suppose in some way he felt that my father had a degree of responsibility, since the accident had happened in our territory, so to speak, but he didn't indicate it.

The circumstances were such that the card of suspicion never turned over in anybody's head. Nobody who knew Ben Dewaine would have thought it for an instant.

I LIVED DIFFICULT YEARS WITH MY FATHER AFTER that, although all the difficulties were within me. On the surface our close relationship was undisturbed. We fished and hunted together as before, and I took many problems to him for a viewpoint.

Since I had declared against going into the family business, my parents thought that I might become a lawyer. I have an orderly mind and some ability to express myself, and therefore I thought so too. I was well along in college before I decided to do other work. In those early years, the years in which we allow ourselves to think abstractly, I often reflected about justice, but I never allowed myself to discuss it with my father, fearing that one word would take me to another until I reached one that I would regret.

I came to have considerable respect for Pilate. I thought how much more difficult Pilate's problem may have been than the press reported. I would want to know more about what kind of man Pilate was before I concluded that he had a worn-out conscience or that he had settled for an epigram.

Nine years later the man with the brush haircut turned himself in.

He couldn't live with it. It happens all the time. They see the victim's face at night and think of what a life is and what it is to destroy one, and they get disgusted with themselves. They begin to think there may be eternal judgment after all, and they will be accountable. They show up at police stations and have to convince desk officers that they aren't nuts. They call up reporters and meet them in diners. They ask priests to be go-betweens. They hire lawyers to get them the best deal.

The man's name was Rome Hurdicke.

Again it was a story in the papers. He had parked, looking for opportunity as he had on other nights, and this night a dark place beside the lane beyond the Sherroder house had been the cover that attracted him. He had followed Aunt Leora into the garage intending to bluff her with the gun. She had been slow to respond. He thought she was about to call for help. He panicked and shot her and then thought only about getting away. The most singular event in two lives, and it was from beginning to end so ordinary that it could have been set in type like a slogan to be called up with a keystroke.

The newspapers rehashed it and noted the strange fate that had befallen so many people associated with the crime. Four of the jurors were dead. The judge had been killed in a private-plane accident. The woman who had claimed to be the well-known socialite doctor's mistress had committed suicide. The husband of the murdered heiress had drowned in a fishing accident on Cape Cod.

Hurdicke was undoubtedly the man. He told the police where and when he had bought the gun, and they verified the numbers. They found the Plymouth still in service, three owners forward and a coat of white paint two coats down. It was an old case, and because he had turned himself in, he got twenty years and was eligible for parole in twelve.

And so Uncle Myron's life had been taken without cause.

I think somebody—perhaps his brother, Andrew—may care for Myron as we cared for Aunt Leora, and if he knew the circumstances of his death would yearn for human justice as my father did. I don't know. I can't deal with how Uncle Andrew might feel. My father is my flesh and blood, and he is a good man.

I can't deal with my own guilt. If I had responded on the instant that I saw Uncle Myron pitch into the water, could I have saved him?

I don't know. I will never get over not making the attempt, but confession offers me no way out, for it would be to witness against my father. I am tribal enough to say that my duty is to him, to keep the secret. In some matters what is not known does not exist.

After Hurdicke confessed, I watched my father closely. I trembled that he might turn himself in or even take his own life in remorse. I didn't know if he would be more likely to do it if he knew that I knew his secret. Did he think that he alone knew what had happened at Shelf Lake? As a son who had become also a father, I knew that some parts of his life he intended to be an object lesson for me, but I couldn't be certain which.

His manner, naturally reserved, became wintry. He gave up his places on church and hospital boards, and reduced his responsibilities at the company. Time passing without incident did not lull me into supposing that he had made his peace with Uncle Myron's ghost, any more than Hurdicke had made his with Aunt Leora's. Nevertheless, he went on with his life in a normal, though increasingly subdued, way, into his retirement years.

He entered then a remission in which he seems to have regained his appetite for a more active life. Mother said the other day, "He had a new garden turned over. He is talking about going west in the fall to hunt ram. He rejoined his skeet club. I think he is coming into good years."

That may be, but I have marked my calendar.

I don't know how Father accepts that the man who shot his sister in the face with a twelve-gauge Winchester has been paroled. Hurdicke will be released next week. I can only hope that my father has had enough of dealing out justice on earth. □

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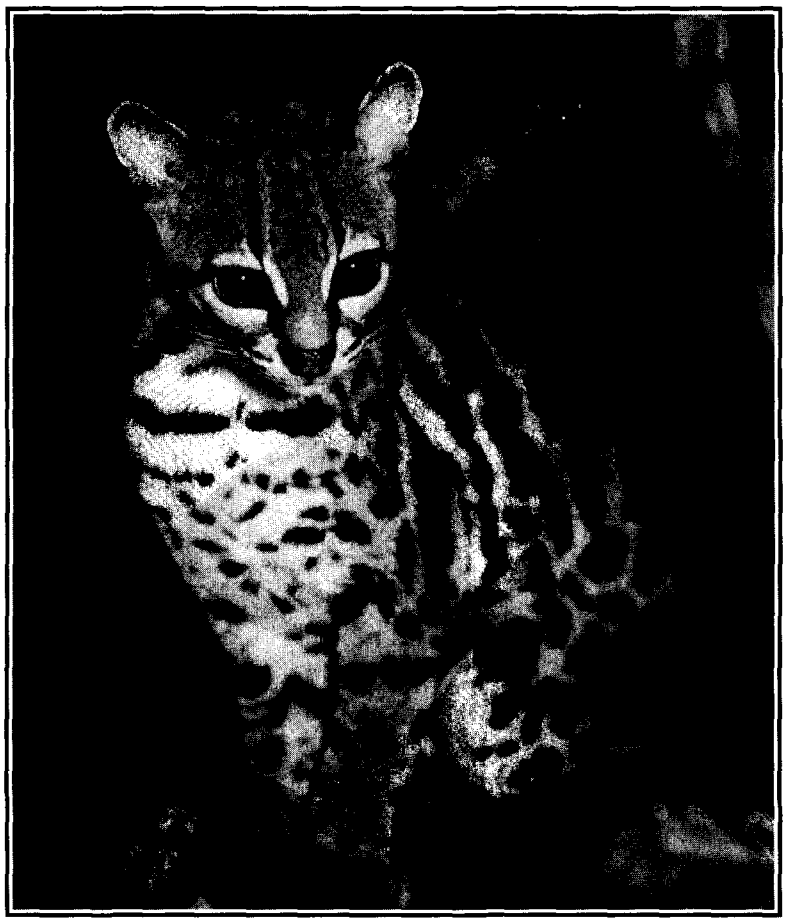

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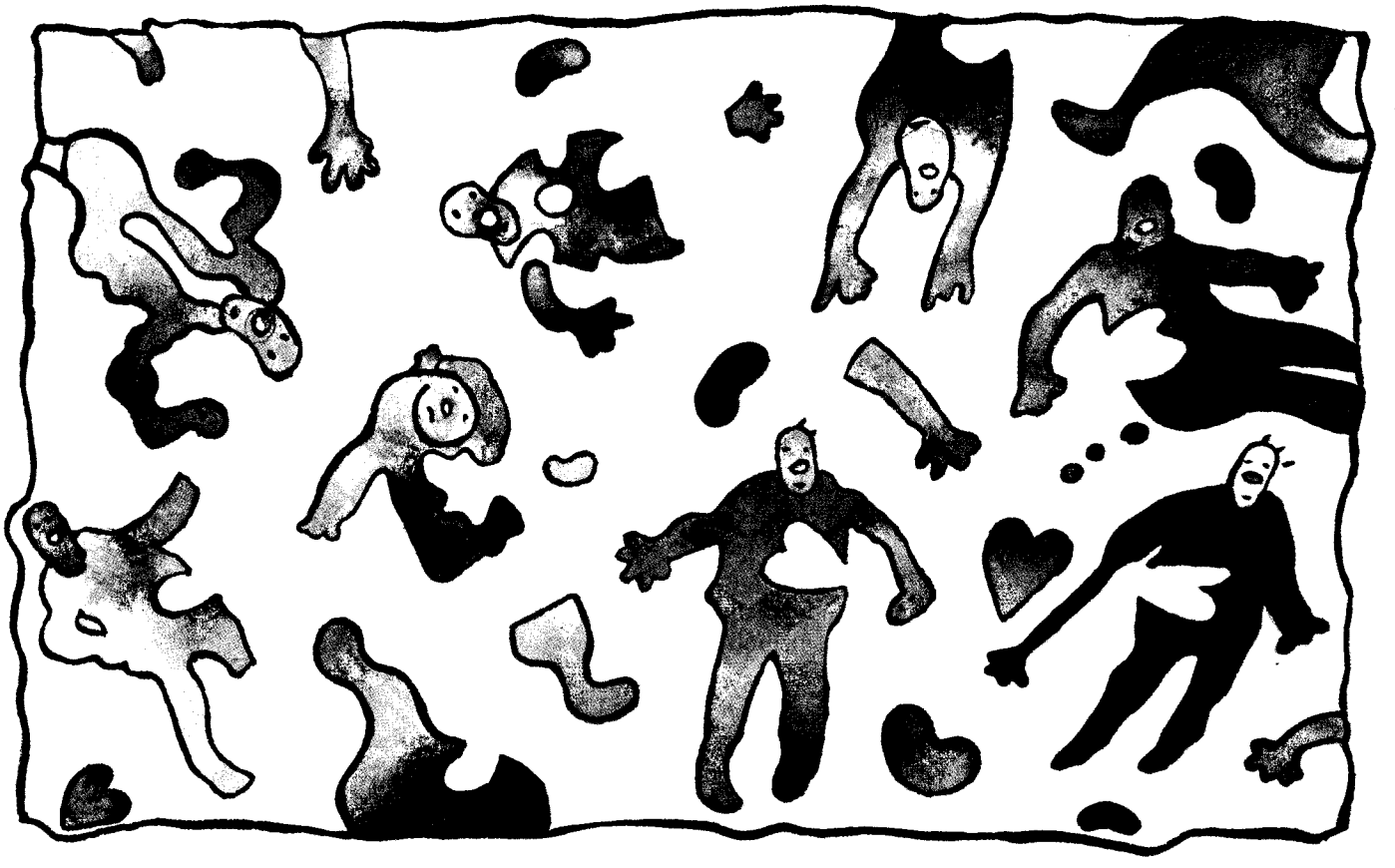
Americans can book airline reservations and hotel rooms around the world in minutes. We can conclude stock-market transactions by the tens of millions without incident every day. So why can't we coordinate supply and demand when it comes to desperately needed organs and tissues?

WHY TRANSPLANTS DON'T HAPPEN

BY JOEL L. SWERDLOW AND FRED H. CATE



LAST YEAR ORGAN TRANSPLANTS SAVED OR DRAmatically improved the lives of more than 13,000 Americans. Heart transplants alone saved 1,673 lives. But 1,600 people continue to wait for new hearts; almost a third of them have waited longer than six months. A third will die before they receive a heart. The situation is similar for other organs (kidneys, lungs, livers, pancreases) and tissues (bone, skin, corneas, ligaments, tendons, blood vessels, heart valves). Surgeons performed 8,886 kidney transplants in the United States last year. But more than 17,000 people continue to wait for kidneys. Thousands of patients face near-certain death unless they receive bone-marrow transplants. All the while, there are people living in America who could donate small amounts of their marrow and save them. These potential donors are never contacted, because no one knows who they are. Every year tens of thousands of life-enhancing or life-giving operations cannot be performed for lack of organs and tissues, and shortages of organs and tissues stymie research projects to fight fatal diseases.

These shortages need not exist. Almost 2.2 million people die every year in the United States. As many as 25,000 of those people would qualify medically as organ donors; fewer than 4,000 actually donate. The same shortage applies to tissues, which are used increasingly to restore sight and hearing, save cancerous limbs from amputation, and treat burn victims. Many of those 2.2 million people could donate valuable tissues; fewer than 45,000 people do so. According to Raymond Pollak, a transplant surgeon at the University of Illinois in Chicago, transplantation confronts a "shortage in the face of plenty."

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

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A NUMBER OF FACTORS LIE BEHIND THIS DRAMATIC and deadly shortfall. Even many of those in favor of the donation of organs and tissues find discussing their own death or that of a loved one difficult; often people simply fail to act on their desire to help others. Present law exacerbates the tendency to procrastinate by assuming that any given person wishes *not* to donate organs or tissues upon death, unless that person has indicated otherwise. A person may, for example, sign a donor card. Doctors and hospitals, however, fear professional criticism and lawsuits if they procure organs against the wishes of the next of kin, even if the deceased has indicated a desire to be a donor. A donor card is therefore useless unless the next of kin approve the donation. Under laws enacted in every state and the District of Columbia, a spouse or parent or adult child can approve the donation of a decedent's organs and tissues. But too few people discuss donation with their relatives, and following the death of a loved one the grieving next of kin rarely have donation on their minds. Many health-care workers often fail even to raise the possibility of donation with the next of kin, despite laws and regulations requiring them to do so.

The law also poses an obstacle by not clarifying who "owns" a donated organ or tissue. The California Supreme Court further confused the issue last July, when it ruled, in *Moore* v. *Regents of the University of California*, that whatever property interests John Moore at one time possessed in his spleen, there were "several reasons to doubt" whether he retained any ownership interest following its removal during surgery. The court held that on the other hand, if Moore's physicians failed to inform Moore that they were likely to profit from the use of tissue taken from his spleen, then they may have violated their professional obligations to their patient. (Cells from the spleen were used to produce the drug interferon and other lucrative products.) The *Moore* decision is not binding outside California. Moreover, it is not clear that the case relates to the ownership of organs and tissues donated after death, and no other court has yet addressed this issue.

Some scholars suggest that if officials treated human organs and tissues with the same respect they accord to real property, such as a television or a house (which the legal system acts immediately and forcefully to protect upon the death of the owner), a far greater supply of transplantable body parts would result. The state and the next of kin would respect the decedent's wish to donate organs and tissues, just as they respect the decedent's wishes regarding the disposition of other property. If the decedent had not communicated any decision about donation, the next of kin would be forced to confront the issue—along with issues about the disposition of the rest of the estate—and might better appreciate the value of organs and tissues.

Because there is no automatic transferral of property interests in organs and tissues upon death to patients on the waiting list, no one watches out for the interests of would-be recipients. And the fact that people die every day because our health-care system discards lifesaving organs arouses no comment.

A legal determination by Congress or the courts as to who owns donated organs and tissues—the potential recipient, the procurement organization, or a national network linking transplant centers—would help assure that the law protected those it now largely ignores.

OBTAINING CONSENT IS ONLY THE FIRST OF THE problems facing transplantation. Once consent is obtained, the organ or tissue must be removed, a recipient must be identified, the body part must be transported to that recipient (or, in some cases, processed for storage, which may last several years), and then it must be transplanted.

But the systems needed to provide rapid and efficient coordination are lacking. For instance, a federally funded computerized national registry and a variety of private registries compete to identify bone-marrow donors, who, like blood donors, are living. Patients in need of a transplant must pay to search the national registry, yet they may still miss the name of a potentially lifesaving donor who happens to be listed on a different registry. A young woman in Denver recently mangled her arm in an automobile accident. An elbow taken from a cadaver and stored in a local bone bank made her whole again. Her surgeon told reporters that she was "lucky" that a bone her size had been available in Denver. Why did she have to rely on luck? A resident of Denver can get airplane or hotel reservations anywhere in the world in a matter of minutes. Physicians should be able to order a bone by computer from any city in the country.

Today different coordination mechanisms exist for organs and for tissues; different coordination mechanisms also exist for transplants and for body parts for research. All these systems have their problems, and cooperation among them is almost nonexistent.

THE MOST ELABORATE SYSTEM FOR COORDINATING supply and demand for organs is the Organ Procurement and Transplantation Network, which connects fifty-two organ-procurement organizations and 250 transplant centers twenty-four hours a day. This network is the result of a 1984 compromise between proponents of government coordination and Reagan Administration opponents of any federal involvement at all. As a result of the compromise, the transplant network enjoys a monopoly on coordination—but with respect only to organs, not to tissues or body parts for research. Even for this limited task the network is significantly underfunded. Its total annual budget, by law, may not exceed $2 million; the largest annual appropriation it has ever received was $1.5 million. Compared with other federally funded data

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bases—not to mention private networks for airline reservations and auto parts—this money is insignificant.

Some critics charge that the operator of the Organ Procurement and Transplantation Network—the United Network for Organ Sharing (UNOS), in Richmond, Virginia—does not run the network efficiently. Despite its statutory monopoly on information relating to organs available for transplant and people waiting for organs, UNOS has yet to provide patients, the public, and the medical profession with important data that would show differences in age, sex, race, and severity of illness among patients at all of the transplant centers.

More significant, critics have charged that UNOS has greatly exceeded its original statutory mandate and made fundamental policy decisions about who should have access to organs. For instance, UNOS has promulgated guidelines on how to weigh various criteria—such as length of time on the waiting list, medical necessity, and the location of the donated organ relative to that of the potential recipient—in determining who on the waiting list will have a chance to live and who will almost certainly die. Until recently federal law required that all transplant centers and organ-procurement organizations abide by those rules, even though UNOS is a private organization. A decision by the Department of Health and Human Services, however, now subjects UNOS rules to the department's approval.

James F. Blumstein, a professor at Vanderbilt University Law School, has observed that UNOS's evolution from a voluntary network into a "comprehensive, top-down, coercive" system runs counter to the trend in favor of competition and decentralization in other facets of health-care policy. Congress must decide whether to condone this development or to permit competition in organ procurement and supply. If Congress chooses in favor of centralization, it must determine whether to permit UNOS to engage in activities other than operating the network and whether to expand its mandate to include tissues and body parts for research. Congress will also have to consider how to ensure that the network has the resources necessary to fulfill its responsibilities.

THE AREA OF GREATEST GROWTH IN TRANSPLANTATION is not organs but tissues. A healthy donor can provide at least thirty kinds of tissue, many of which can be taken from the body fifteen or more hours after death. But without an equivalent, for tissue, of the Organ Procurement and Transplantation Network, half a dozen overlapping private national networks have emerged. Many tissue banks specialize in recovering only a single kind of tissue; others handle combinations such as skin and bone or corneas and bone.

An already confused situation is growing steadily more confused, because every organ donor is automatically a potential tissue donor. The federal government requires only that organ-procurement organizations cooperate with tissue banks. Some of these organizations are beginning to procure and distribute tissues in competition with existing tissue banks; others play favorites among competing tissue banks by notifying only one that a body will be available for tissue recovery once the organs have been removed. People involved in organ and tissue transplantation talk openly about "warfare."

One of the biggest battles is between the American Red Cross, which has started a national tissue service, and other procurement agencies and tissue banks. The Washington, D.C., chapter of the Red Cross recently tried to increase the fee that it charges for blood to any hospital that had not agreed to give tissue to the Red Cross, but then pulled back after the proposed contracts aroused concern in Congress. A 1984 federal statute prohibits the sale of human body parts but leaves tissue recovery and distribution largely unregulated. This absence of government regulation could easily lead to scandals down the road that would lessen the already pitiful donation rate; such scandals could focus, for example, on the absence of mandated safety standards or on possible abuse of the no-sale policy.

What happens to blood is instructive. In the United States today virtually all blood comes from altruistic donors. Yet, according to a series of articles in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* last fall, blood banks, even nonprofit blood banks, buy and sell from one another more than a million pints of blood a year. The ultimate recipient of the blood could pay as much as $120 for a pint that was donated free of charge. This payment greatly exceeds the cost of processing and transporting the blood. From 1980 to 1988, according to the *Inquirer*, the Red Cross blood program alone generated profits of more than $300 million.

Current statutes do not regulate the potential for excessive earnings among organizations that procure, process, and distribute organs and tissues. A fully utilized body generates a substantial amount of medical business—the cost of transplanting the heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, and pancreas alone can reach $1 million—and the money cannot be ignored. The law prohibits donors or their heirs from receiving money for lifesaving body parts. But the surgeon, the hospital, even the chaplain who advises the grieving next of kin to make the donation, are all paid for their services. Although no one argues against fair payment, it's very likely that people will be less willing to donate parts of their bodies if they know that others will profit exorbitantly from the use of those parts.

Human organs and tissues are also increasingly necessary to biomedical research. The use of animals in experiments has clear limitations, and even a seemingly useless object like a cancerous human organ can be vital to scientists. Researchers now generally obtain organs and tissues on a personal, informal basis, from patients undergoing surgery, from unclaimed bodies at morgues,

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from women giving birth, and through back-door arrangements with coroners.

The absence of a steady supply of human organs and tissues has frustrated countless research projects, many of them vital to battles against major diseases. For instance, the absence of a sufficient and steady supply of colons has slowed research on colon cancer. A committee of outside consultants commissioned by the National Institutes of Health recommended in 1987 that the "NIH should take a leadership role in the development of a communications network and information distribution database for human-tissue research." The NIH has taken steps, including partially funding the National Disease Research Interchange, which facilitates the recovery and distribution of donated human cells, tissues, and organs. But so far the NIH's response has not met the needs its own committee identified.

If cooperation and coordination are so obviously needed, why haven't they happened?

"In a system dependent on altruism," says Emanuel Thorne, an economist at Brooklyn College who is writing a book on the regulation of human organs and tissues, "organizations must be nonprofit. Were they profit-making, competition and takeovers might result in a rational system. However, because they're nonprofit, mergers and acquisitions can't take place through market mechanisms, but must occur through politics and persuasion, which can take a long time. Moreover, the desired outcome is not at all assured."

OTHER DIFFICULT ISSUES DEMAND ATTENTION. Good medicine requires uniform data collection and the pooling of donor registries. Transplantation is a worldwide phenomenon. Organs and tissues increasingly cross national borders, although safety standards and reimbursement procedures vary from country to country. We need rules covering international trade and exchanges.

We also need to establish national safety and quality standards that guarantee the adequate testing of body parts for AIDS, hepatitis, and other infectious diseases. The Food and Drug Administration checks apples and aspirin but sets standards for only a few of the tissues and none of the organs that are transplanted directly from one body to another.

The cost of transplantation is another significant issue. According to UNOS, the average kidney transplant costs $25,000 to $30,000, a heart transplant $57,000 to $110,000, a liver transplant $135,000 to $230,000. (Pre- and post-transplant treatment, which can increase the cost significantly, have not been included in these estimates.) Permanent maintenance on immunosuppressive drugs may cost from $4,000 to $10,000 annually, and there will inevitably be fees for other medical care associated with the transplant. Transplantation, however, is often less costly than alternative treatments. For example, it costs more to keep a kidney patient on dialysis for a year than it does to buy a year's worth of post-transplant drugs. The Health Care Financing Administration estimates that a kidney transplant pays for itself in three or four years. Even allowing for such problems as the possible need for retransplantation, doubling the supply of kidneys could cut down on health-care costs by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Many transplant centers won't put a person on a waiting list for an organ unless that person can demonstrate the ability to pay for the transplant. Indeed, one of the most intractable problems for all of medicine pervades transplantation: the "green screen." Should anyone be denied a transplant for lack of the money? Many times access is denied for financial reasons, but not straightforwardly. For instance, in the case of bone-marrow transplantation, once the computer has identified potential matches, a patient may have to pay $175 to $600 to have each of them tested. Fees for the search and for subsequent laboratory work on donors also vary dramatically, and frequently exceed actual costs. Since insurance usually does not pay for testing anyone but the patient, families have had to mortgage homes or borrow from friends. When the money runs out, most marrow registries stop working. This situation persists even though, for some forms of leukemia, marrow transplantation may be less expensive than treatment with chemotherapy and/or radiation.

Roger Evans, of the Battelle-Seattle Research Center, calculates that 67 million people in the United States lack the insurance to cover the cost of a major organ transplant, such as that for a heart or lungs. They can donate organs and tissues but may be ineligible to receive them. This includes many residents of states such as Oregon and Wyoming, where Medicaid funding for major organ transplants is not available. "I do not believe you should ask anyone to participate as a donor when he can't participate as a recipient," says Terry Strom, an immunologist and professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School. "It becomes the rich buying health at the expense of the poor."

Notwithstanding such hard issues, the ultimate reason reality lags so far behind medical possibility is the lack of federal effort. The government has for too long resisted establishing and funding a national policy to encourage an adequate supply—and the efficient and equitable use—of donated organs and tissues. And the public remains largely uninformed. Surgeons, still pioneering new types of transplantation, have pressed for action. Families unwilling to accept that no more can be done to save loved ones have formed marrow registries, mounted their own organ-procurement efforts, and tried to attract public attention. Most have come to the exasperated conclusion that something better must be possible. It is. In ways never before imagined, we can transform death and pain into life and hope. □

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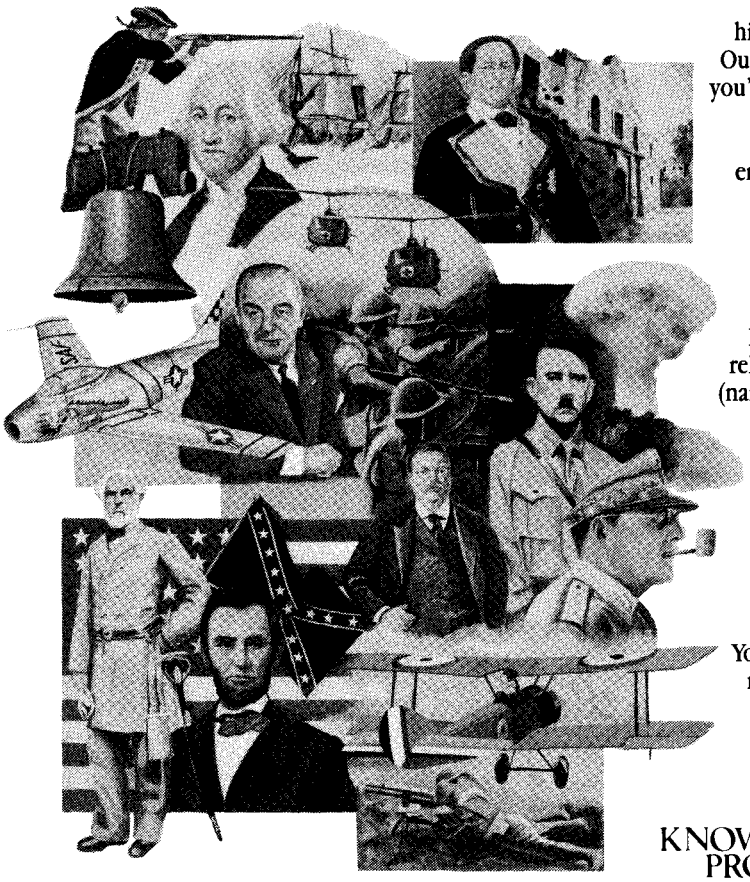

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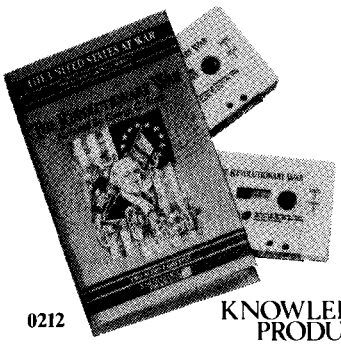

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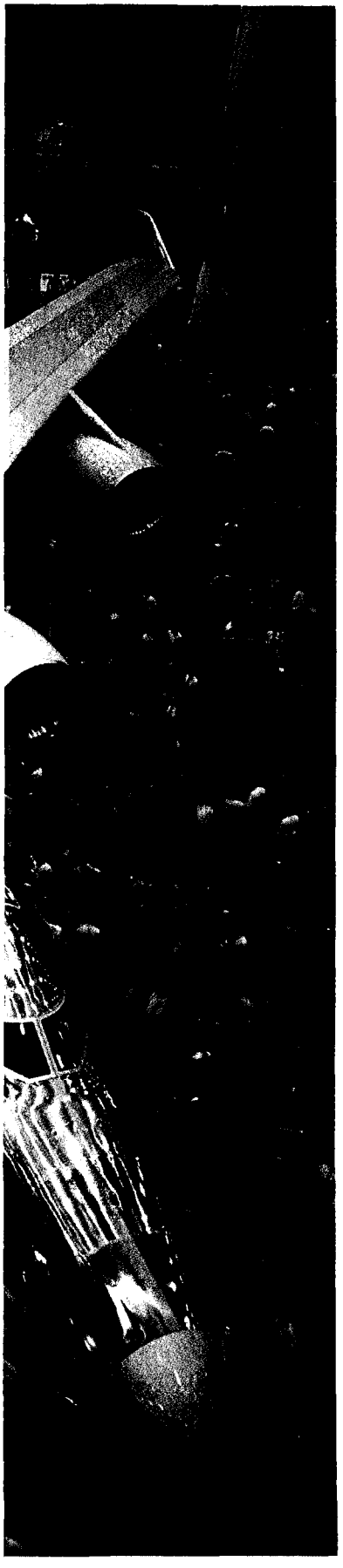
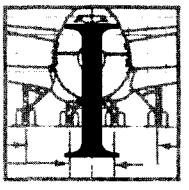


A new Boeing 747 is brought to term at the Boeing facility in Everett, Washington, once every six days. This sleek, ungainly creation, whose survival was once uncertain, now rules the world of transoceanic airline travel. In its latest adaptation—as the 747-400, which can travel nonstop with ease from New York to Tokyo—it seems destined to become the beast of burden of the Pacific century

LEVIATHANS OF THE SKY

BY SIMON WINCHESTER



IT IS NOW MORE THAN TWO DECADES SINCE THE FIRST Boeing 747 was rolled out of Boeing's vast assembly facility in Everett, Washington. The building is today even vaster—still the biggest enclosed space on the planet, and as unimaginable in statistical terms as it is unbelievable at first sight. According to the seemingly endless stream of press releases issued by Boeing's public-relations department, the structure is 115 feet high and contains 291 million cubic feet (increases in height add volume at a frightening rate, and Boeing, presumably anticipating dramatic changes in the size of planes of the future, made its building nearly twice as high as the tallest part of the 747, which is, of course, its tail section, and which stands sixty-three feet above the ground). The earth that was moved to make way for the assembly building is equivalent to the amount that would be shifted to make one and a half Grand Coulee Dams (a statistic presented to impress residents of the Pacific Northwest) and would be enough to build a dike ten feet high and ten feet wide from (for East Coast residents) New York to Washington, D.C.

Left, the "rollout," in 1988, of the new Boeing 747-400; below, one of the first pair bought by Cathay Pacific

COURTESY ROLLS-ROYCE

Quite a menagerie of jumbos have been put together inside the Everett facility: the original series, the 747-100, which is still being flown by half a dozen American airlines, though it ceased

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production in 1986; the 200, the mainstay of today's middle-range fleets; the half-cargo, half-passenger Combi; the unnaturally foreshortened, ugly, and incidentally unpopular 747-SP, the "Edsel of the skies," which some airlines—South African Airways, China Airlines, Pan Am—use to ferry their loads across greater-than-usual distances; and the two later family members, the 747-300, which Singapore Airlines named the Big Top (because of the nearly doubled size of its bulbous upper cabin) and which won immediate favor with long-haul fliers, and the new 747-400, which will be described in greater detail below.

To see one of these craft being created—the process seems more like creation than mere manufacture—is to marvel at the ingenuity of man. Inside the vast cavern of steel girders and endless walls thousands of men swarm over and around what is very obviously a production line: not a line that moves continuously, like that at Ford or General Motors, but a kind of animated time-lapse photograph that displays the whole evolutionary progress of The Plane. We see it from the moment of conception, as prodigious and glittering rings of metal lying among a mess of naked ribs and wire sinews, to the moment when it is first clad in plates of shining aluminum, to moments before it emerges from the plant as a quite naked but engine-equipped and tire-fitted version of the giant that descends from the sky each day at all the major airports of the world.

Every six days at the Everett plant—usually in the middle of the night, when there are fewer distractions—the Boeing production line moves. (A couple of years ago the line moved once every twelve days. This year, with airlines frantic for new planes, and with last year's Boeing machinists' strike having severely complicated matters, the company doubled the work pace.) In this line there are seven positions, easily recognizable by innocents watching from above on the apartment-sized viewing platforms.

At the back great wings are brought in from storage, made into matching pairs, and joined onto what is called a wing-stub box. Then a relatively small section of the fuselage—merely as small as the average house—is attached to the wings. In the third and fourth positions, to which the fetal craft is moved on an arrangement of hydraulic bags and rollers, the rest of the tubular body, the nose (along with the cockpit), and the tail are bolted and glued and riveted and otherwise conjoined. The undercarriage is added, so that the now recognizable plane-to-be can be wheeled around—as indeed it is, to be parked in the remaining three positions at an angle, to allow more room in the assembly building. In positions five and six much of the interior work, the wiring, and the hydraulics is completed, and at seven the engines are hung. Only then does the new 747 head out into the cool and rain for which Everett is famous.

A Spot in the Sky

I FIRST SAW THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING ON such a day, in a heavy, sheeting rainstorm, but I had no need to get wet dashing from parking lot to front door: the bus in which Boeing brought me from the airport simply drove directly into the heart of the building, through a doorway that, though enormous by human standards, was a mere mousehole compared with the doorway beside it, which allows finished aircraft to move out. I was there to witness one of the more curious events of the airline world: the transfer of a jumbo jet from the builder to the customer.

Every six days, as the line inside the building rolls forward, a customer (usually an airline) must send representatives to collect a new airplane, which was ordered two or three years before. A deposit has been paid. New timetables are being readied back home, presuming the delivery of the new craft.

So in the customers flock, each to see a plane, check that all is working, pay over the money, and fly the plane away. They come from Tehran, Dublin, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Chicago, Bangkok, Lisbon, Toronto—from the sixty-odd airlines that are sufficiently rich and important to fly jumbos around the world.

The customer crews, teams of directors and lawyers, accountants and engineers, pilots and navigators, plus a small group of flight attendants who reputedly compete furiously for the privilege of working a delivery flight, are put up in the best of Seattle's hotels. They dine with their consuls or with their company representatives. The lesser figures go sailing on Puget Sound, or wander the slopes of Mount Rainier, or eat soft-shell crabs on a pine-covered island. The senior people are taken out to Everett to tour their new plane and make sure that all is as expected—seats the right size, color scheme perfect, lavatories in the right place, cockpit controls accurate, and wheels acceptably round (not always the case, given the hundreds of tons riding on top of them).

Then they fly it (Boeing already has). If the pilots and engineers feel happy, arrangements are started—lawyers briefed, accountants readied, bankers instructed, vaults opened—to do the deal. If they don't like what they feel—if the plane seems heavy or sluggish, or the engines make an odd noise—then they ask for changes and arrange to take it for a spin the next day. And, if necessary, the next day. And the next . . .

But, finally, D (for "delivery") Day. The night before, the customer has been given a banquet, the host often a burly Boeing figure with the rank of vice-president, whose burliness is perhaps not unrelated to the fact that he has the option of attending a banquet about every six days. Though they are free to attend the party, the pilots are not allowed to drink, and in consequence are the only ones with clear heads when, shortly after breakfast the

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next day, the Boeing bus arrives to take everyone from the hotel up north to Everett and the 747 delivery center. Here the final details are discussed: the route home, the weather, the amount of fuel, the passenger load for the journey.

The first time I witnessed the delivery of a 747 was a May morning, and the plane I was to board was bound for Hong Kong. In a small room off the main factory floor, waitresses served canapés and handed around souvenir stickers and funny hats, trying to keep everyone happy while the final technical problems were sorted out. Over at the plane an engineer was working on the video system, which had developed a flutter; someone had discovered that the fire warning system was behaving erratically; a fuel bleed line had become blocked with metal shavings.

At last the shuttle buses arrived, and the forty of us who were off across the Pacific were taken out to clamber aboard the plane, which gleamed in the morning light. The pilot gave a thumbs-up, instrument lights glowed green, the brilliant-yellow fire engines sidled away, and a small group of the men who had helped build the plane stood to one side and watched, some with a little sorrow and some with evident pride, as another of their masterpieces began to edge out onto the runway. A few moments later the hundreds of tons of glittering new metal roared past them, and they waved and cheered as another Boeing Big Top lifted its nose, floated up into the air, and headed west, out to the coast.

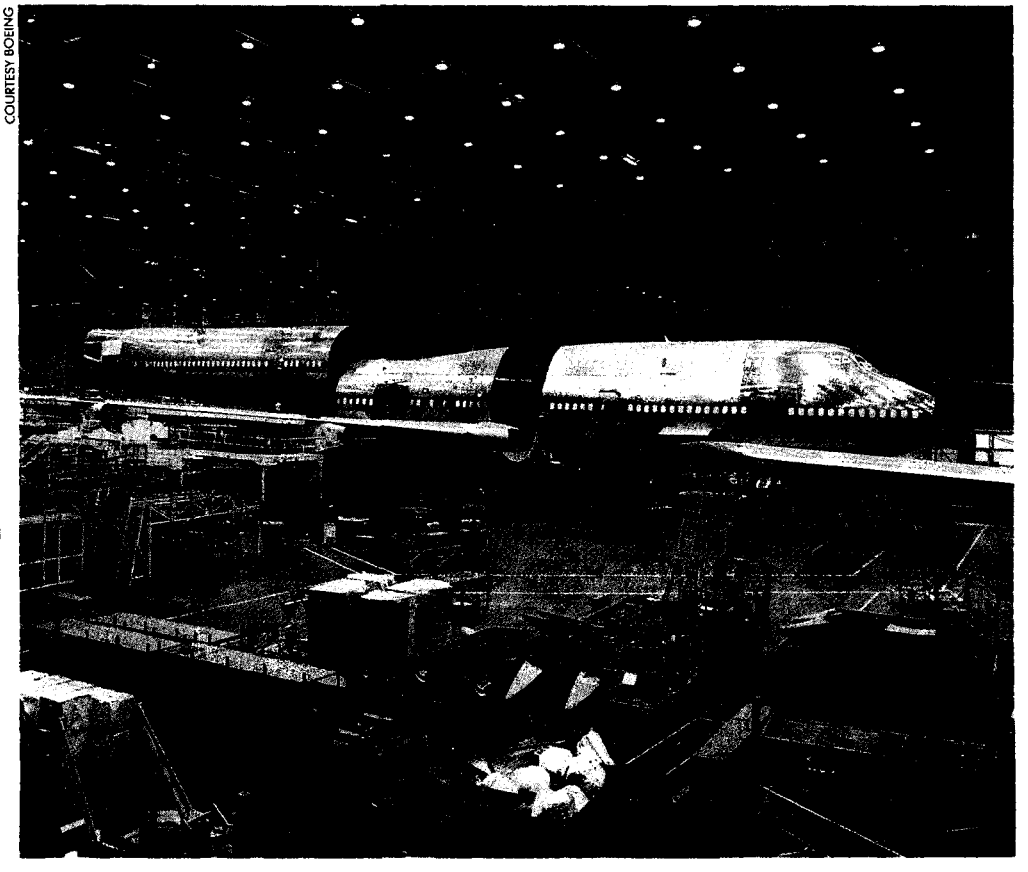
At this point a Boeing captain was at the controls. He was there for a very simple reason: by law the plane belonged to Boeing, and its ownership would not change until one detail had been definitively settled, to everyone's satisfaction—the money.

THERE IS NOT A GREAT DEAL TO RECOMMEND THE spot on the globe where the transaction that I witnessed took place. It was in the middle of the sea—a foggy and stormy part of the northeast Pacific, about 200 miles off the coast of Washington. The distance was most important, because it lent the site a particular significance, far beyond its ability to give pleasure or challenge to dolphin, albatross, or eel. For reasons that were a complex mixture of geographical accident, national politics, and economic necessity, this point was long ago chosen as the site for the consummation of a particular type of business deal.

The point at which these deals were fixed is not, of course, upon the face of the sea but seven miles above it. Here, until recently, is where Boeing would sell jumbo jets to the world. (The means of transfer is now being changed to a duller, more businesslike, and wholly unromantic one.) It was the spot in the sky where you handed

With the help of two and a half million rivets and other fasteners, a 727-400 comes together at Boeing's assembly facility in Everett, Washington

COURTESY BOEING



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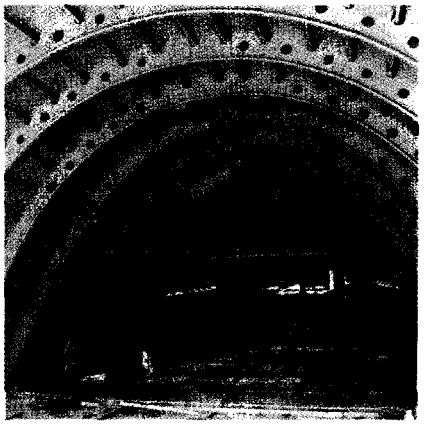

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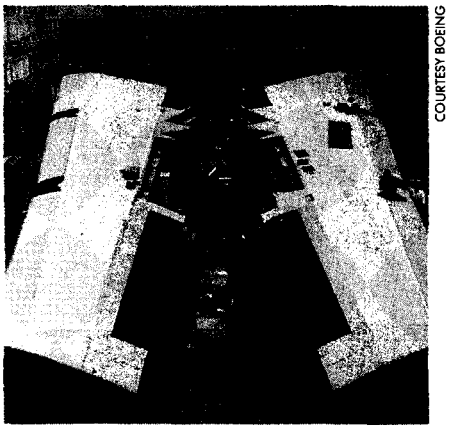

COURTESY BOEING

Wings during construction; joining them will be the first step in the aircraft's assembly

over your cash and in return were given a triple set of keys to your brand-new plane.

There was a very sound economic reason why many new airplanes were sold this way—on the wing, as it were, rather than on the ground. The customer would have paid about 30 percent of the price of the plane by the time he got to that point. Give or take the odd hundred thousand, there would be around $75 million left to pay. Boeing wanted that money before it would part with the plane, but the customer wanted to hand it over only at the very last moment, interest charges on that kind of cash being enormous. Moreover, as one of the customer's directors explained to me with a grin, beyond the 200-mile limit no American tax—state, federal, or municipal—could be levied on any commercial transaction.

As the plane I was on hurried out across the sea to the sales point, the navigator called out the coordinates from his inertial-navigation-system screen. Finally he announced, "On coordinates. Two hundred miles out. Steady as we go!" And suddenly everyone got very interested.

A complicated high-frequency radio circuit was opened: from the plane to Boeing, the customer's lawyers in Washington, the customer's bankers in New York, and Boeing's lawyers. A series of code numbers was read out—the customer's instructions to pay over the $75 million. The customer's lawyers evidently agreed, they instructed the bank accordingly, and the bankers, 3,000 miles back east, handed over the check.

The Boeing lawyers called to verify the details of the account, that the money was there and the check wouldn't bounce. The money was transferred. The lawyers issued a coded signal to Boeing, and then Boeing sent up its final instruction.

The Boeing captain removed his silk gloves and stepped out from the right-hand seat, out of the cockpit and into the cabin. The customer's pilot, who had been waiting anxiously for this moment, walked past him into his new cockpit, pushed back the seat, and eased himself into it. The new leather squeaked. He took hold of the controls, pressed his feet against the elevator pedals and their unworn rubber pads, and then uttered some protocols down the microphone to the Oakland Air Traffic Control Center and on to Honolulu Oceanic Control, about his intended route across the Pacific. Finally he fiddled with some buttons, and the angle of the sun changed as the huge aircraft turned its nose off to the left.

The plane now belonged to the customer, and the directors back in the cabin opened the first bottles of Krug. Many more were opened as the plane rumbled smoothly across the limitless Pacific, toward its new home base and the beginning of its thousands of hours and uncountable route miles of life as a long-haul jet.

A Matter of Thrust

WIDE-BODIED JETS HAVE COME TO BE SO familiar a part of the everyday landscape that it is almost impossible to imagine the modern world without them. They have a solid, imperturbable look of inevitability. The evolutionary process from Wright through Blériot to Lindbergh and to the Sea of Tranquillity, or from the Sopwith Camel to the Dakota to the Comet and the 707, seems to lead inexorably to the jumbo—the wide-body, the Boeing 747, the most remarkable aircraft of its time.

Yet there was nothing inevitable about the 747. The 747 would never have come about without the active support and cooperation of Pan American and its founder and then president, Juan Terry Trippe. It was Trippe who had ordered the first twenty 707s, in 1955, thus helping Boeing to inaugurate the jet age. This time, three days before Christmas of 1965, he informally agreed to buy twenty-five of the monsters being designed by a team at Boeing headed by John Sutter. (He later took options for eight more.) This decision then represented the largest financial and technological gamble in the history of aviation. Without the order Boeing could never have gone on with the program; as it is, the company may have committed as much as $2 billion, more than twice its total worth, to the one project. (Even now Boeing won't give precise figures, but estimates start at $750 million.) Whatever the sum, the company was overextended to a terrifying degree—as was Pan Am—and one elderly Boeing executive has stated that thinking about the 747's early days still brought sweat to the palms of his hands years later.

The scale of the project was extraordinary. An entirely new factory had to be built in Everett, a then rather dismal lumber town on the mouth of the Snohomish River, thirty miles north of Seattle. The assembly building was forty acres in extent, and a special rail link (with boxcars specially enlarged for the huge assemblies they would be required to carry) was ordered to connect it to the main line to Seattle.

Two hundred different designs were advanced for the new plane, innumerable new variables having been introduced into the equations: Pan Am wanted slightly wider seats than those on the 707, because, their ergonomists declared, the breadth of the American bottom was increasing. There was a plan to make the entire aircraft double-deck, as the Stratocruiser had been (its pas-

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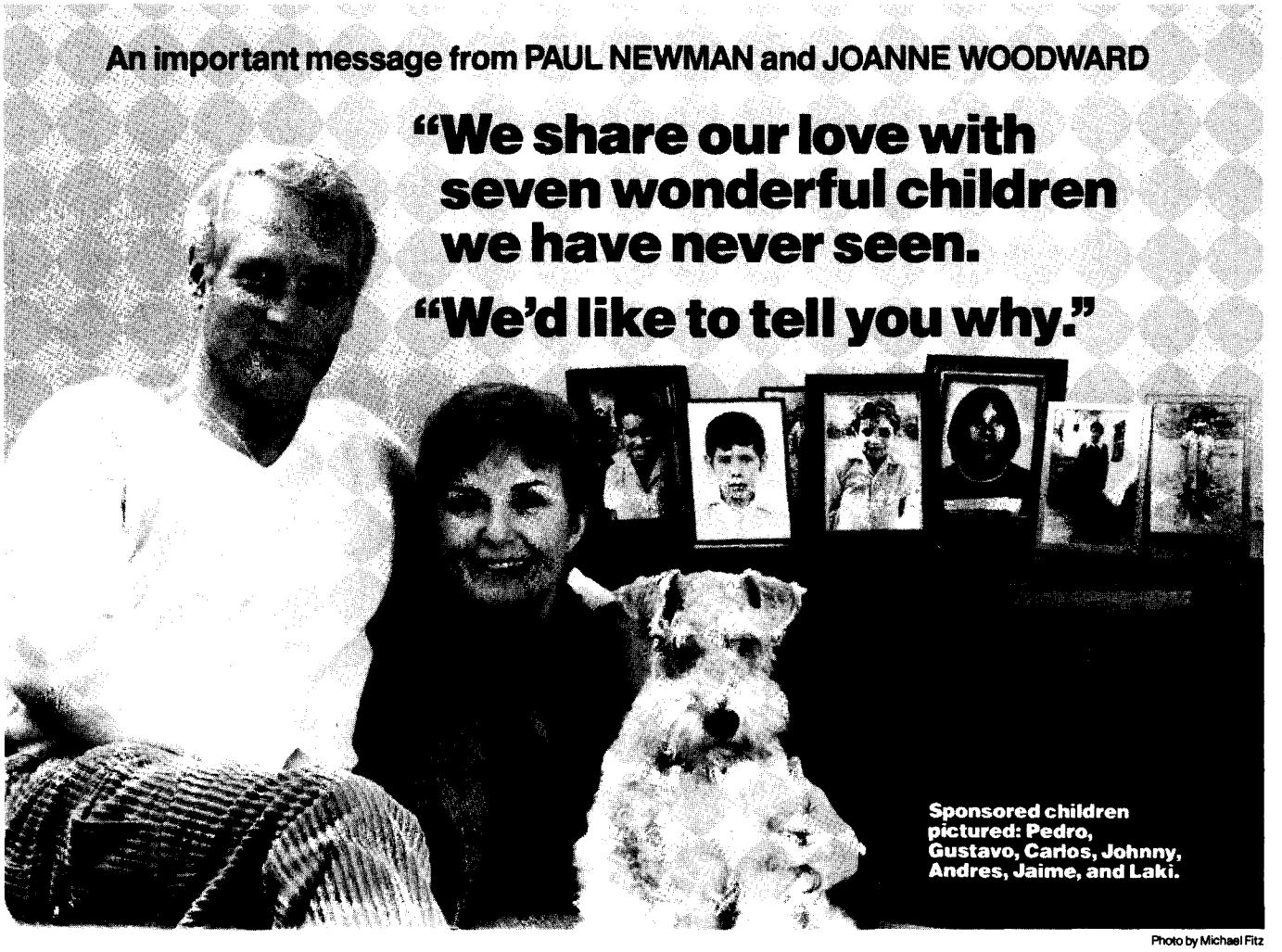

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Photo by Michael Fitz

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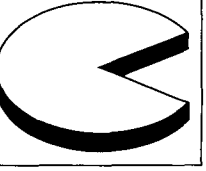

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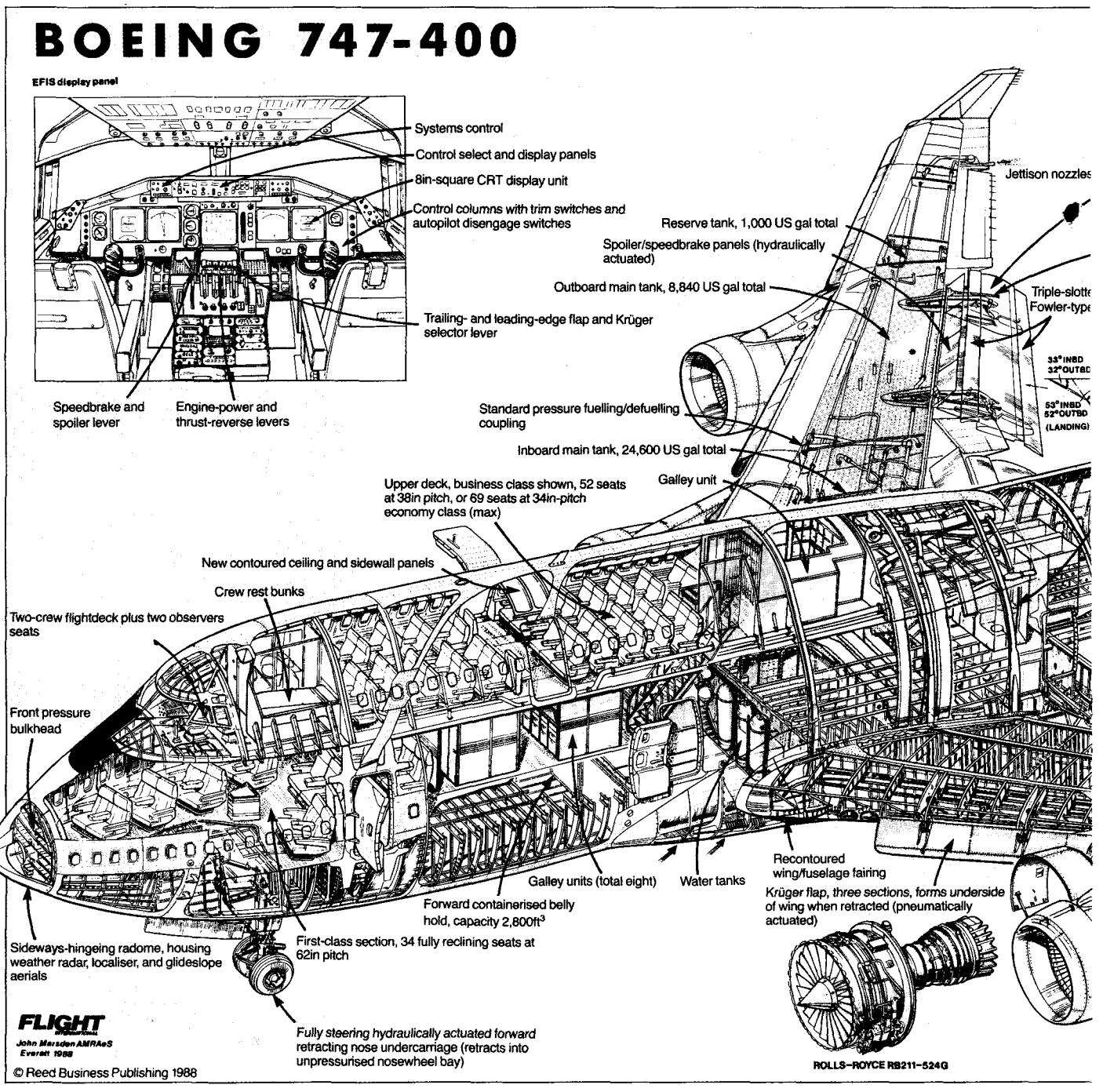

sengers went downstairs to a lounge), but engineers vetoed this because of the potential difficulty in getting passengers out quickly in the event of an emergency.

The diameter of the new fuselage was defined by way of a charming throwback to a slower form of transport, the ship (albeit the container ship, which mariners hardly regard as possessed of much charm). Pan Am, eager that its new plane be able to double as an aerial freighter, decided that the 747 should be able to carry at least two parallel rows of standard ships' containers—forty feet long, eight feet wide, and eight feet high. Two of these placed side by side—a total width of more than sixteen feet, with a minute gap between them—implied a circle in which would fit, almost exactly, nine of the newly designed seats placed beside each other and two aisles separating them. The containers' width thus became the 747's fuselage diameter. A narrower plane might have meant a single aisle; a wider plane might have meant more room, and comfort, for everyone.

The familiar bulge at the rear of the cockpit, too, had its origins with the needs of cargo haulers. Initially the idea was for cargo to be loaded through the aircraft's nose, meaning that the cockpit would be placed well above it. An elevated cockpit would require an aerody-

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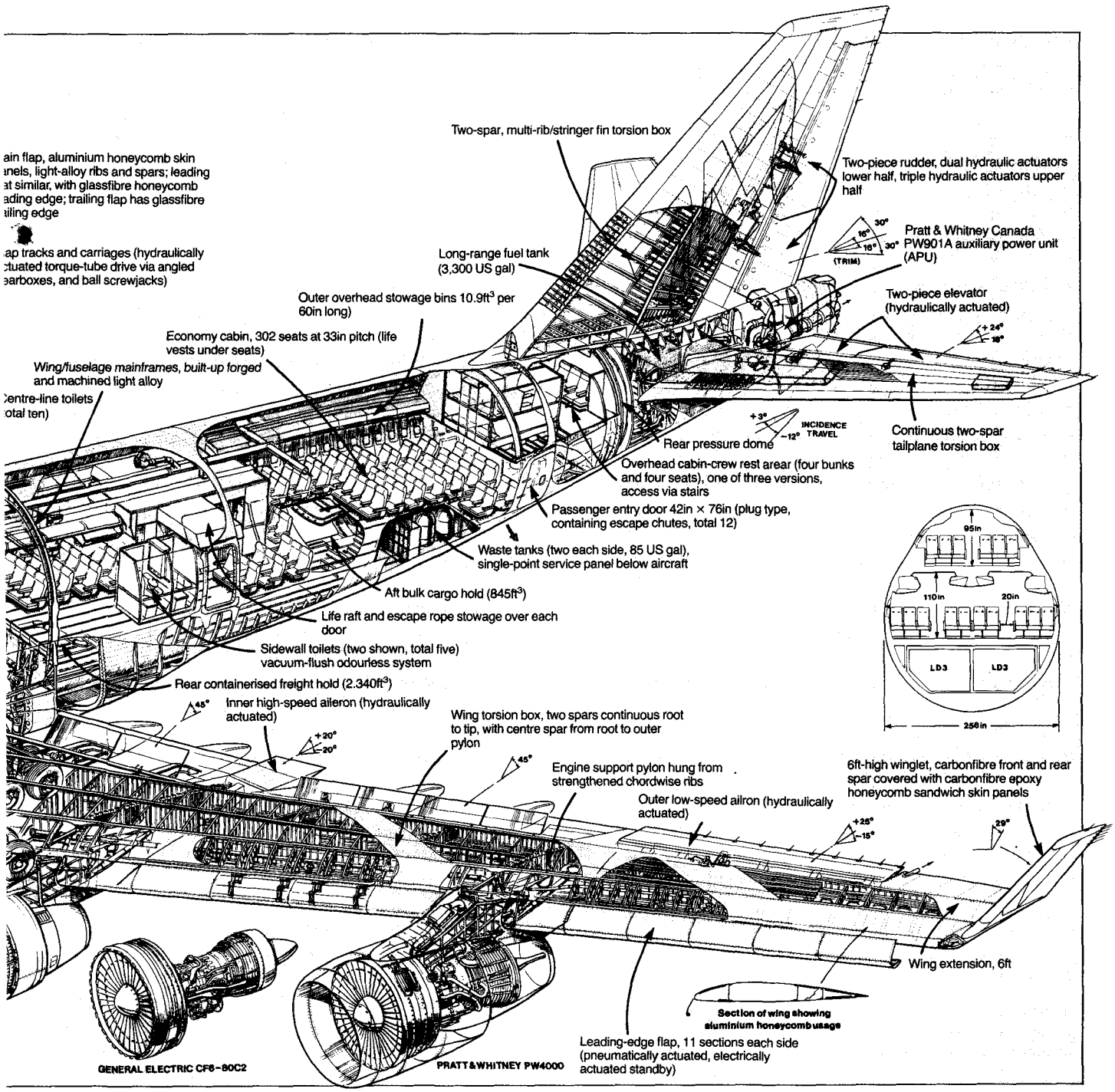

namically efficient slope down to join the rest of the fuselage—a sloping surface enclosing a considerable amount of usable space. Sutter's design team planned to use this space to contain the air-conditioning ducts, but Juan Trippe, as flamboyant as he was prescient, vetoed so prosaic a plan. Trippe was the customer and was footing most of the bills, so eventually, after much protestation, Boeing caved in. Thus a rather Victorian, comfortably domestic feature was introduced: a spiral staircase was constructed to link the existing passenger space with this new, oddly shaped space above, which would be filled with two tons of extra weight that could include (depending on the airline) a baby grand piano, a bar, or (in one lunatic scheme) a small swimming pool, and then, as the years went on, fare-paying passengers.

THE DEADLINE FOR PRODUCING THE FIRST 747S WAS crippling: Pan Am and Boeing had agreed in December of 1965 that deliveries would begin in November of 1969, meaning that in less than four years a brand-new plane—and, more significant, a brand-new engine—would have to be developed, certified, and made ready to fly. General Electric, which had won the engine contract for the military's big C-5A, declined the

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invitation to bid on the engine for the 747, saying it could not be developed in time. Rolls-Royce, which very much wanted to make it (and had a work force of 70,000 already engaged in jet-engine projects of one kind or another), was turned down by Boeing, which thought—rightly, as it turned out—that the much-vaunted Hyfil carbon-fiber turbine blades with which Rolls-Royce wanted to equip its new engines were no good.

Pratt & Whitney, the remaining contender, agreed to build the engine—and to raise to an unheard-of 5:1 the so-called bypass ratio of the engines, a challenge that, if met, would give the engines the 41,000 pounds of thrust that Sutter's design team figured was the minimum necessary to keep the new plane aloft.

The basic jet engine involves what seems a combination of elegant simplicity and magic. Air drawn into the engine is squeezed by a series of compressor blades until it is at very high pressure. Fuel is then injected into it, and ignited. The compressed air and fuel burn and the hot gases expand enormously, rushing out the exhaust of the engine housing—turning a turbine as they do so, which in turn rotates the compressor blades to compress more air pouring in from the front. Air thus streams out of the exhaust nozzle much faster than it is being taken in—with the result that the engine, and hence the airplane to which it is attached, moves forward.

A "bypass engine" employs an additional feature. At the front of the engine is an enormous fan, which, driven by the turbines that are turned by the exhaust gases, seems to chew its way into the air in front of it. The air that its forty or so blades move does not flow into the engine as such, to be mixed with fuel and ignited in the combustion chambers, but rather is *bypassed* around the combustion chambers to be injected directly into the hot exhaust stream. There it is heated, rapidly; it duly expands and is shot out the rear of the engine—the bypass air producing as much as three quarters of the engine's total thrust.

A bypass engine is a high-thrust, low-noise, extremely economical type of engine—crucial to the success of wide-bodied jet airliners. In the late 1960s, and with a deadline of only forty-odd months, it was an appallingly difficult project to design, build, prove, and certify. That Pratt & Whitney dared to attempt it says something for the courage, or the foolhardiness, of American manufacturers at the time.

Finishing touches: before painting, a worker masks a section of the first 747-400

GREG GILBERT / SEATTLE TIMES

Indeed, foolhardiness appears to have been a dominant feature of the attitudes of many of those directly involved with the making of the 747 during the years between the signing by Pan Am of its letter of intent, in December of 1965, and the first commercial flight of a Pan Am 747, in January of 1970. The blame is shared more or less equally by the three protagonists. Pan Am wanted a monster of ever-increasing size. Boeing kept agreeing to do whatever Pan Am demanded. And Pratt & Whitney tried gamely to keep up with the ever-increasing size and weight of the new plane.

When the original contract was signed, it was agreed that the plane's takeoff weight should not exceed 655,000 pounds (at the time of the initial agreement between the companies, four months earlier, the idea was for a plane 100,000 pounds lighter) and that it should be able to carry 400 passengers for 5,900 miles at an altitude of 35,000 feet—well above the ceiling of competing jets, so that the new planes could enjoy less-turbulent air and consume less fuel (up to a point, consumption decreases with each added foot above sea level). But during 1967 and 1968 the plane began to grow—a little longer here, a lot heavier everywhere—and the targets for its performance began to drop. The weight increased to 680,000 pounds, then to 710,000 pounds; the range fell to 5,000 miles, the operating ceiling to 33,000 feet. And Pratt & Whitney was asked to rate its engine for more power still—as much as 43,500 pounds of thrust.

In short, the project was beginning to go out of control. Fears were voiced in the Boeing boardroom that the much smaller "jumbos" that Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas had now agreed to build, the L-1011 and the DC-10, would prove to be the planes actually justified by passenger demand and the realities of the airline industry, and that the Boeing 747 was doomed, like the Brabazon and the Spruce Goose, to be a white elephant.

HOWEVER, AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER OF 1968 THE first plane was rolled out of the new assembly building at Everett. The skeptics—those who had gulped when they saw the wooden mock-up of this bug-eyed monster of a plane, which looked as if no force known to man could lift it from the ground and keep it in the sky—were silenced. This new craft was a wonder, a massive and beautiful creature that would change the face of aviation—itself only six decades old.

There were challenges still to overcome, but slowly the Boeing 747 stopped being the nightmare of the aviation world. The engines, at first plagued with problems, began to work properly. General Electric eventually joined Pratt & Whitney in supplying engines, and so did Rolls-Royce. By the end of the 1970s the traveling public—after first rebelling against the delays and cancellations that initially dogged the plane—had fallen in love with it. There was a feeling abroad that anything so huge and so solid was sure to be safe—and even the accidents that have befallen the plane have done little to dampen enthusiasm. Within weeks of the first deliveries, air-

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lines—especially state-run airlines, which liked the cachet of owning the biggest civil aircraft made—were buying from Boeing in droves. The 747 started to make money.

An Aircraft for the Pacific

THE DELIVERY FLIGHT THAT I HAVE ALREADY described took place, as noted, one May. It had been a cold and rainy morning in Everett when I left, and when I stepped onto the ramp at Kai Tak Airport, in Hong Kong, thirteen hours or so later, it was humid and about 80°. Such observations are of less relevance or interest to a pilot than to his passengers: what the pilot cares about is the weather along the route, up high. On this occasion the high-level weather had been mercifully placid and the captain had experienced no particular difficulty. Had the journey taken place in November, however, and had the plane been laden with 400 passengers, rather than a mere forty baggage-less wanderers like me, the story would have been very different.

The westerly winds that blow across the Pacific at high altitudes in winter often do so at velocities of 200 knots or more—head winds that can, on parts of a jumbo's journey, slow it down to two thirds of its normal cruising speed. A thirteen-hour trans-Pacific flight would thus turn into a sixteen- or seventeen-hour flight—far longer than the crew could work efficiently and, more important, longer than the maximum of 54,000 gallons of fuel could keep the plane aloft. The stark truth behind these figures is that although the 747-300, the Big Top jet aboard which I made that flight, is an admirable plane for long-haul journeys, there is one part of the world it cannot be guaranteed to cross without stopping—the Pacific Ocean. Only by dint of crossing at one of the narrowest points—Vancouver to Tokyo, say, or Seattle to Hong Kong—is there a fair prospect that the plane will get over in one leap on most of the days it is scheduled to fly. Because the Pacific is so vast and the plane so short on stamina, most of the other trans-Pacific routes have been possible for it only during certain seasons of the year, or only with less than a full load of passengers in the cabin. This is a harsh fact of life that airline planners and their paying passengers once had to accept.

But then came the 1980s, and suddenly everyone wanted to cross the Pacific—and they wanted to cross it without stopping, whenever they chose. They announced their loathing for airports like Anchorage, Honolulu, and Nandi, where they were forced to halt their progress for refueling. They had booked their tickets for Tokyo, they said, and they wanted to go to Tokyo and nowhere else. The airlines started to listen to them. A new aircraft needed to be built—an aircraft for the Pacific.

Boeing was the obvious candidate to build it, having so dominant a position in the big-airplane industry. But Pan Am, which had provided the initial impetus for the 747 program twenty years before, was by now no longer a serious player in the Pacific theater. (Plagued by financial problems, it withdrew totally from the Pacific in 1985 and handed over all its routes to United Airlines.) Replacing it as "seed customer" for the new plane was Northwest Orient Airlines, based in the manifestly non-Pacific city of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Being based amid the wheat fields of the American heartland had long stimulated Northwest's appetite for the faraway. Bolstered, in part, by lucrative contracts with the American military for transporting troops to and from the big bases in the Pacific, and by the holiday-making needs of those in the Midwest who wanted to escape from the cold to coral reefs and beaches, the airline had developed an intimate relationship with Asia. It flew to Seoul and Tokyo, Guam and Hong Kong. And crucially, like most serious American carriers, it flew to New York City. By the mid-1980s the airline knew it wanted a plane that could fly fully loaded and nonstop between New York and Tokyo, one of the world's most costly and prestigious routes, every day of the year. In September of 1985 Northwest placed an order for ten new planes, at a cost of $125 million each. Boeing began to build the new aircraft under the designation 747-400.

OUTWARDLY THE PLANE APPEARS LITTLE DIFFERENT from the 747-300. Its length and height are the same: about 232 feet from end to end, sixty-three feet from floor to top of the tail, thirty-two feet from floor to top of the bulge. There is one very visible difference, however, in that the wings—six feet longer than the 747-300's—have apparently small (though actually man-sized), upwardly angled tips, made of carbon fiber and epoxy. The purpose of these "winglets," which give an oddly unfinished look to the plane, is to retain as much air as possible on top of the wings as it speeds across them in flight—they prevent the air from spilling off the end of the wing and scattering itself uselessly in the winds, and help keep the machine in the air more efficiently.

There are other changes: a new fuel tank, deep inside the tail assembly, which can hold 3,300 extra gallons of aviation fuel, allowing the plane to range 400 extra miles; and a new and totally electronic cockpit. An older cockpit looks more like the nerve center of a water-pumping station, with dials, levers, and switches made of iron and Bakelite. It has forty-seven dials immediately in front of the pilot's eyes, and uncountable dozens in the ceiling, beside his leg, behind his ears. The new cockpit, known as the glass cockpit, has but six color television screens and six dials. Any information wanted by anyone on board—the temperature of the cabin around row 58, the distance from the plane to the island of Guam, the number of gallons of fuel remaining in the port wing—can be flashed up on the screens in beguiling, cheerful color, at the touch of a button.

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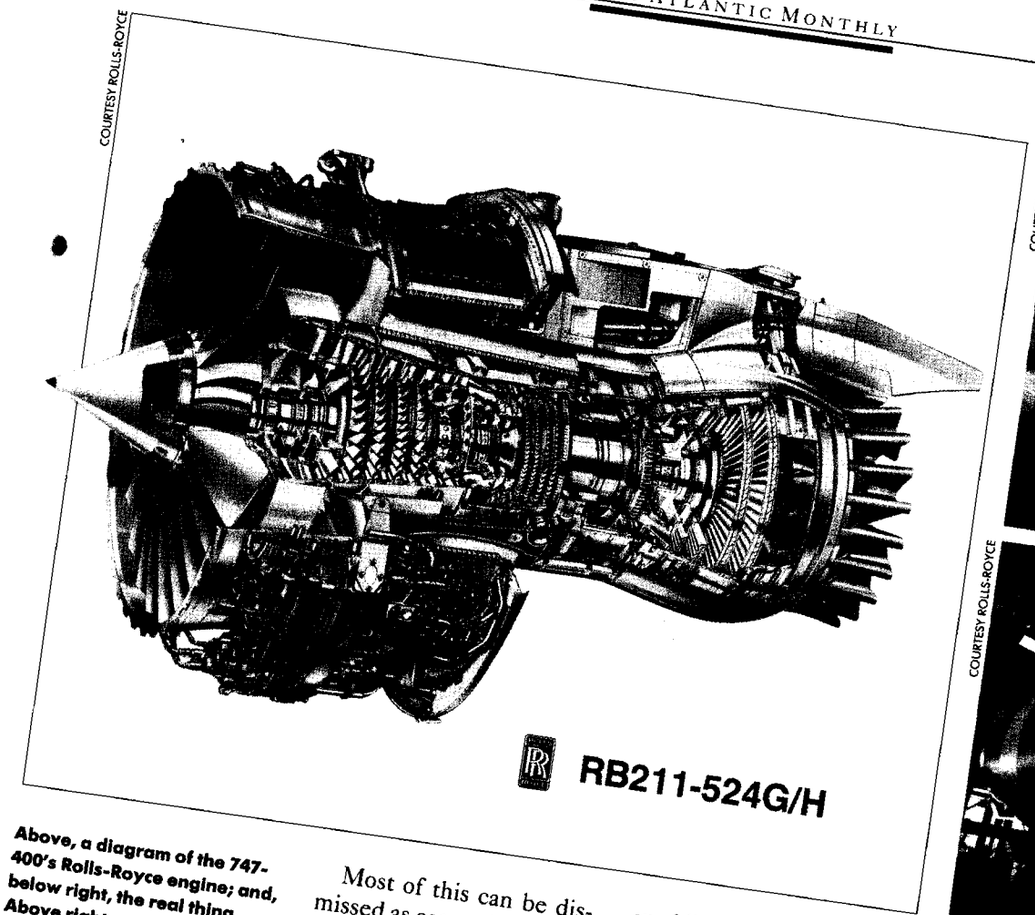
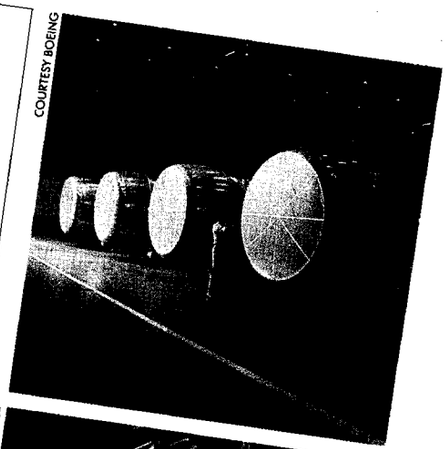
COURTESY ROLLS-ROYCE



COURTESY BOEING



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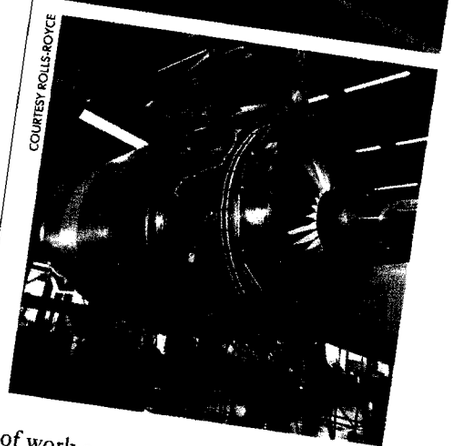

Above, a diagram of the 747-400's Rolls-Royce engine; and, below right, the real thing. Above right, engines about to be hung

Most of this can be dismissed as cosmetic; the extra fuel tank provides a little more range, and the altered wing surface gives a little more efficiency. What counts in the new aircraft, as in all its predecessors, is the engine. And it has been in the technology of engine-making that the real breakthroughs have been made recently—breakthroughs that have enabled the gigantic distances of the Pacific to be spanned, as the world's economies have dictated that they should. Although all three of the major engine-making companies have built engines that are used on 747-400s, the engine that is regarded by many pilots as being technically the most interesting and innovative is the type placed on the two 747-400s, designated VR-HOO and VR-HOP, ordered by that quintessential Pacific airlines Cathay Pacific Airways, based in Hong Kong. The engines were constructed in the drab suburbs of the city of Derby, in the English midlands, by Rolls-Royce.

THE ANCESTRY OF THE NEW ENGINE GOES BACK TO the egregious RB-211, the engine that, with its carbon-fiber blades and the huge expectations placed on it, contributed to the near-collapse of Rolls-Royce eighteen years ago. The new technology that has made the engine not only viable but now, as one of Cathay's chief pilots calls it, "the most exciting engine in the world" relates to twenty years of work on one item in particular, and the application, in the autumn of 1988, of as much computing power as Rolls-Royce could muster to iron out a last-minute technical problem.

The crucial item is the fan at the front of the modern RB211-524G engine. At first it appears no different from the fans at the front of any other engine—just a whirling spiral "eye," painted on to help frighten birds away, and a number of blades, invariably seen turning slowly in the breeze while the plane waits to "spool up" for takeoff, or running down after a flight.

A closer look into the new Rolls-Royce engine shows that there are fewer blades than in normal engines, and that each one is larger than usual. The fan blades are nearly half again as wide as those of conventional fans. They are known as wide-chord blades. The need for such fan blades was obvious twenty years ago, when bypass engines were first brought into service. The usual narrow blades of the fan were knitted together by struts known as snubbers—they had to be, or vibration in the blades would have increased to the point where it destroyed the whole engine. But the snubbers complicated the airflow through the blades, setting up strange vortices of air, tiny whirlpools that frustrated the engine's ability to compress the air to the optimum degree. To make blades wide and strong enough to allow the elimination of the snubbers was the engine-makers' dream. Rolls-Royce set its design team to work in 1968, when trans-

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Pacific nonstop flight was no more than a vague dream; it took until 1984 for the first such blades to be placed in a working engine, and until the summer of 1989 for a 747 with these blades to make its Pacific debut.

The blades are hollow—solid ones would have been prohibitively heavy. The engineering team, led by Michael Howse, a figure who has become a living legend in the world of bypass jets, came up with a blade constructed from two sheets of pure titanium bonded to an inner structure made of pure titanium honeycomb—a manufacturers' nightmare, a thing of questionable strength that might deform in strange ways under extremes of temperature and pressure. Mathematical models of majestic complexity were built, hundreds of thousands of different sets of conditions were posited, and modifications were made, until, finally, the results suggested that the blade would be strong and resistant and would thrust air smoothly through the engines.

Physical models were made and tested. A gun was built that would fire eight thawed twenty-four-ounce chickens at the blades in less than a second—a simulation of a bird strike, a test that had been inaugurated with the original RB-211 and had gone badly wrong. (Technicians familiar with such bizarre-sounding tests like to recall that at about the same time a group of American engine-makers forgot to unfreeze their chickens, which tore through their engine like bullets and utterly wrecked it.) In another test an explosive device was rigged up so as to tear off one of the blades while the engine was revolving at its maximum speed: the engine casing absorbed the energy of the resulting disaster so well that parts of the rear of the engine were reusable afterward.

A CATHAY PACIFIC 747-400 THAT TOOK OFF FROM EVERett with four Rolls-Royce engines bolted to its wings, on June 8 of last year, was the first such plane ever to fly across the Pacific. For Rolls-Royce the flight was of enormous symbolic importance, and there was plenty of nail-biting as FAA inspectors demanded more and more signatures on more and more complicated paperwork before they would let such a combination of new plane and new engine make its debut in the skies.

As it happens, the flight was completed without incident, the arrival in Hong Kong perfectly timed, the speed, range, and fuel consumption exactly as predicted. Some of the handful of passengers aboard remarked on the apparent power of the engines—the plane seemed to tear itself away from earth in a vast hurry, someone said—and on their size, more compact than the Pratt & Whitneys and General Electrics mounted on other jumbos. But as is usually the fate of today's aircraft engines, most passengers took them wholly for granted.

The new Rolls-Royce engine now seems to have a definite cost advantage over its American competitors. The development of the wide-chord fan is said to be one of the most remarkable advances in aerodynamic engineering in years, and a number of airlines are ordering engines of the new type. Naturally, all the new British Airways jumbos are to be equipped with them, as are those of Qantas and Air New Zealand. In August of last year Qantas, with great flair, showed off the capabilities of the engines by flying its new 747-400 nonstop from London to Sydney—a distance of 11,156 miles, which the plane managed in twenty hours, eight minutes. The realistic range figure offered for a 747-400 today—7,370 miles—supposes the craft to be fully loaded with 412 passengers, their baggage, and five pallets of cargo. Thus laden, the plane could make it from Sydney to Los Angeles without stopping, or from Hong Kong to Toronto, or Tokyo to New York.

I flew to Hong Kong on the first of the Cathay Pacific aircraft to be equipped with the new Rolls-Royce engines. Paddy Anderson, a taciturn Ulsterman who brings most of the airline's new planes home, had spent weeks on the brand-new Rediffusion simulator at Hong Kong's Kai Tak Airport, learning how to fly an aircraft with so unconventional a cockpit, so simple a set of controls. There was a real fear, one of his colleagues remarked, that life on the flight deck, already boring, would now become anesthetizingly so.

On this particular flight there was little time for anyone to be bored. Dozens of technicians swarmed in and out of the cockpit, monitoring the fuel flow, the aircraft trim, the engine temperatures, the performance of the radios, radars, and inertial-navigation computers. There were experts in a wholly new art, called HERF-damping—men who could install suppressors to prevent damage that might be inflicted on the electronics when the plane flew through the cones of high-energy radio waves produced by big short-wave transmitters, like those owned by the BBC and Voice of America. There was a specialist on how planes fare when they fly into thunderstorms, and how lightning strikes might affect the cockpit electronics. There were even two flight attendants modeling a new uniform, unhappy because it seemed to make everyone who looked at it go cross-eyed.

Less than thirteen hours after takeoff we were within sight of Kai Tak, and the single runway that juts out bravely into the eastern harbor. A line of brilliant white strobe lights led us in over Stonecutter's Island, over Sham Shui Po and Mong Kok, where lives the highest concentration of mankind on earth. There was Kowloon Tong, and there, right ahead, illuminated by blazing lights, the huge red-and-white checkerboard painted on a hillside. Paddy Anderson waited until the checks filled his windscreen and then threw the plane to the right, a sudden 47-degree turn that led us straight down onto the runway.

It was 90° outside, a laconic voice intoned, and the humidity was close to 100 percent. Seattle, and Everett, and the pleasingly cool winds of Snohomish County, seemed suddenly a very long way away. □

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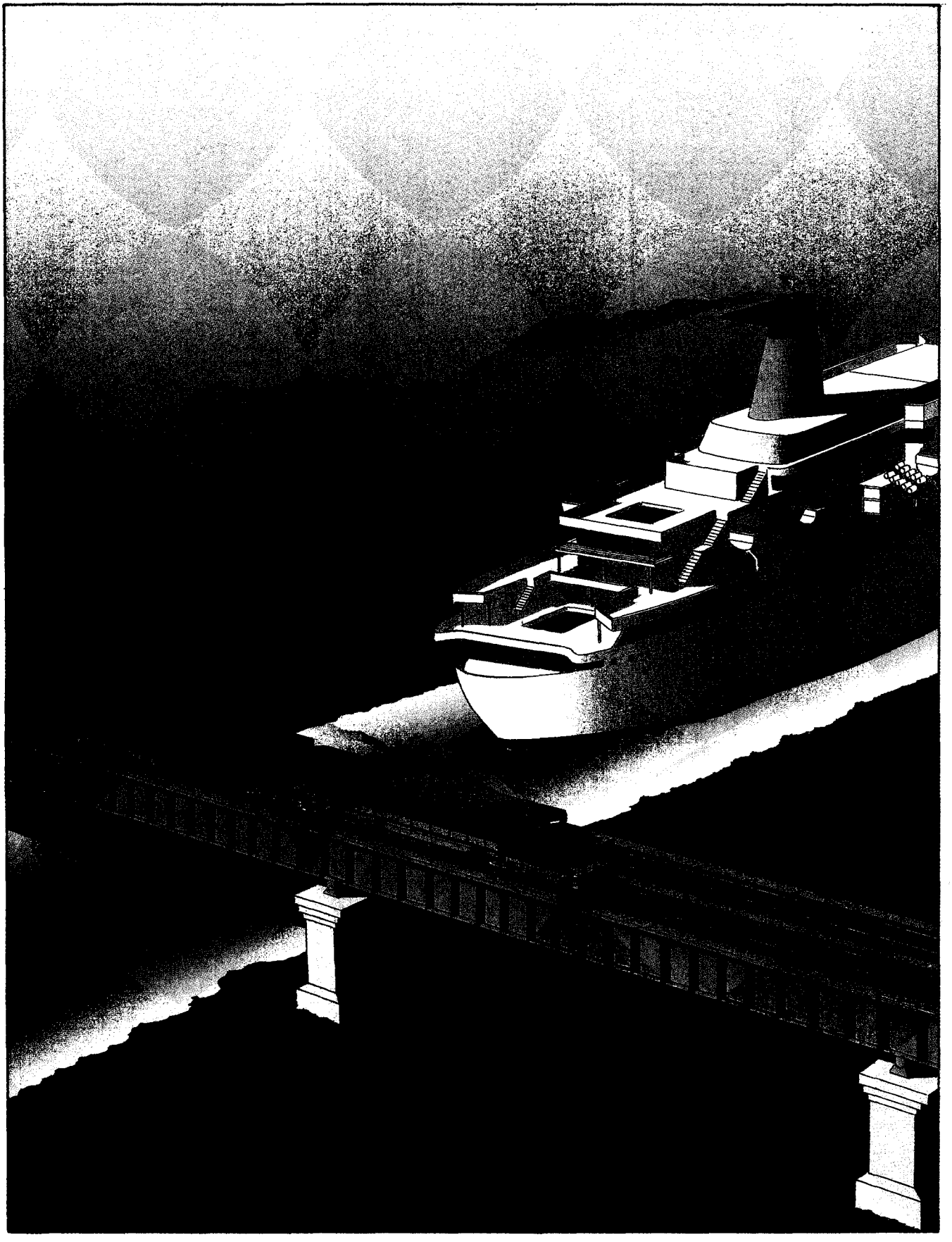
RIGHT OF WAY

BY GUY BILLOUT



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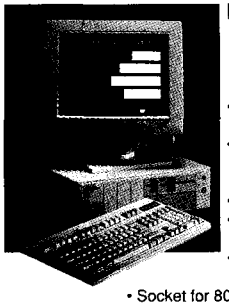

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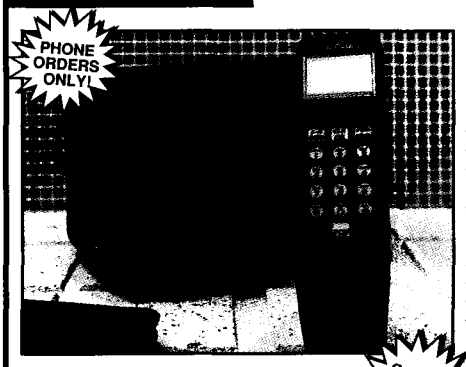

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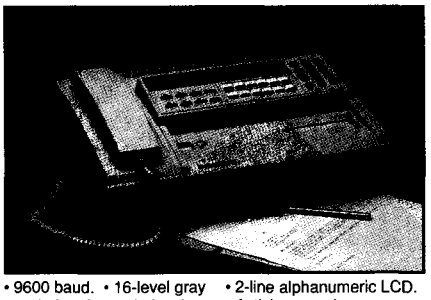

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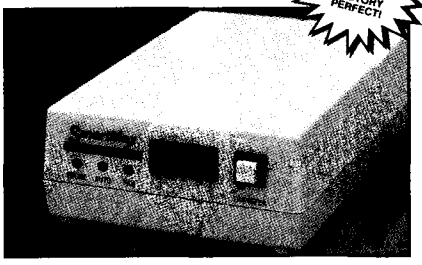

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WALTER HALSTEAD

The Club Continental, on the St. Johns River just downstream from Mandarin, where Harriet Beecher Stowe spent her winters

A Secret Florida

Out-of-the-way vacation spots that recall the state as it used to be

by Herbert L. Hiller

THE DILEMMA FOR anybody who writes about Florida is whether to tell the truth—not about the abominations but about what's good. So much discovered in rapture is so soon ravaged that one hesitates to tell about what's left. Dilemma confounds our best intentions. Nor is the condition novel.

Almost 120 years ago, in her Florida essays titled *Palmetto Leaves*, Harriet Beecher Stowe extolled the pastoral setting of Mandarin, where she spent her winters. There, along the St. Johns River, she was "able to sit with windows open; to hear birds daily; to eat fruits from trees, and pick flowers from hedges." By the winter after the book's publication Mrs. Stowe in paradise was compelled to endure throngs of intruders who regularly came by steamboat from Jacksonville. Some broke off branches of orange blossoms and plundered her fruit.

So swollen has the influx become that some of today's writers are tempted to publish revenge fantasies. To shoo off the intruders in our time, the deranged anti-hero of Carl Hiaasen's novel *Tourist Season* feeds tourists to a crocodile and terrorizes an entire cruise ship with snakes. Yet they keep coming to Florida, 40 million a year—and they are us, for we are all tourists someplace, sometime. Instead of decrying our propensity to travel, we might ask how we can stay closer in touch with the environment when we do travel.

For those who dare come hopefully to Florida, the choice of where to stay makes a difference. Floridians disheartened by the sprawl of plunk-'em-everywhere motels and gaudy, energy-wasteful hotels are reviving one-of-a-kind lodgings styled to suit their vicinities. These inns and guesthouses appear not only in historic towns like St. Augustine and Key West but also in cities whose various urban attractions lure both vacationers and business people.

The mega-hotels and rank motels will not go away, and a forming political consensus on Florida's environment has yet even to broach reform in tourism. For the time being, then, inns and guesthouses are the key to enjoying a nature-oriented vacation in Florida. No guilt attaches to telling about such places where they exist.

APALACHICOLA IS the center of a relatively hard-to-reach coastal region in the eastern Panhandle which is, ironically, prime for vacationing because little has been done for tourists. What has been, on tawdry St.

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George Island, might as well be quarantined. Mostly the region is for people who come to explore, read, fish, eat seafood, and, especially in winter, when nights are cold but days reach the 60s, discover themselves in rare Florida isolation. The coast road rims bays of Caribbean-like beauty.

For almost a hundred years Apalachicola has lived clannishly on fishing and oystering. Tides and seasons govern. The only way in and out of town is Highway 98, which zigs in on the high John Gorrie Memorial Bridge and zags out a long block later. Visitors find brick stores with tin roofs along the short main street, some still stocked with hardware and other necessities, a few newly with art and jewelry. Empty cotton and sponge warehouses along the river recall the economy of yesteryear. Behind the big bend of Highway 98 Gulf-style clapboard houses—some from the 1830s—slumber dappled by overgrown oaks.

Visitors stay at the eighty-three-year-old Gibson Inn, restored to its steamboat-era Gothic glory, or at the art-filled Pink Camellia bed-and-breakfast. Twenty miles west of town the Old Saltworks Cabins blend in like native wildlife next to St. Joseph Peninsula State Park. Twenty-five miles east, near Carrabelle, is The Pelican Inn—the only lodging on Dog Island. A passenger ferry runs out to the island from the mainland, and arriving guests, who are met by the inn's jeep, bring with them enough food and drink for the length of their stay. Throughout the region one feels close to the surroundings, because the lodgings don't get in the way.

STEVEN BROOKE

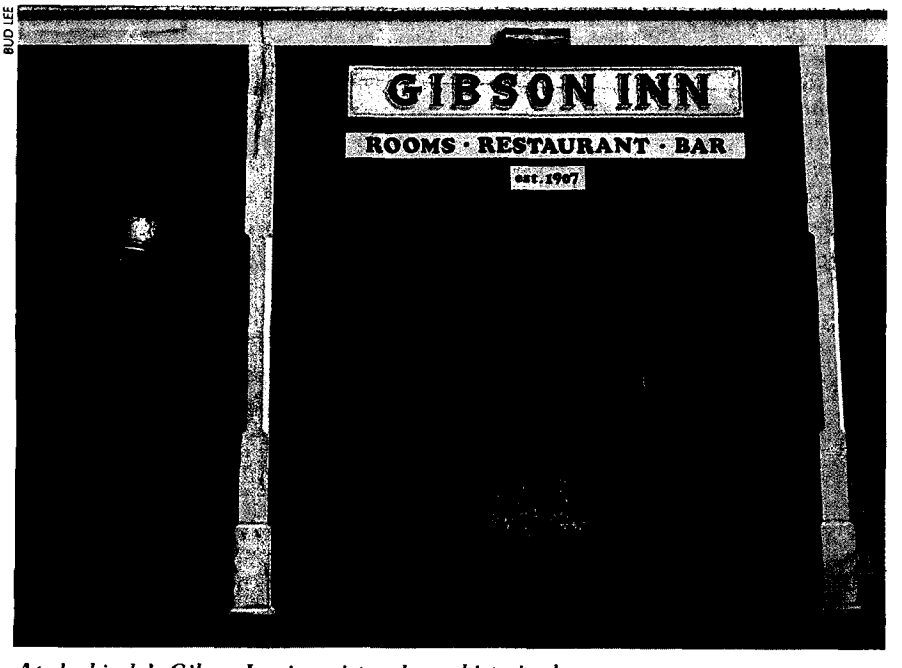
The ornate arcade of the Hotel Place St. Michel, in Coral Gables

South along the Gulf, after a long coast preserved by marsh from development, the beaches resume on a more tropical shore. Generally urbanization is intense here, but some groups of stalwart people, typically on peninsulas or islands reached by bridges that are angled away from through traffic, have preserved homey towns. To be sure, the towns live on tourists, but their beachfronts are free of high-rises and rampant concession stands. Visitors here are happy to carry their own beach chairs. They walk more than drive. Pass-a-Grille, to the north, and Anna Maria Island, to the south, drop off into Tampa Bay as if declaring a preference for submerging themselves in their past rather than facing futures that look like the built-up mainland.

Pass-a-Grille is thirty-one blocks long and one to two blocks wide—an architectural hodgepodge that last year charmed its way onto the National Register of Historic Places. The Wanamaker and Busch families wintered here in years past. Now a hoi-polloi mix comes for days of loafing and evenings of socializing in open-air bars and restaurants behind low walls that are twined about with bougainvillea and overhung by palms. The mood is doubly removed: removed equally from home and from overexposed Florida. Visitors rent houses, or apartments in a converted house like The Inn on the Beach, or cottages at a place like Island's End Resort. The view from this little six-cottage compound includes a stark apartment house that looms to the west. The reward is the view from the beach: a clear view to the Sunshine Skyway, which vaults the bay like a mythic sculpture.

Anna Maria Island, linked by causeway to Bradenton and by bridges to the condo islands off Sarasota, has sandy

BUD LEE



Apalachicola's Gibson Inn is registered as a historic place

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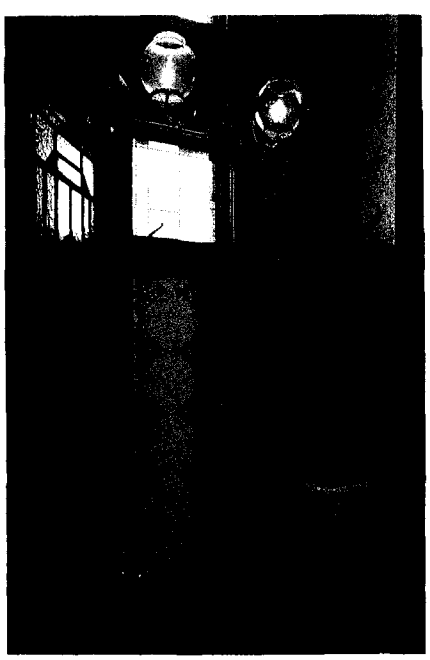
shores on its western and northern sides which ebb into blue waters. Families vacation in a string of little towns whose short and curving streets slow such traffic as eddies toward land's end. Children can safely ride bikes here. Action peaks at the Sandbar, where the person who comes closest to guessing when the sun will set is rewarded with a bottle of champagne. Otherwise, vacationers divert themselves with excursions to the wildlife sanctuary on Egmont Key or to Sarasota to visit the museums and theater for which that city is famous. A good place to stay is Harrington House, back at the beach. This stylishly casual retreat shows itself attentive to details (for example, its seven rooms all have floral porcelain doorknobs) and to the big picture as well (the living room has a twenty-foot-high peaked ceiling and a massive fireplace for warming up on chill nights).

Three or four keys farther south is narrow, seven-mile-long Manasota Key, its winding, canopied road coming out here and there spectacularly along open gulf. This is a quiet, residential area. The people who come to visit tend to want to go offshore-fishing by day and to stroll the beach barefoot by night. The key's Manasota Beach Club has fifteen cottages, some of which have been on the beach since the early 1900s. There are bocci and tennis courts, over which coastal forest arches. There are walking trails and bayside docks. Year after year Manasota Key is blessedly left unnamed on state highway maps.



SANDRA DARLING

The Archibald's powder room

ALSO CONSIDER staying inland, in the central highlands. To the north of Lake Wales the economy is shifting from citrus groves to motor homes: freezes have recently destroyed crops, and the rising value of land around Disney World is helping to replace the trees with retirees. But south along Alternate 27—the Scenic Highway, as it's called—you can find another world. On Crooked Lake, near the tidy college town of Babson Park, Robert and Martha Wetzel operate Hillcrest Lodge, as they have for forty-four winters. Wetzel kids return every winter to help, bringing along the grandchildren and great-grandchildren; they're joined by college students from across the lake. Generations of guests return too, many for weeks at a time, to slip into slow motion. By day people swim in the lake (one of the few in central Florida that are still clean enough for swimming), fish for bass, and sail. Highlands Hammock State Park—among Florida's crown jewels—is half an hour south. Closer, to the north, are Cypress Gardens, the Bok Singing Tower, and the site of the well-known Black Hills Passion Play, which is performed every winter. Evenings, guests socialize in the living room by the fire, and often come to feel like part of the family. If you stay long enough and the quiet gets to you, Disney World is only an hour north.

Even those who hanker after a city vacation can catch something of the spirit of an older Florida by staying at a congenial inn. In the Miami area I recommend three. Hotel Place St. Michel is low-rise, vine-covered, Mediterranean—1920s-style—now surrounded by the glass-and-steel towers of Coral Gables. Downtown, Sallye Jude, a prominent preservationist, has restored four boardinghouses of pre–First World War vintage and renamed them the Miami River Inn. Across the street inter-island freighters whistle signals to bridgetenders along the little five-mile working river. In swank Bay Harbor Islands Sandy Lankler has fashioned the Bay Harbor Inn out of buildings as old as the town—they date from 1945. Lankler, who grew up in Cortland, New York, remembers the old hotel there as the center of town life.

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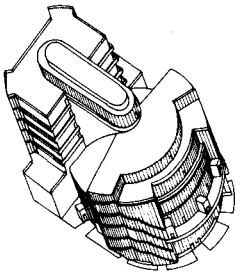

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Even around Disney World there are alternatives to cookie-cutter hotels and motels. The Courtyard at Lake Lucerne, in the Lake Cherokee Historic District, includes Orlando's oldest building (the Norment-Parry Inn, 1866), one of three that make up the inn and that are now linked by a courtyard. In neighboring Winter Park the restoration, some years ago, of the 1920s Hamilton Hotel as the Park Plaza induced a revival of the neglected south end of Park Avenue, now one of Florida's prestigious shopping streets. The two-story hotel has a wholly European feeling, from the unpretentious latch at the door of the wine-dark lobby to the rooms, which make you feel birthday-party happy. Nearby is the five-room Fortnightly Inn, in a grand house built by a doctor and officer of The Fortnightly Club, Winter Park's first literary organization.

Should you have business in Jacksonville or be passing through, alternatives beckon there, too. Two bed-and-breakfasts are now open in historic Riverside. The Willows is fondly Mediterranean, and its rooms are furnished with antiques that date as far back as the Middle Ages. The guest quarters of the House on Cherry Street are embellished with collections of duck decoys, clocks, and handloomed Pennsylvania coverlets. In reviving Springfield, which is a demonstration neighborhood of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, The Archibald flaunts uninhibited paisley wallpapers next to parson-proper oak wainscoting.

South of Jacksonville, in Orange Park, where the St. Johns River flows three miles wide, Frederica Massee has restored the estate of Caleb Johnson (the founder of Palmolive Soap), reworking its palatial aspect into something friendlier with pools, a historic house that was barged downriver to be redeemed as a clubby bar, and a restaurant in a fan-windowed loggia. The result is named The Club Continental. All seven of its second-story suites overlook riverfront gardens, barely downstream from Mandarin—alas, today the domain of subdividers. Mrs. Stowe would feel at home at Massee's establishment and these days might write for distant readers less innocently, more urgently.

. . . .

The Gibson Inn, 51 Avenue C, Apalachicola 32320, 904-653-2191. Rooms $60–$80, suites $80–$110.

The Pink Camellia Inn, 12th St. & Highway 98, Apalachicola 32320, 904-653-2107. Rooms $60–$70 single, $65–$75 double, full breakfast included.

Old Saltworks Cabins, Box 526, Port St. Joe 32456, 904-229-6097. Depending on season, $42–$57 per cabin (each sleeps four) or $255–$375 weekly. All but two cabins are equipped for housekeeping.

The Pelican Inn, Box 1351, Fairhope, Ala. 36532, 800-451-5294. Rates $200–$250 per unit (each sleeps four) for a

PATTI BOSE

Near to and yet so far from Disney World: The Courtyard at Lake Lucerne

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WALTER HALSTEAD

The Club Continental's pub, in a restored pre–Civil War cottage

minimum stay of two nights or, depending on season, $475–$565 weekly. All units equipped for housekeeping. Visitors must bring their own food and drink; there are no stores on the island.

The Inn on the Beach, 1401 Gulf Way, St. Petersburg Beach 33706, 813-360-8844. Depending on season, $50–$75 per unit or $325–$475 weekly. The units are efficiency apartments.

Island's End Resort, 1 Pass-a-Grille Way, St. Petersburg Beach 33706, 813-360-5023. Depending on season, $360–$520 weekly; includes Continental breakfast three days a week. The units are guesthouses; a three-bedroom house with private swimming pool is also available.

Harrington House Bed & Breakfast, 5626 Gulf Drive, Holmes Beach 34217, 813-778-5444. Depending on season, $79–$115 per room, full breakfast included.

Manasota Beach Club, 7660 Manasota Key Road, Englewood 34223, 813-474-2614. January 1–April 15, $130–$140 per person, double occupancy, all meals included. December 15–30, $130 per cottage, no meals.

Hillcrest Lodge, Box 67, Babson Park 33827, 813-638-1712. December through April, $35–$44 per person, double occupancy, $175–$235 weekly, all meals included. Villas with kitchens $45 daily, $230 weekly, $580 monthly in season.

Hotel Place St. Michel, 162 Alcazar Ave., Coral Gables 33134, 305-444-1666. Rooms $90–$105, suites $125, Continental breakfast included.

Miami River Inn, 118 SW S. River Drive, Miami 33130, 305-325-0045. Depending on season, $60–$90 per room, Continental breakfast included.

Bay Harbor Inn, 9660 E. Bay Harbor Drive, Bay Harbor Islands 33154, 305-868-4141. Depending on season, $60–$110 per room, Continental breakfast and high tea included.

The Courtyard at Lake Lucerne, 211 N. Lucerne Circle East, Orlando 32801, 407-648-5188. Rooms $85, suites $100–$150.

Park Plaza Hotel, 307 Park Ave. South, Winter Park 32789, 800-328-7220. Rooms $70–$165.

The Fortnightly Inn, 377 E. Fairbanks Ave., Winter Park 32789, 407-645-4440. Rooms $75–$95, breakfast included.

The Willows, 1849 Willow Branch Terrace, Jacksonville 32205, 904-387-9152. Rooms $60–$75, full breakfast included.

House on Cherry Street, 1844 Cherry St., Jacksonville 32205, 904-384-1999. Rooms $60–$65, full breakfast included.

The Archibald Bed and Breakfast Inn, 125 W. Second St., Jacksonville 32206, 904-634-1389. Rooms $59–$65, full breakfast included.

The Club Continental, 2143 Astor St., Orange Park 32073, 904-264-6070. Rooms $55–$65, Continental breakfast included. □

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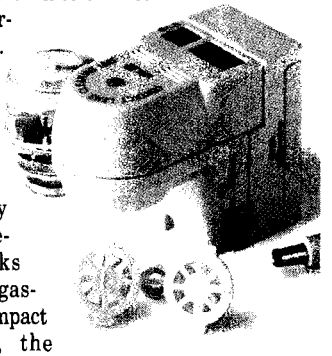

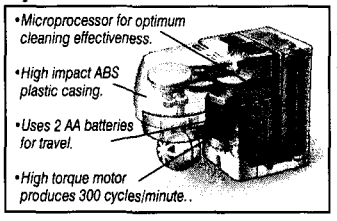

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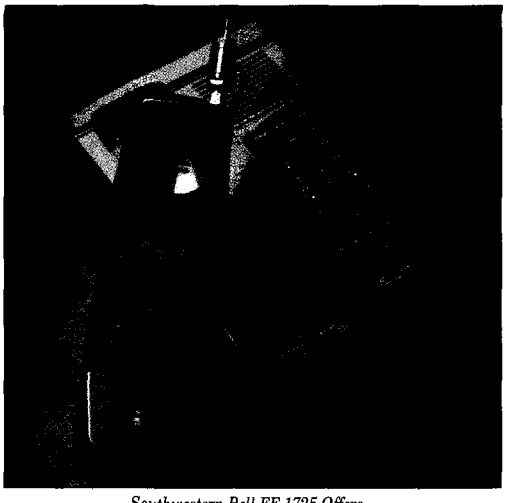

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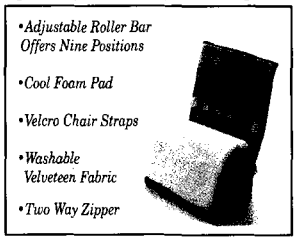

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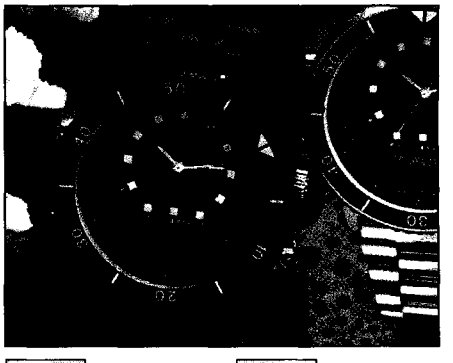

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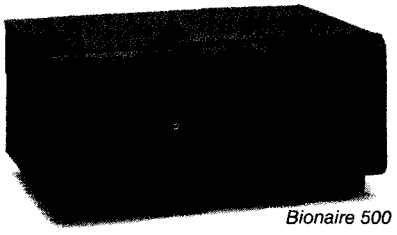

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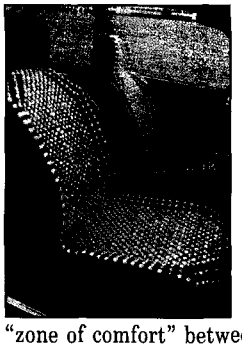

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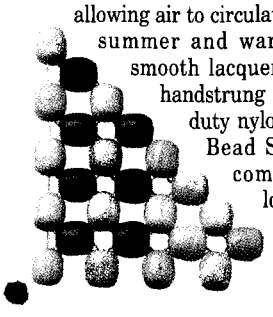

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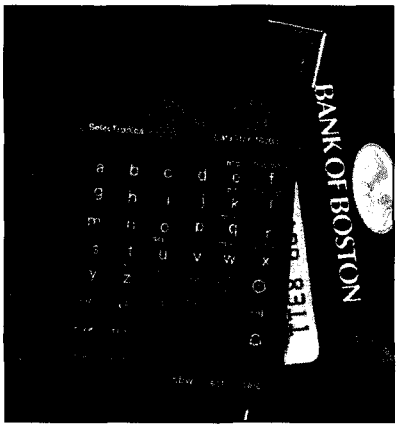

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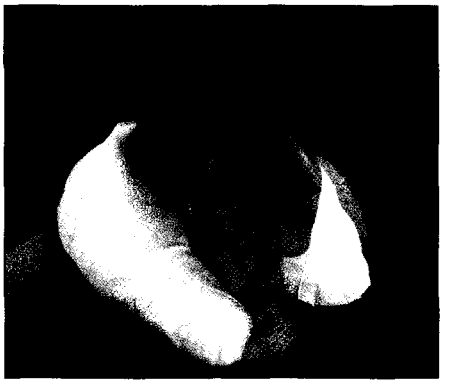

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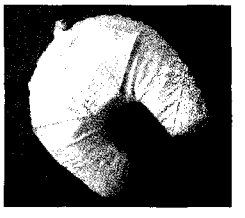

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Books

His Own Cause

by Jack Rakove

BENEDICT ARNOLD: Patriot and Traitor
by Willard Sterne Randall. William Morrow, $27.95.

IF PATRIOTISM IS sometimes the last refuge of the scoundrel, is treason the final gamble of the opportunist, the revenge of the disappointed, or the expression of an ideological loyalty more potent than the allegiance created by the mere accident of birth? We have no single explanation for treason. The pedestrian motives that led John Walker to pass naval intelligence to the Soviets hardly resemble the beliefs that inspired the Rosenbergs to transmit atomic secrets across the Iron Curtain. Nor is treason itself always easy to define, as the tangled case of Jonathan Pollard also suggests.

Long after Walker and Pollard are forgotten, and the Rosenbergs are remembered as much for their execution as for their crime, Benedict Arnold's reputation as the pre-eminent traitor of American history will rest secure. Arnold stands in a class by himself, his name literally synonymous with treason.

As traitors go, Arnold has all the advantages. His betrayal took place in wartime, when its consequences, had his plans succeeded, would have been palpable and even decisive—not during an anomalous Cold War in which fears of treason probably far outran the actual risks to the nation. Nor was the Revolution just any war: Arnold's treachery grows from being part of the mythology of the founding of the republic. As a soldier, too, he cut an extraordinary figure. Dashing, fearless, equally bold in command of a ship or leading infantry into assault, Arnold was widely regarded as perhaps the best tactical commander on either side of the conflict. Finally, the Arnold saga had its romance, in his marriage to the Philadelphia beauty Peggy Shippen, who was a complete accomplice in his resolution to change sides. What dramatic comparison can the gray lives of the Rosenbergs or Walker bear to Arnold's?

Willard Sterne Randall, the author of this first substantial biography of Arnold since James Thomas Flexner's 1953 work, *The Traitor and the Spy*, is best known for his study (*A Little Revenge*) of the stormy relationship between Benjamin Franklin and his illegitimate son, William, the last royal governor of New Jersey. If Randall breaks little new interpretive ground in this book, he has nevertheless framed a compelling story of Arnold's career, doing as much justice to its heroic phase, in the early years of the Revolution, as to the protracted dealings that finally forced Arnold to flee to British protection in September of 1780.

It is in fact chiefly the earlier heroism that gives Arnold's treason its interest. When hostilities erupted, in April of 1775, Arnold was a thirty-four-year-old New Haven merchant who had prospered with trading voyages to the West Indies. Save for a pugnacious temperament, little about him suggested that he had the makings of a first-rate military leader. Almost immediately, however, Arnold earned acclaim—and the jealousy that inevitably accompanies it—in the crucial fighting to control Canada and northern New York.

American strategy required a quick occupation of Canada to prevent a British invasion south along Lake Champlain and the Hudson from severing New England, the hotbed of sedition, from the other colonies. Arnold revealed his strategic enterprise, tactical genius, and personal courage in every phase of this struggle. He commanded the troops that seized the decrepit

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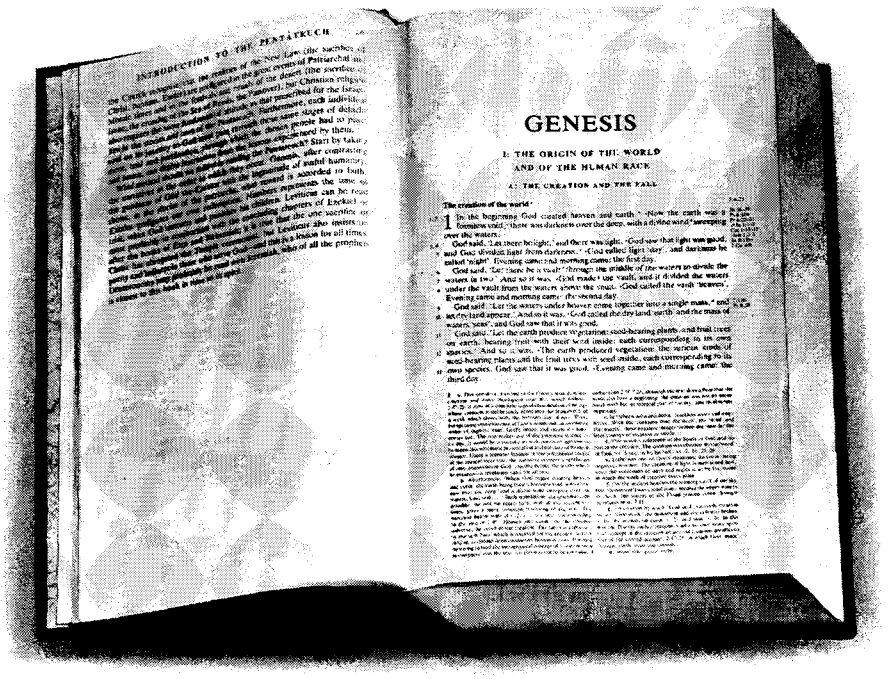

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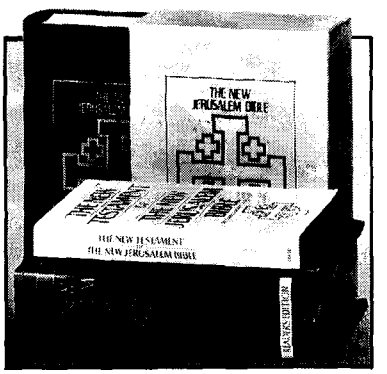

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THE CASE FOR LENGTHENING THE SCHOOL YEAR
by Michael J. Barrett

Many educational reformers have sought to improve the performance of American students by enhancing the "productivity" of every second of classroom time—a frustrating and nearly impossible task of micromanagement. There is, the author argues, a better way.

OIL-SPILL FANTASIES
by Lee Clarke

Contingency plans for dealing with oil spills are merely "optimistic yarns," according to the author. More effort needs to be made to prevent spills in the first place.

A DAUGHTER'S HOUSE
by Sharon Sheehe Stark

"Jen's place lay concealed behind a veil formed of the gauzy contiguous nimbi of several arc lamps. The street was deserted. Linda forced herself forward another one, two, three steps." A short story.

Fort Ticonderoga and its valuable artillery in May of 1775, though to his chagrin he had to share the glory for this first American success with Ethan Allen. Even more impressive was the expedition against Quebec which Arnold planned and carried out in the fall and winter of 1775–1776. In the face of every obstacle imaginable—maps purposely misdrawn by a Loyalist cartographer, inadequate supplies, waterlogged munitions, smallpox, and timorous subordinates—he brought his troops across the Maine wilderness to besiege Quebec, only to be wounded while his weakened force failed in its assault. After the initiative in the north then shifted to the enemy, Arnold organized the naval force that checked the British on Lake Champlain in the fall of 1776. When the British army under General John Burgoyne renewed the offensive the next year, Arnold again distinguished himself in the field, until he sustained a crippling leg wound in the climactic victory at Saratoga.

DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS of these actions compose nearly two thirds of this book. Like many a biographer, Randall often takes the role of advocate, but he also enables us to see how envy of Arnold's success, coupled with a personality that did not suffer the many fools around him gladly, allowed Arnold's rivals and critics to grow in rough parity with his admirers. Yet the slights and insults Arnold felt differed only in degree from what was inflicted on nearly all American commanders during the war—without driving them to consider, much less commit, treason.

Arnold could have used the excuse of his wound to retire from the Army—to try his hand, say, at privateering. Instead, in May of 1778 he accepted George Washington's offer to serve as military governor of Philadelphia, which the British were about to abandon after a nine-month occupation. Many leading families of the American capital had welcomed the glamorous swirl of balls and dinners that British officers had both inspired and sponsored. Among the most fashionable participants in this unreal respite from the war and its republican austerity were Peggy Shippen and John André, the aesthete officer-poet who planned the grandest ball of all, the so-called Meschianza.

If Philadelphia was home to trimming elite families like the Shippens, its politics and Pennsylvania's were dominated by some of the most radical groups that the Revolution brought to power anywhere in America. In his new position Arnold tangled with the radicals immediately and repeatedly: over his leniency toward Loyalists, his improper use of Pennsylvania wagons to haul confiscated goods for his own profit, and even his courtship of Peggy Shippen. His early glory was forgotten as he found himself ensnared in a web of criticisms, some well founded, others wild. By the time of their marriage, in April of 1779, Arnold and Peggy Shippen were ready to betray the American cause. A month later Arnold opened his fateful correspondence with Major André, Peggy's sometime escort, who now headed the British secret service in occupied New York.

Making one's services available to the enemy was one thing, figuring out what to do with them quite another, especially when Arnold's wound kept him away from a field command. Months of tedious communications across the lines left both parties edgy and suspicious. Only when Arnold gained command at West Point did a promising opportunity offer. In the summer of 1780, when the outcome of the war remained uncertain, Arnold and André finally concerted a plan to leave the barrier to passage up the Hudson open to British assault.

To confirm these arrangements, André crossed American lines to meet with Arnold on the night of September 20. Not quite everything went awry, but enough did to force André to return to British lines by horse and unguided. Accosted by patriot near-bandits, André and his incriminating papers were discovered. The ineptitude of the interrogating officers gave Arnold ample warning to escape. André paid with his life; Peggy fled to her family in Philadelphia but was then allowed to join her husband in New York; and Arnold went on to gain further notoriety commanding Loyalist troops raiding Virginia and his native Connecticut.

Loyalists welcomed the defection more than the defector. To those who had cast their lot with the Crown much earlier in the struggle—and often on principled grounds—Arnold seemed too much the self-seeker to command

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respect. He remained a restless figure, ambitious as ever, but more harassed by disappointment and debt than rewarded by success and acclaim. After the war he engaged in land speculations in Canada and, when this failed, renewed trading voyages to the West Indies. Unable to secure a command during the wars of the French Revolution, he hired privateers that fared poorly. When he died, in London, in June of 1801, he left Peggy an estate encumbered with debt, which she somehow managed to clear before cancer of the uterus carried her away three years later, when she was only forty-four.

What made the hero Arnold into America's most reviled traitor? Between the circumstances that so embittered him and his fateful decision to change sides there remains a gap that Willard Randall wisely refuses to paper over. Yet to trace a treason so profound to wounded feelings, public embarrassments, and the charms of young Peggy Shippen risks reducing Arnold's story to a historical melodrama notable for its stakes and its climax, rather than its origins and sources.

The alternative is to explain the treason as a function of personality, not as the result of a chain of circumstances. In its boldness Arnold's treason simply becomes the dark opposite side of the traits that made him so brilliantly ambitious a commander. At Quebec in 1776 and at West Point in 1780 Arnold must have felt that he had the outcome of the conflict within his grasp, but which side gained the victory may have been beside the point. The victories he sought were ultimately his own. Arnold was his own cause, and that cause was larger than either patriotism or treason.

Perhaps that is why this new biography leaves our familiar view of Arnold essentially unshaken. Sometimes knowing all (or at least as much as historians can plausibly recover) does not require us to explain away, much less forgive, all. Even if the secret springs of Arnold's decision remain finally elusive, the recovery of vital new information—some smoking musket of evidence—however revealing, would alter neither the indictment nor the verdict. In the end, too, treason seems far easier to explain than patriotism—at least when patriotism represents something more than a way station for a scoundrel like Arnold. □

Books as Works of Art

by Pamela Petro

An introduction to a form that blends literature, sculpture, and painting

OVER THE PAST few decades, while the traditional arts of painting and sculpture have grown increasingly troubled in their search for nontraditional expressions, a new field has emerged in the art community. Brought into the world by the craftspeople of publishing—the printers, binders, typesetters, and papermakers—as well as artists interested in books and writers interested in art, the field now called the book arts is the most furiously creative place in the art world today. Its literary component links it to writing and performance art, its materials to sculpture, its illustrations to painting. While this diversity has attracted talented practitioners the world over (not to mention collectors: since 1976 the Franklin Furnace Archive, in New York, has amassed well over 11,000 artist's books, the earliest of which date from the 1960s), it has also created classification problems. Do artist's books belong in museums or in libraries? If museums, how are they to be displayed? And, more important, just what are they?

An artist's book is and isn't what its name implies. "A book by an artist" is a good start, but in the art world the term has come to have a more specific meaning. It refers to a book that doesn't rely solely, or even chiefly, on text to communicate a message. In fact, sometimes there isn't any text at all, so that the shape, texture, structure, and materials of the book become its content; the nominal subject can be anything. Artist's books can be printed on handmade paper or run off on a photocopy machine in editions of one or a thousand (or more). Their text can even be extracted from another text entirely, as is the case with *A Humument* (1980), by Tom Phillips, which is perhaps the most famous artist's book to date (a trade edition and a pocket-sized version were published by Thames and Hudson). *A Humument*

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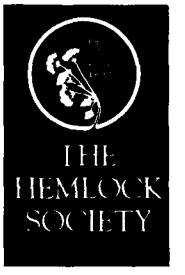

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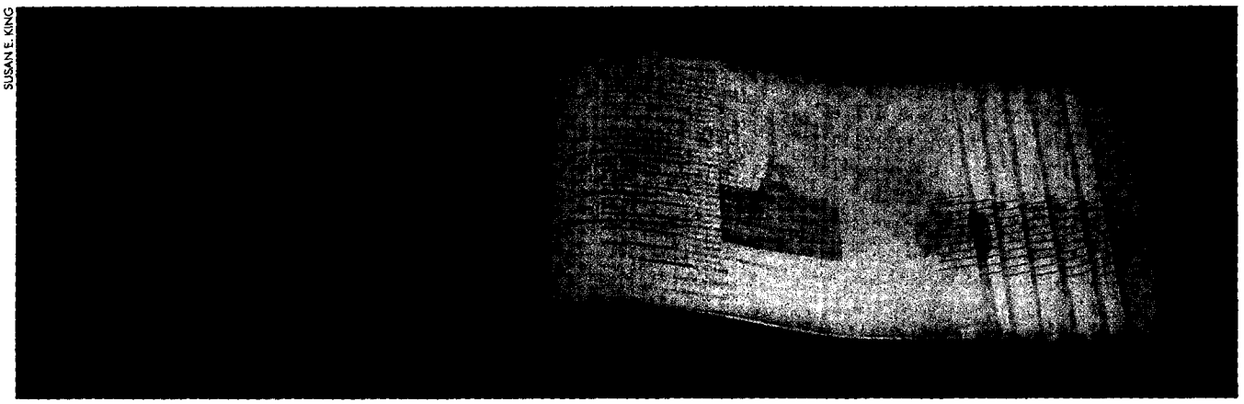


Susan King's I Spent the Summer in Paris *(1984): a feat of craftsmanship and perception*

derives from a little-known Victorian novel called *A Human Document*, which Phillips "edited" by covering each page with bright, elegant doodles and designs, highlighting some words and obscuring others, so that a completely new, irreverent story emerges from the text of the original.

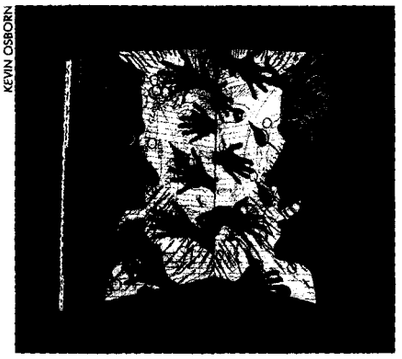
Some artist's books are one-of-a-kind "book objects" or "book works," which push in the direction of portable sculpture. These may borrow shapes and formats from objects no one would ever expect to find on a library shelf—a milk carton or a pair of high-heeled shoes, for instance—which are then used to communicate a message (in anything from printed type to crayon), suggesting that information isn't exclusively housed on pages between two covers. Conversely, artist's books may treat the traditional book form as a shape divorced from its expected duty. Artists have welded "books" ten feet high out of copper and steel. They have bound them in chains and sewn them from silk and leather, molded bindings into model airplanes and bound pages into satchels and old camera cases.

These feats of craftsmanship and perception tend to treat text, illustration, and binding in ways that are outside conventional expectations and are intended to shake the "reader" into new channels of communication. Since artist's books can assume almost any shape or size, it's helpful to limit an introductory discussion by means of thematic boundaries. One of the themes that best lend themselves to the opportunities the format has to offer, and that consequently have inspired some of the most innovative and thoughtful books to date, is travel.

Because artist's books communicate from their every pore, from spine to title down to the smell of the paper, they characteristically thwart simple, sequential narratives and are able to convey a whole spectrum of viewpoints ranging widely in time and space. While this can be confusing (which is often the point), it makes for a richness of texture that's unparalleled in its ability to evoke one experience in particular: the experience of travel. New landscapes bombard their visitors with impressions, both physical and temporal, and receptive travelers voyage into both realms. Time, too, has a visual dimension, and to ignore its role in sightseeing is to miss half one's holiday. A landscape's present appearance contains evidence of its past, and more often than not its special conjunction of sights, smells, and sounds simultaneously conjures up moments from the viewer's own.

The late eighteenth century has often been called the Golden Age of Travel; it certainly produced some of the most vivid and memorable writing about travel. Artist's books have revived that tradition in innovative ways.

KEVIN OSBORN



Kevin Osborn's Tropos *(1988)*

One example is *I Spent the Summer in Paris* (1984), by Susan King. It's a double memoir, of a trip by King to Paris, France, and of her childhood in Paris, Kentucky. Each page is actually a double layer (an uncut page) of translucent paper, with images printed on varying levels, some appearing vibrant and immediate, others seeming farther from the surface and hazy, like memories. Around the images appear two sequences of text, one an account of days spent in France, the other describing memories of time in Kentucky. These weave in and out of each other and are identified by different typefaces—suggesting two tones of the author's voice accented by different conditions of time and place. *I Spent the Summer in Paris* reconstructs travel's ability to invoke the past, personal or geographic. It demonstrates why artist's books make wonderful travel guides—not to individual places but to a particular way of seeing.

Another such guide is Kevin Osborn's *Tropos* (1988). Like King's work, *Tropos* is recognizably a book, albeit cut in the shape of a six-and-a-half-by-eight-inch parallelogram and bound into a rounded raw-wood spine, which fits smack in the palm of one's hand and is very satisfying to grip. *Tropos* is a rendering of Osborn's trip to Cameroon, Liberia, Senegal, and the Ivory Coast. Most of its eighty-eight pages feature spreads of Janus figures staring at each other across the trough of spine, with eyes that are half-inch holes drilled through every page. Figures, hands, droplets, maps, coastlines, palm trees, and a host of other things accumulate as one turns the pages, superimposed on the faces in multiple overlays of metallic, opaque,

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and translucent inks in many colors. Words accumulate as well, sometimes in phrases, but often alone (like travelers): "Just Passing Through," "R U Local," "R U Lonely," "Hostile Vegetables," "Heat," "Salute," and, repeated frequently, "Hurl" and "Heal."

With *Tropos*, the physical structure of the book and the activity of "reading," of turning pages one by one, animates the content. A stack of pages under one's left thumb implies accrued experience and the orderly perspective of elapsed time. Words and images abruptly appear, and reappear in different combinations on following pages; sometimes the Janus figures beneath them smile, sometimes they don't—usually if one is happy the other isn't.

What Osborn has concocted here isn't the story of what happened on his travels but an experience that mimics the journey itself, which while it's in process is anything but coherent. One page represents the current horizon and all the traveler's momentary ken; turn it, and the next might represent a movement in space—he's climbed over the next hill, and the same landscape tilts a little in his perception. Or perhaps he hasn't budged, but his mind's eye has altered the look of his surroundings.

This, Osborn thinks, is the beauty of an artist's book. One structure holds multiple viewpoints, and transition, inherent in the very idea of travel, is necessarily implied by the book's design. What the reader receives is a fleeting impression of West Africa, through colors, trees, and landscapes, and also a more precise one of the traveler's states of mind: clarity, frustration, excitement, helplessness, boredom, wonder, nostalgia. It underscores the impression to know that Janus is the god of gates and doors, of beginnings and endings, but *Tropos* implicitly communicates this through the rhythm established by its pattern of words and images.

Like Susan King's trip to Paris, Osborn's experience in Africa recalled his past. When he arrived in Senegal, he spoke the French he had learned as a child from his mother's French-Canadian family. But ultimately it's King's book that conveys, with an exquisite virtuosity of craftsmanship, how our travels can distill a long-distant and yet

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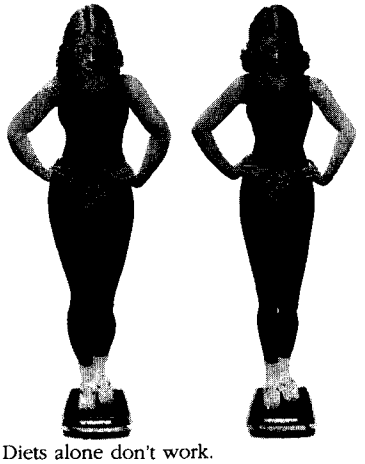

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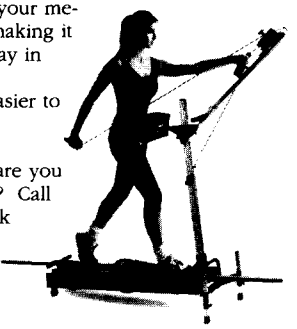

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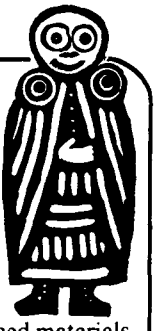

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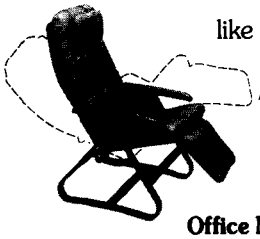

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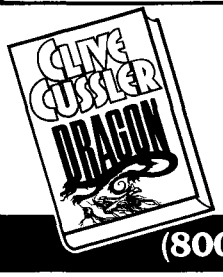

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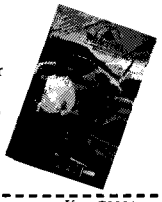

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familiar past from the foreign scenery before our eyes. *I Spent the Summer in Paris* has a pink accordion-pleated spine and a faded blue cover like an old photo album's. Two texts weave a double helix down the left-hand margin. The seven pages are each complete chapters in themselves, on issues like art, attitudes, and social order. Faded impressions of ticket stubs and old postcards, printed in rose and brown, float across the right-hand expanse of the page, bordered by images of Kentucky leaves on the extreme right margin, printed there as if they might crumble under the weight of page-turning thumbs. Two more continuous narratives weave their way throughout the book, creating four story lines in all: one is printed caption-style under the postcard images; the other runs perpendicular to the top of the paper, on the back of each page.

King is among the most literary of American book artists, but her text never takes charge. It works with the design and simply makes an impression, rather than explaining. The chapter on attitudes, for instance: In roman face,

> The only hard bread you can get in Kentucky is a package of beaten biscuits to eat with country ham. . . . All the rest of the bread is soft. The corn sticks, the spoonbread, country biscuits, fried mush, store bought white bread goes with soft talking, with manners, with the tempo of southern life.

And in italic face, between the roman lines:

> *Our acclimation to French life was gauged by our daily success at the boulangerie. At first we were tentative, obvious neophytes, not knowing which of the crispy loaves leaning in the tall racks to choose. But finally we established a routine, and in the late afternoon we'd walk down Rue Rambuteau and stop in many of the shops to buy bits of dinner. . . .*

Here again are overlapping memories, linked by, of all things, hunger. The newness and uncertainty of the French foodscape sets King's memory off in search of secure territory, and without warning two tastes gather in her mouth instead of one. Her perception and enjoyment of tasting past and present in one bite reminds us of Proust, but King's real success is that in the format of an artist's book she has found a fresh, visual, and beautiful means of communicating the experience.

In addition to the Franklin Furnace Archive, there are substantial collections of artist's books at the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, and at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Artist's books can be seen at the Center for Book Arts, and bought at Printed Matter, Granary Books, and Toni Zwicker, all in New York City. The three editions of Osborn's *Tropos* demonstrate the wide price range that exists for such books. Copies of a trade edition of 1,600 are available for $30 apiece; one of the 100 signed copies of the deluxe edition, embellished with blue jewels, a silver fore edge, and a varnished spine, goes for $75; and each of the fifty copies of a display edition, with all the trimmings of the deluxe books plus a tall wooden stand, costs $250. Artist's books printed on a photocopier can cost under a dollar, whereas those constructed from leather, metals, silk, or gold leaf can cost in the thousands. They make unusual, even idiosyncratic, gifts, and those of them on the travel theme possess the advantage of grounding the artist's personal vision in the sharable objectivity of a place preserved in memory. □

Brief Reviews

PRESTON STURGES *by Preston Sturges. Simon & Schuster, $22.95.* Sturges did not live to complete a formal autobiography. The material in this memoir was adapted and edited by his widow, Sandy Sturges, from such papers as she found available, and the text is therefore, quite understandably, inconsistent in tone. The chapters on Sturges's boyhood were evidently written with care and deserved to be, for he was the son of a charming, inventive, determined adventuress who was a good friend of Isadora Duncan's and whisked young Preston in and out of the great dancer's unpredictable affairs as well as

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assorted European schools, capitals, and resorts. She established a perfume and cosmetic business in Paris with a seaside branch at Deauville, which her son was sent to manage in the summer of 1914. He was fifteen years old, but bourgeois common sense was no part of his mother's encumbrance. She was a thoroughly uninhibited woman except on one point: she married only gentlemen. Mr. Sturges, back in Chicago, remained young Preston's beloved anchor, mentor, and standard-setter. The impecunious youth turned down an offer of two good suits and one hundred dollars a week because "I couldn't see a Sturges as a gigolo." The extraordinary people and the whirligig events collected and created by Madame Desti, as she called herself (her maiden name was Dempsey, but mere fact rarely weighed upon her imagination), make the first part of her son's recollections constantly surprising and amusing. Sturges's account of his own career as an author and a film director is, by comparison, less interesting, presented with less detail, and lacking the spirit and polish of the earlier pages. Presumably he would have corrected the imbalance if he had lived longer. One can be grateful for what he did accomplish and for the capable and devoted editorial work of Mrs. Sturges.

EAST IS EAST *by T. Coraghessan Boyle. Viking, $19.95.* The central character in Mr. Boyle's novel is Hiro, a half-American Japanese seaman who, persecuted for his mixed blood in Japan, hopes to live comfortably in what he believes to be the amiably mongrel society of the United States. Equipped with minimal information, fragmentary English, and samurai principles acquired second-hand from the writings of Yukio Mishima, he literally jumps ship somewhere south of Savannah and flounders ashore on Tupelo Island. Tupelo contains industrious blacks, trigger-happy white trash, rich and retired persons, and an artists' colony named Thanatopsis. It also harbors swamp, forest, briers, brambles, snakes, and a vast population of biting or stinging insects. These dangers are augmented by a reluctant official from the Immigration Service and his assistant, a lunatic who would be locked up if he were not in government employ. The ensuing action is part slapstick farce and part social satire. Both elements are brilliantly

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In December of 1987, an Israeli civilian was stabbed by Arabs in the Gaza territory, administered by Israel. On the following day, four Gaza Arabs were killed by an automobile driven by an Israeli. The two events were totally unrelated. Yet, the rumor spread that the Arab deaths were revenge murders by the Israelis. Rioting broke out and spread into Judea-Sumaria (the "West Bank"), also administered by Israel. It was the beginning of the "intifada," which still goes on. The media have covered and continue to cover this uprising extensively. Are they doing it fairly?

What are the facts?

■ The conflict between the Israeli government and the Arabs in the areas administered by Israel, the so-called "intifada," is essentially a minor regional one. It does not compare in scope, in violence and in the number of people killed or injured to the many other conflicts going on in the world right at this time, such as the conflict between the Basques and Spain; between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; and between Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs in India. And there are many more. Just as with the Arab-Israel conflict, no easy or early solution seems at hand.

■ Yet, while the "intifada" is only one of many regional conflicts, the volume of its coverage in the media has made it appear to be a major world event. There are over 250 press and t.v. reporters accredited in Israel, a tiny country the size of New Jersey and with only half the population of New Jersey. This large media contingent is second only in number to that of Washington and Moscow—and less than that of such key news centers as London, Paris, Bonn, New Delhi, Peking or Tokyo. Naturally, all of these reporters must produce daily stories in order to justify their presence. This results in much journalistic overkill. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reports in an internal audit that...during a 5-month period in 1988, they published over 300,000 words on the "intifada," more than two articles daily, one-quarter of which appeared on the front page. That was the most intense coverage by the *Post* of any continuing story. In contrast, when in one day, 65 Shi'ites were killed in one of the brotherly battles in neighboring Lebanon, the *Post* gave that only 600 words, in an article on page 15.

■ But it isn't just the intensity of coverage that casts serious doubt about the fairness of the media. It's primarily the slant that is being given to the news, both in the print media and on television. Television, especially, thrives on "action bites," short dramatic scenes with potential to get the viewer involved. For instance, we see over and over again pictures of teenage boys throwing rocks at Israel soldiers, and the soldiers chasing those teenagers with guns and clubs. That inevitably creates the impression of Israel as the bully or the Goliath, and of the "Palestinians" as defenseless Davids. The opposite is true, of course. Israel is a beleaguered country surrounded by implacable enemies, who incessantly plot its destruction. The "intifada" is part of that never-ending war.

■ The media do not show the hundreds of Israeli soldiers and civilians who have been grievously wounded and in some cases killed by rocks and gasoline bombs. They do not show the Arabs setting countless arson fires, in which over 25,000 acres of forest—every tree having lovingly been planted by hand—have been destroyed. They do not show the attacks on Jewish farms, the wanton destruction of industrial and public service facilities, the fire bombing of hundreds of buses, and the ruthless killing of livestock. They do not show the PLO terror aimed at the "Palestinians" themselves. In the last seventeen months of the "intifada" dozens of Palestinian Arabs have been murdered by the PLO, hundreds injured, many critically. This campaign of intimidation has increased since Yasir Arafat allegedly renounced terrorism.

■ In the few cases in which fuller coverage of the conflict was attempted on t.v., such coverage usually did turn out to be more "show-biz" than serious reporting. ABC's reportage "Six Days Plus Twenty Years" was so blatantly anti-Israel in tone that Arab countries rushed to use it as a propaganda film. Peter Jennings on ABC insistently perpetuates the odious comparison of Israel with South Africa. T.V. interviews with people in the territories invariably show reasonably middle class intellectuals and professionals with whom the American viewer can identify—never the arsonists, the bus bombers and the throwers of Molotov cocktails. The occasional Israeli spokesman that gets trotted out is almost always a member of the radical left or of the so-called "Peace Now" movement, quite unrepresentative of mainline Israeli thinking.

The media do not give the "intifada" fair coverage. It's partly the sheer volume of the coverage, which gives this minor regional conflict perceived importance that it doesn't have. It also lies in the persistent anti-Israel slant that permeates the reporting in all media. Finally, the media, almost without exception, focus on the immediate "drama" and do not explore the history and background of this conflict. The most important point, always omitted, is that the conflict between Israel and the "Palestinians" is not the core problem in the area. The core problem is the unremitting obsession of the Arab states to destroy Israel, their refusal to make peace with it, or to lift the economic boycott against Israel—regardless of what disposition may ultimately be made of the "West Bank." Israel, more even than other beleaguered pro-Western nations, is the target of disinformation and unfair reporting. Largely because it is a dependable friend and ally of the United States, the Jewish state is another victim of the "blame America first" bias in the media.

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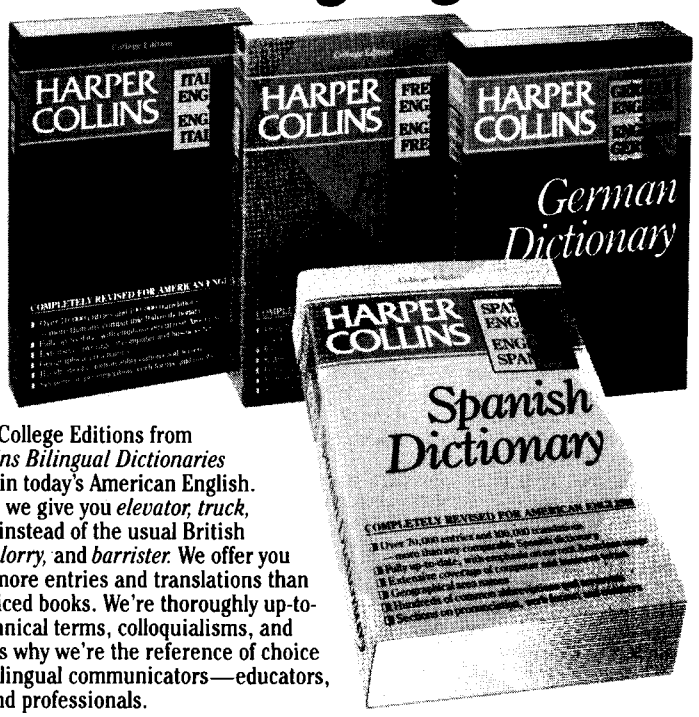

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written and add up to bleak black comedy, because the basic theme of the story is hatred and the folly and cruelty that hatred engenders.

THERE GOES MAINE! *by John Gould. Norton, $18.95.* Mr. Gould's latest medley of Down East jokes, yarns, odd facts, and dubious history lives up to the amusing promise of its subtitle—"A Somewhat History, Sort of, Of the Pine Tree State."

FIRES IN THE SKY *by Phillip Parotti. Ticknor & Fields, $19.95.* In two previous fictions Mr. Parotti reimagined events of the Trojan War through monologues by old men who had been junior officers in that conflict. This time he has gone to the years before the war, to a single narrator, and to an orthodox novelistic structure. Somewhere by the smoking ruins of Ilium the victorious Achaean commanders demand from one of their few Trojan prisoners the story of his life. They want, it seems, to know their enemy, and General Dymas has undoubtedly been a formidably efficient opponent. The story he tells is one of hard training and dedicated service through four wars with Troy's barbarous Mysian neighbors, and it involves palace intrigue, royal negligence, surprise attacks, ambushes, feints, and long marches, all described with persuasive precision and just enough Homeric pastiche to hold the reader in the Bronze Age. The emphasis on period is necessary, because part of Mr. Parotti's distinction lies in his ability to weave into his recreation of a time long past oblique hints of far more recent wars.

THE ENGLISH TOWN *by Mark Girouard. Yale, $39.95.* Mr. Girouard's "History of Urban Life" proposes "to widen understanding of architecture by trying to understand the way of life which produced it" and to that end presents pictures of more than 400 structures, large and small and of diverse uses and origins, principally from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The majority of the photographs are of the type usual in books on architecture, showing long views of streets, or squares, or waterfronts, all miraculously devoid of traffic, parked vehicles, pedestrians, and stray cats. The effect is not inappropriate to a text that discusses civic government, the creation of public

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works, and shifts in population and the control of money in what are, on the whole, general terms, for the author has little interest in anecdote. He does display a whimsical liking for bad verse, and has unearthed one Taprell, a poet of such horrendous linguistic perversity that he is not to be found in any handy reference book. Readers truly interested in English architecture and curious about its origins will find Mr. Girouard's work rewarding. It is unlikely to attract converts to the subject.

HOCUS POCUS *by Kurt Vonnegut. Putnam, $21.95.* This novel consists of Mr. Vonnegut's diatribe against what he considers wrong with American society and the human race, which turns out to be practically everything. His spokesman is a former lieutenant colonel in the United States Army, a Vietnam veteran who has wound up, in the year 2001, imprisoned in the library of a college turned penitentiary, awaiting trial for complicity in a prison break. The colonel has an eccentricity. He never uses profane or indecent words, on the grounds that such terms contribute nothing to meaning and may obscure it. It is strange that Mr. Vonnegut, having correctly observed that the all-purpose military adjective has become meaningless through repetition, should not have realized that savage denunciation, unrelieved by any contrasting material, can eventually become equally meaningless.

THE GENERAL IN HIS LABYRINTH *by Gabriel García Márquez. Knopf, $19.95.* One hardly expects a carefully realistic historical novel from an author as noted for imaginative ingenuity as is Mr. Marquez, but such a novel is what he has chosen to write, and he has done it extremely well. The subject is the last days of Simón Bolívar, a dying man watching helplessly as his dream of a great federated republic collapses in a tangle of local rivalries and enmities. In thanking his scholarly copy editor for evicting from the text "a soldier who won battles before he was born" and "a widow who went to Europe with her beloved husband," the author refers to "the horror of this book." There is horror, but it is quietly put and certainly does not interfere with the absorbing interest of Bolívar's tragedy.

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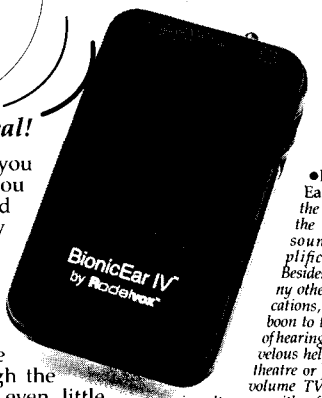

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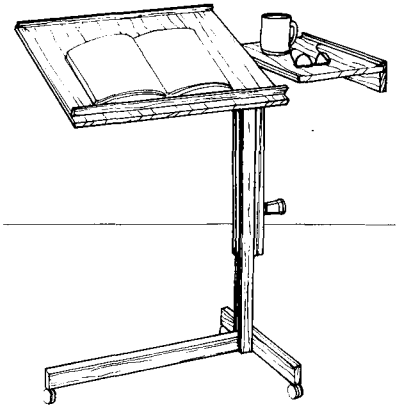

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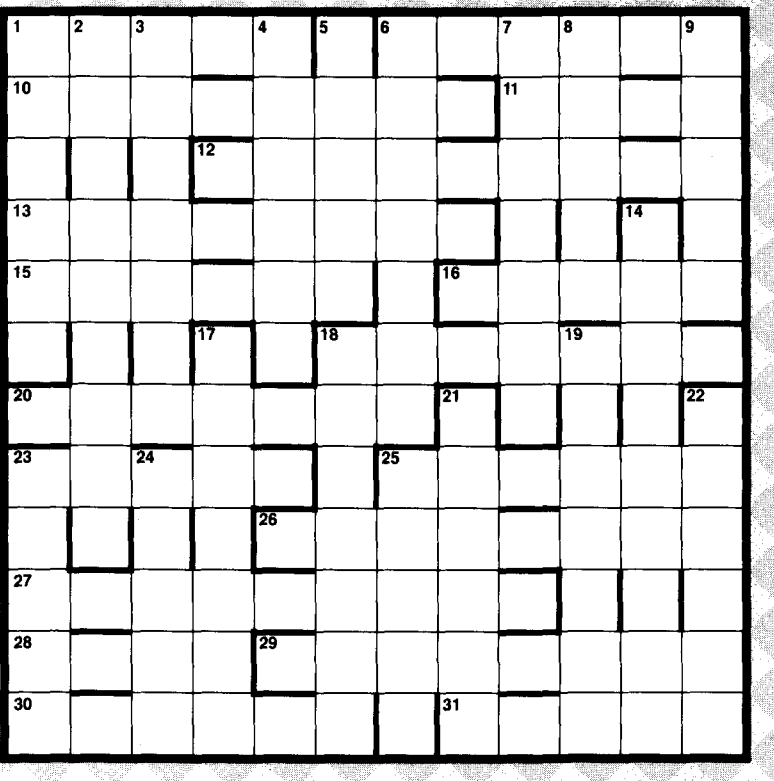
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

ZIP CODE

In this puzzle's diagram the letter *O* always shares a square with a different letter. Using the *O*s to circle their companion letters, you may discover the zip code's location by reading the circled letters column by column from left to right, and from top to bottom within each column. Answers include four proper nouns and an alternate spelling at 19 Down.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 136.

ACROSS

1. Address on front of envelope includes zip code (5)
6. Small pinches hurt chief (6)
10. Renee carelessly carries container for sap (8)
11. Georgia pursues aluminum plant (4)
12. Author of volume, farm worker, absorbed by goddess of agriculture (9)
13. Vessels holding a couple of Ravel's first compositions (8)
15. For fun, put The Thing in charge (6)
16. Said brother's chicken (5)
18. Yankees run, wearing happy looks (7)
20. The guy inside puts away bundles (7)
23. Stick attached to stick (5)
25. Retrospective is apologetic toward French painter (6)
26. Implements from airline consumed by blaze (8)
27. Class I have aboard steamship goes underwater (9) (*hyphenated*)
28. Agreeable Riviera resort (4)
29. In debt, tennis star came back (8)
30. These are sharp tenor instruments (6)
31. Get horseshoe out of compulsion to decorate (5)

DOWN

1. Vocally interferes with awards (6)
2. Leap on stage and ask earnestly about children (9)
3. Put back remaining raw material (7)
4. Matched Eliot's affairs (6)
5. Stay dark and sticky (5)
6. Pot user seized by Nazi police and train workers (7)
7. Chinese city's political divisions (7)
8. With fire, elevated outside temperature (5)
9. Microwave device found in grandma's era (5)
14. Police breaking up nerds' game (9)
17. Run into New England resident and sailor (7)
18. Passes boxing champion in the ring with athletes (7)
19. Choke, with opening full of tripe (7)
21. Stopped in drive to educate (6)
22. Taking number, help office workers (6)
23. Make stupid wager, winning consequently (5)
24. Instant cereal with last of fruit topping (5)
25. Understand, for example, about doubled velocity (5)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, *published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.*

floral bondage *noun*, the use of security devices and other measures to protect plants from theft: "Gardeners and landscapers believe there are professional [shrub] rustlers out there, fully equipped for large shrubs and small trees. The result has been the new science of *floral bondage*, which is still in the freewheeling experimental stage" (*The New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: This term has been spotted in several other major newspapers, including the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *Chicago Tribune*. Measures being taken to protect New York's outdoor plants include the use of barbed wire, cables, chains, and duckbill anchors.

HIV roulette *noun, slang*, sexual relations in an era fraught with fear of sexually transmitted disease, especially AIDS: "Sex in the late 20th century, often known among singles as '*HIV roulette*,' is about to take a new turn" (*Los Angeles Times*).

BACKGROUND: *HIV roulette* is obviously influenced in its formation by *Russian roulette*, a term dating back at least to 1917, if not beyond, and attested in print to 1937 by the second edition of the *OED*. *HIV roulette* (*HIV* stands for "human immunodeficiency virus," the virus that causes AIDS) does not represent the first extension of *roulette* to the sphere of reproductive matters, however. The *OED* attests another, generally related usage in a 1976 issue of *The Lancet*: "Abusive parents are often the scarred survivors of generations of *reproductive russian roulette*." *HIV* also occurs in the relatively new noun *HIV-risk*, meaning a high-risk sex partner: "Many students trusted their own, self-determined guidelines about which partners would be *HIV-risks* or risk-free" (*Los Angeles Times*). *HIV roulette* represents yet another manifestation of the new language of safe sex. Other terms appearing in the *Los Angeles Times* article include *condom consciousness, sex negotiations*, and *voluntary safe sex compliance*.

imeldific *adjective*, ostentatiously extravagant to the point of vulgarity: "She'll need extra room for her crates of china, closets of clothes and collection of California pals. . . . Yes, it's been an *imeldific* eight years" (*Newsday*).

BACKGROUND: This eponymous adjective, used in *Newsday* to refer to Nancy Reagan, was coined by Imelda Marcos, who said in 1988, "I was born ostentatious. They will list my name in the dictionary someday. They will use '*Imeldific*' to mean ostentatious extravagance" (*The Boston Globe*). To date we have collected a substantial number of citations for this word. Imelda Marcos's prediction may prove correct.

mouse terrorism *noun*, the engendering in the public mind, through scientific studies involving laboratory mice as subjects of experimentation, of an unwarranted fear of potential health hazards: "The mouse-vs.-man analogy is essential to those who seek to terrify us about food additives, pesticides and other trace-element chemicals. . . . The time has come for us to recognize that '*mouse terrorism*' poses a serious problem in terms of maintaining both our high standard of living and our good health" (Elizabeth M. Whelan in the Springfield, Mass., *Sunday Republican*).

BACKGROUND: Scares involving substances such as cyclamates, nitrites, and saccharine, says Whelan, the president of the American Council on Science and Health, a consumer-education group with corporate ties, "have two things in common: rodents, and a federal regulation declaring that any chemical causing cancer in a laboratory, in any dose, is a cancer risk to humans and must be purged at any cost." Whelan regards as specious the assumption that a mouse is "a miniature man." A related term is *mouse unit*, which means "the smallest amount of a substance that will produce a specified change in a laboratory mouse."

non-ism *noun*, strict, broad-based self-denial, often seen as a radical reaction to prior overindulgence and an attempt to gain control over one's life: "'The most virulent *non-ism* grows out of, or even coincides with, eras of easy money and indulgence,' said Dr. Stuart Ewen, a professor of communications at Hunter College" (*The New York Times*). "A Boston psychiatrist has complained that his 24-year-old son is suffering from severe '*non-ism*.' . . . The young man looked at the chaos around him and . . . gave up drinking, drugs and caffeine, meat, sugar, dairy and wheat products and sex" (*The* [London] *Independent*).

BACKGROUND: Practitioners of *non-ism*, a trend of the 1990s believed by some to be a direct reaction to the excesses of the 1980s, are called *nones*. Derrick de Kerckhove, a professor at the University of Toronto, says, "People are confused. . . . They don't know who they are, and they reckon with that by stating who they aren't."

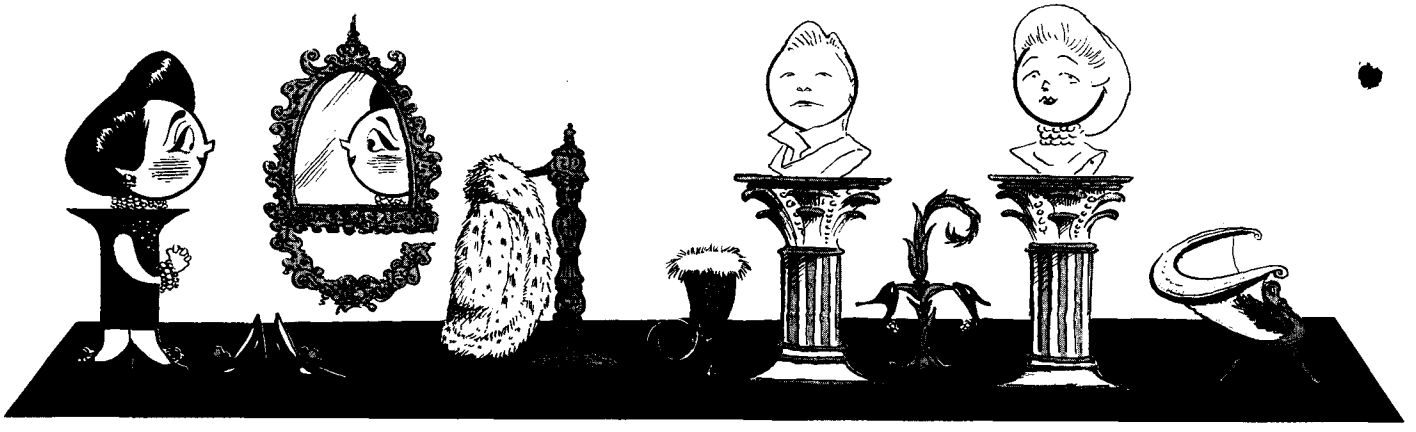

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

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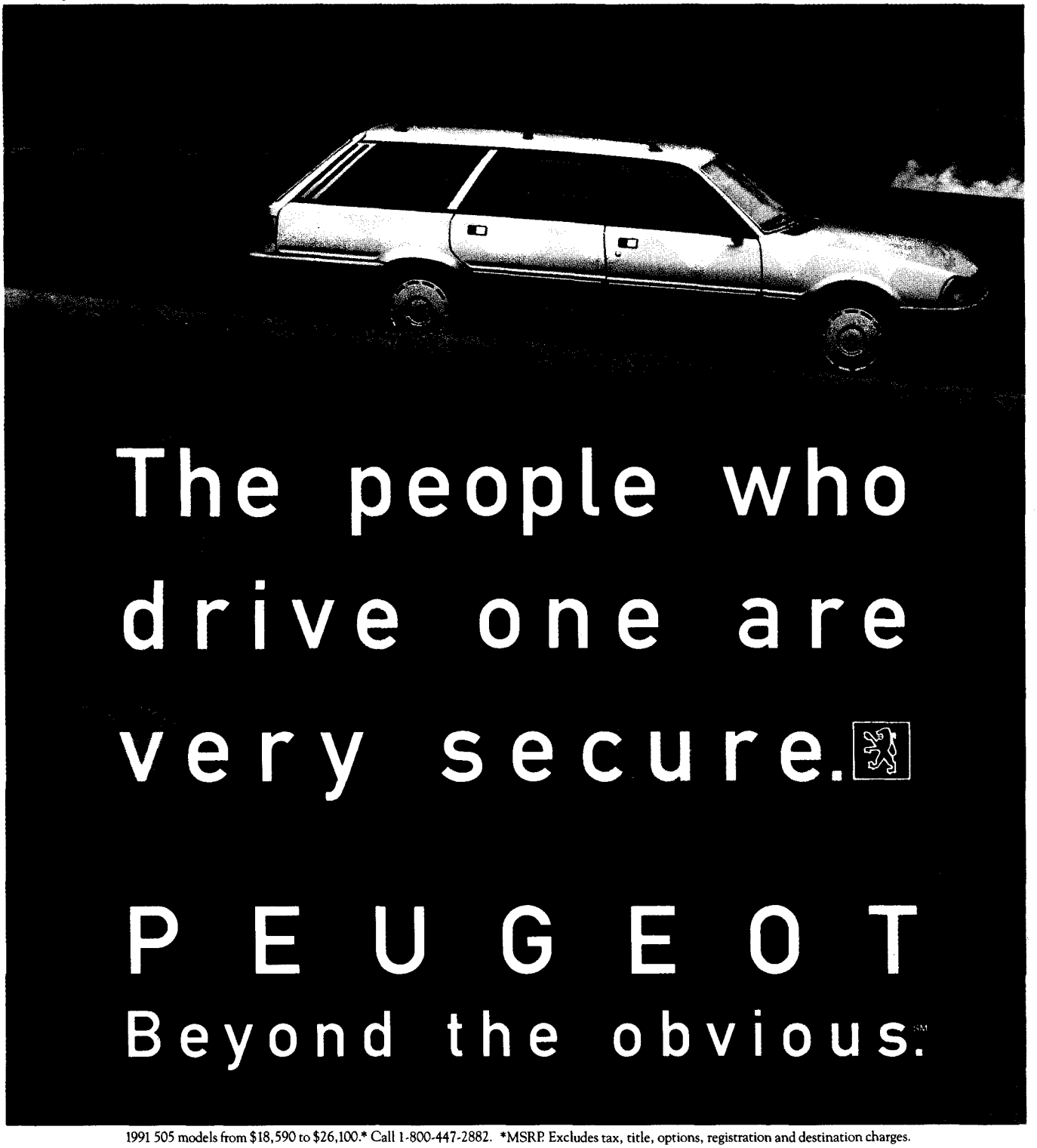

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